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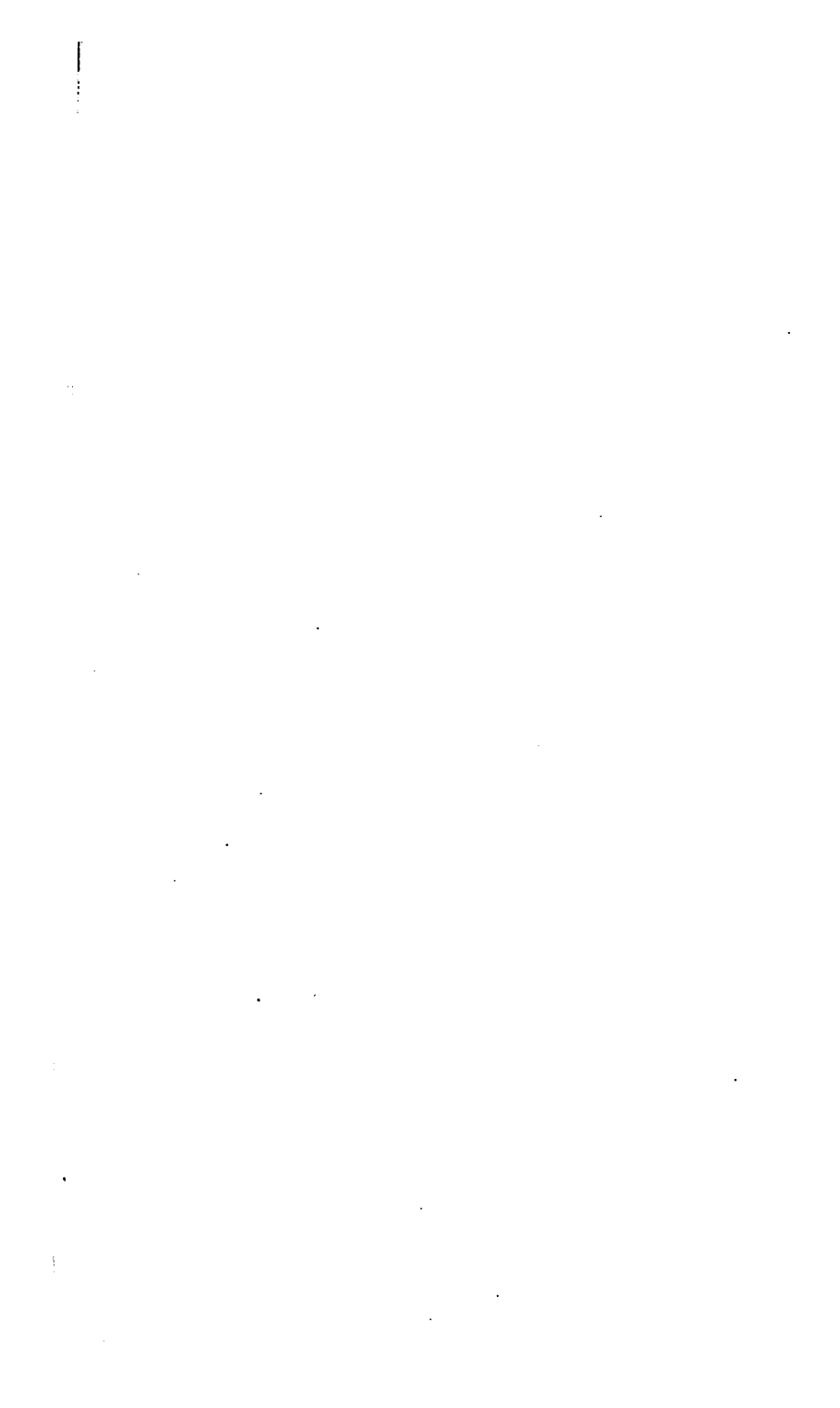
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8





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INDICATOR,
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VOL. II.

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THE
I N D I C A T O R,
AND
THE COMPANION;

A MISCELLANY
FOR THE FIELDS AND THE FIRESIDE.

BY
LEIGH HUNT.

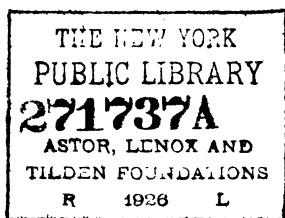
The Indicator—a little bird that denotes to honey-hunters
where the nests of wild bees are to be found.

SECOND EDITION.
IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

LONDON:
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THE INDICATOR.

There is a bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy-land: but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey-hunters, where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and on finding itself recognised, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food.—This is the *CUCULUS INDICATOR* of Linnaeus, otherwise called the Moroc, Bee Cuckoo, or Honey Bird.

There he, arriving, round about doth flie,
And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.—SPENSER.

XLI.—A WORD OR TWO MORE ON STICKS.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing to us on this subject, says:—"In my day I have indulged an extravagant fancy for canes and sticks; but, like the children or the fashionable world, I have, in running the round, grown tired of all my favourites, except one of a plain and useful sort. Conceive my mortification in finding this my last prop, not included in your catalogue of sticks most in use; especially since it has become, among us men of sticks, the description most approved. The present day, which is one of mimicry, boasts scarcely any protection except in the very stick I

allude to ; and yet, because it is so unpresuming in its appearance, and so cheap, the gentlemen ' of a day ' will not condescend to use it. We, Sir, who make a stick our constant companion (notwithstanding our motives may be misunderstood), value the tough, the useful, the highly picturesque ' Ash Plant.' Its still and gentlemanly colour ; its peculiar property of bending round the shoulders of a man, without breaking (in the event of our using it that way) ; the economy of the thing, as economy is the order of the day (at least in minor concerns) ; its being the best substitute for the old-fashioned horse-whip in a morning-ride, and now so generally used in lieu of the long hunting-whip in the sports of the chace ; answering every purpose for gates, &c., without offering any temptation to do the work of a whipper-in ;—all this, and much more, might be said of the neglected Ground Ash."

We must cry mercy on the estimable stick here referred to, and indeed on several other sorts of wood, unjustly omitted in our former article. We also neglected to notice those ingenious and pregnant walking-sticks, which contain swords, inkstands, garden-seats, &c. and sometimes surprise us with playing a tune. As the ancient poets wrote stories of gods visiting people in human shapes, in order to teach a considerate behaviour to strangers ; so an abstract regard ought to be shewn to all sticks, inasmuch as the irreverent spectator may not know what sort of staff he is encountering. If he does not take care, a man

may beat him and "write him down an ass," with the same accomplished implement; or sit down upon it before his face, where there is no chair to be had; or follow up his chastisement with a victorious tune on the flute. As to the ash, to which we would do especial honour, for the sake of our injured, yet at the same time polite and forgiving Correspondent, we have the satisfaction of stating that it hath been reputed the very next wood, in point of utility, to the oak; and hath been famous, time immemorial, for its staffian qualities. Infinite are the spears with which it has supplied the warlike, the sticks it has put into the hands of a less sanguinary courage, the poles it has furnished for hops, vines, &c. and the arbours which it has run up for lovers. The Greek name for it was *Melia*, or the Honied; from a juice or manna which it drops, and which has been much used in medicine and dying. There are, or were about forty years back, when Count Ginnani wrote his *History of the Ravenna Pine Forest*, large ash woods in Tuscany, which used to be tapped for those purposes. Virgil calls it the handsomest tree in the forest; Chaucer "the hardie ashe;" and Spenser, "the ash for nothing ill." The ground-ash flourishes the better, the more it is cut and slashed;—a sort of improvement, which it sometimes bestows in return upon human kind.

XLII.—THE DAUGHTER OF HIPPOCRATES.

IN the time of the Norman reign in Sicily, a vessel bound from that island for Smyrna was driven by a westerly wind upon the island of Cos. The crew did not know where they were, though they had often visited the island; for the trading towns lay in other quarters, and they saw nothing before them but woods and solitudes. They found however a comfortable harbour; and the wind having fallen in the night, they went on shore next morning for water. The country proved as solitary as they thought it; which was the more extraordinary, inasmuch as it was very luxuriant, full of wild figs and grapes, with a rich uneven ground, and stocked with goats and other animals, who fled whenever they appeared. The bees were remarkably numerous; so that the wild honey, fruits, and delicious water, especially one spring which fell into a beautiful marble basin, made them more and more wonder, at every step, that they could see no human inhabitants.

Thus idling about and wondering, stretching themselves now and then among the wild thyme and grass, and now getting up to look at some specially fertile place which another called them to see, and which they thought might be turned to fine trading purpose, they came upon a mound covered with trees, which looked into a flat wide lawn of rank grass, with a house at the end of it. They crept nearer towards

the house along the mound, still continuing among the trees, for fear they were trespassing at last upon somebody's property. It had a large garden wall at the back, as much covered with ivy as if it had been built of it. Fruit-trees looked over the wall with an unpruned thickness; and neither at the back nor front of the house were there any signs of humanity. It was an ancient marble building, where glass was not to be expected in the windows; but it was much dilapidated, and the grass grew up over the steps. They listened again and again; but nothing was to be heard like a sound of men; nor scarcely of any thing else. There was an intense noon-day silence. Only the hares made a rustling noise as they ran about the long hiding grass. The house looked like the tomb of human nature, amidst the vitality of earth.

"Did you see?" said one of the crew, turning pale, and hastening to go. "See what?" said the others. "What looked out of window." They all turned their faces towards the house, but saw nothing. Upon this they laughed at their companion, who persisted however with great earnestness, and with great reluctance at stopping, to say that he saw a strange hideous kind of face look out of window. "Let us go, Sir," said he, to the Captain;—"for I tell ye what: I know this place now: and you, Signor Gualtier," continued he, turning to a young man, "may now follow that adventure I have often heard you wish to be engaged in." The crew turned pale, and Gualtier among them. "Yes," added the man, "we

are fallen upon the enchanted part of the island of Cos, where the daughter of—Hush ! Look there !” They turned their faces again, and beheld the head of a large serpent looking out of window. Its eyes were direct upon them ; and stretching out of window, it lifted back its head with little sharp jerks like a fowl ; and so stood keenly gazing.

The terrified sailors would have begun to depart quicklier than they did, had not fear itself made them move slowly. Their legs seemed melting from under them. Gualtier tried to rally his voice. “They say,” said he, “it is a gentle creature. The hares that feed right in front of the house are a proof of it:—let us all stay.” The others shook their heads, and spoke in whispers, still continuing to descend the mound as well as they could. “There is something unnatural in that very thing,” said the Captain: “but we will wait for you in the vessel, if you stay, We will, by St. Ermo.” The Captain had not supposed that Gualtier would stay an instant ; but seeing him linger more than the rest, he added the oath in question, and in the mean time was hastening with the others to get away. The truth is, Gualtier was, in one respect, more frightened than any of them. His legs were more rooted to the spot. But the same force of imagination that helped to detain him, enabled him to muster up courage beyond those who found their will more powerful : and in the midst of his terror, he could not help thinking what a fine adventure this would be to tell in Salerno, even if he did but conceal himself a

little, and stay a few minutes longer than the rest. The thought however had hardly come upon him, when it was succeeded by a fear still more lively, and he was preparing to follow the others with all the expedition he could contrive, when a fierce rustling took place in the trees behind him, and in an instant the serpent's head was at his feet. Gualtier's brain as well as heart seemed to sicken, as he thought the monstrous object scented him like a bear; but despair coming in aid of a courage naturally fanciful and chivalrous, he bent his eyes more steadily, and found the huge jaws and fangs not only abstaining from hurting him, but crouching and fawning at his feet like a spaniel. At the same time, he called to mind the old legend respecting the creature; and corroborated as he now saw it, he ejaculated with good firmness, "In the name of God and his saints, what art thou?"

"Hast thou not heard of me?" answered the serpent in a voice, whose singular human slenderness made it seem the more horrible. "I guess who thou art," answered Gualtier:—"the fearful thing in the island of Cos."

"I am that loathly thing," replied the serpent; "once not so." And Gualtier, thought that its voice trembled sorrowfully.

The monster told Gualtier that what was said of her was true: that she had been a serpent hundreds of years, feeling old age and renewing her youth at the end of each century; that it was a curse of Diana's

which had changed her; and that she was never to resume a human form, till somebody was found, kind and bold enough to kiss her on the mouth. As she spoke this word, she raised her crest, and sparkled so with her fiery green eyes, dilating at the same time the corners of her jaws, that the young man thrilled through his very scalp. He stepped back, with a look of the utmost horror and loathing. The creature gave a sharp groan inwardly, and after rolling her neck frantically on the ground, withdrew a little back likewise, and seemed to be looking another way. Gualtier heard two or three little sounds as of a person weeping piteously, yet trying to subdue its voice; and looking with breathless curiosity, he saw the side of the loathly creature's face bathed in tears.

"Why speakest thou, lady," said he, "if lady thou art, of the curse of the false goddess Diana, who never was, or only a devil. I cannot kiss thee,"—and he shuddered with a horrible shudder, as he spoke, "but I will bless thee in the name of the true God, and even mark thee with his cross."

The serpent shook her head mournfully, still keeping it turned round. She then faced him again, hanging her head in a dreary and desponding manner, "Thou knowest not" said she, "what I know. Diana both was, and never was; and there are many other things on earth, which are and yet are not. Thou canst not comprehend it, even though thou art kind. But the heavens alter not, neither the sun nor the strength of nature; and if thou wert kinder, I should

be as I once was, happy and human. Suffice it, that nothing can change me but what I said."

"Why wert thou changed, thou fearful and mysterious thing?" said Gualtier.

"Because I denied Diana, as thou dost," answered the serpent; "and it was pronounced an awful crime in me, though it is none in thee; and I was to be made a thing loathsome in men's eyes. Let me not catch thine eye, I beseech thee; but go thy way, and be safe; for I feel a cruel thought coming on me, which will shake my innermost soul, though it shall not harm thee. But I could make thee suffer for the pleasure of seeing thine anguish; even as some tyrants do: and is not that dreadful?" And the monster openly shed tears, and sobbed.

There was something in this mixture of avowed cruelty and weeping contradiction to it, which made Gualtier remain in spite of himself. But fear was still uppermost in his mind, when he looked upon the mouth that was to be kissed; and he held fast round a tree with one hand, and his sword as fast in the other, watching the movements of her neck as he conversed. "How did thy father, the sage Hippocrates," asked he, "suffer thee to come to this?" "My father," replied she, "sage and good as he was, was but a Greek mortal; and the great Virgin was a worshipped Goddess. I pray thee, go." She uttered the last word in a tone of loud anguish; but the very horror of it made Gualtier hesitate, and he said, "How can I know that it is not thy destiny to de-

ceive the merciful into this horrible kiss, that then and then only thou mayst devour them?"

But the serpent rose higher at this, and looking around loftily, said in a mild and majestic tone of voice, "Oh ye green and happy woods, breathing like sleep! Oh safe and quiet population of these leafy places, dying brief deaths! Oh sea! oh earth! oh heavens, never uttering syllable to man! Is there no way to make better known the meaning of your gentle silence, of your long basking pleasures and brief pains? And must the want of what is beautiful and kind from others, ever remain different from what is beautiful and kind in itself? And must form obscure essence? And human confidence in good from within, never be bolder than suspicion of evil from without? Oh ye large-looking and grand benignities of creation, is it that we are atoms in a dream; or that your largeness and benignity are in those only who see them, and that it is for us to hang over ye till we wake you into a voice with our kisses? I yearn to be made beautiful by one kind action, and beauty itself will not believe me!"

Gualtier, though not a foolish youth, understood little or nothing of this mystic apostrophe; but something made him bear in mind, and really incline to believe, that it was a transformed woman speaking to him; and he was making a violent internal effort to conquer his repugnance to the kiss, when some hares, starting from him as they passed, ran and cowered behind the folds of the monster: and she

stooped her head, and licked them. "By Christ," exclaimed he, "whom the wormy grave gathered into its arms, to save us from our corruptions, I will do this thing; so may he have mercy on my soul, whether I live or die: for the very hares take refuge in her shadow." And shuddering and shutting his eyes, he put his mouth out for her to meet; and he seemed to feel, in his blindness, that dreadful mouth approaching; and he made the sign of the cross; and he murmured internally the name of him who cast seven devils out of Mary Magdalen, that afterwards anointed his feet; and in the midst of his courageous agony, he felt a small mouth, fast and warm upon his, and a hand about his neck, and another on his left hand; and opening his eyes, he dropped them upon two of the sweetest that ever looked into the eye of man.—But the hares fled; for they had loved the serpent, but knew not the beautiful human being.

Great was the fame of Gualtier, not only throughout the Grecian islands, but on both continents; and most of all in Sicily, where every one of his countrymen thought he had had a hand in the enterprize, for being born on the same soil. The Captain and his crew never came again; for alas, they had gone off without waiting as they promised. But Tancred, Prince of Salerno, came himself with a knightly train to see Gualtier; who lived with his lady in the same place, all her past sufferings appearing as nothing to her before a month of love; and even sorrowful habit had endeared it to her. Tancred, and his knights, and

learned clerks, came in a noble ship, every oar having a painted scutcheon over the rowlock : and Gualtier and his lady feasted them nobly, and drank to them amidst music in cups of Hippocras—that knightly liquor afterwards so renowned, which she retained the secret of making from her sage father, whose name it bore. And when King Tancred, with a gentle gravity in the midst of his mirth, expressed a hope that the beautiful lady no longer worshipped Diana, Gualtier said, “ No indeed, Sir ;” and she looked in Gualtier’s face, as she sat next him, with the sweetest look in the world, as who should say, “ No indeed :— I worship thee and thy kind heart.”*

XLIII.—THE ITALIAN GIRL.

THE sun was shining beautifully one summer evening, as if he bade sparkling farewell to a world which he had made happy. It seemed also, by his looks, as if he promised to make his appearance again to-morrow ; but there was at times a deep breathing western wind, and dark purple clouds came up here and there, like gorgeous waiters at a funeral. The children in a village not far from the metropolis were

* This story is founded on a tradition still preserved in the Island of Cos, and repeated in old romances and books of travels. See *Dunlop’s History of Fiction*, vol. ii., where he gives an account of *Tirante the White*.

playing however on the green, content with the brightness of the moment, when they saw a female approaching, who gathered them about her by the singularity of her dress. It was not a very remarkable dress; but any difference from the usual apparel of their country-women appeared so to them; and crying out "A French girl! A French girl!" they ran up to her, and stood looking and talking.

The stranger seated herself upon a bench that was fixed between two elms, and for a moment leaned her head against one of them, as if faint with walking. But she raised it speedily, and smiled with complacency on the rude urchins. She had a boddice and petticoat on of different colours, and a handkerchief tied neatly about her head with the point behind. On her hands were gloves without fingers; and she wore about her neck a guitar, upon the strings of which one of her hands rested. The children thought her very handsome. Any body else would also have thought her very ill, but they saw nothing before them but a good-natured looking foreigner and a guitar, and they asked her to play. "*Oh che bei ragazzi!*" said she, in a soft and almost inaudible voice;—" *Che visi lieti!*"* and she began to play. She tried to sing too, but her voice failed her, and she shook her head smilingly, saying "*Stanca! Stanca!*"† "Sing:—do sing," said the children; and nodding her head, she was trying to do so, when

* Oh what fine boys! What happy faces!

† Weary! Weary!

a set of boys came up, and joined in the request. "No, no," said one of the elder boys, "she is not well. You are ill a'nt you,—Miss?" added he, laying his hand upon her's as if to hinder it. He drew out the last word somewhat doubtfully, for her appearance perplexed him; he scarcely knew whether to take her for a strolling musician, or a lady strayed from a sick bed. "*Graxie!*" said she, understanding his look :—" *troppo stanca : troppo.*"*

By this time the usher came up, and addressed her in French, but she only understood a word here and there. He then spoke Latin, and she repeated one or two of his words, as if they were familiar to her.

"She is an Italian;" said he, looking round with a good-natured importance; "for the Italian is but a bastard of the Latin." The children looked with the more wonder, thinking he was speaking of the fair musician.

"*Non dubito,*" continued the usher, "*quin tu lectitas poetam illum celeberrimum, Tassonem;† Taxum,* I should say properly, but the departure from the Italian name is considerable." The stranger did not understand a word.

"I speak of Tasso," said the usher,—“of Tasso.”

"*Tasso! Tasso!*" repeated the fair minstrel,—“*oh—conosco—il Tàs-so;*”‡ and she hung with an accent of beautiful languor upon the first syllable.

* Thanks :—too weary! too weary!

† Doubtless you read that celebrated poet Tasso.

‡ Oh—I know—Tasso.

“ Yes,” returned the worthy scholar, “ doubtless your accent may be better. Then of course you know those classical lines—

Intanto Erminia infra l'ombrosoz pianty
D'antica selva dal cavallo—*what is it ?*”

The stranger repeated the words in a tone of fondness, like those of an old friend :—

Intanto Erminia infra l'ombrese piante
D'antica selva dal cavallo è scorta ;
Ne più governo il fren la man tremante,
E mezza quasi par, tra viva e morta.*

Our usher's common-place book had supplied him with a fortunate passage, for it was a favourite one of her country-women. It also singularly applied to her situation. There was a sort of exquisite mixture of clearness in her utterance of these verses, which gave some of the children a better idea of French than they had had ; for they could not get it out of their heads that she must be a French girl ;—“ Italian-French perhaps,” said one of them. But her voice trembled as she went on, like the hand she spoke of.

“ I have heard my poor cousin Montague sing those very lines,” said the boy who prevented her from playing.

- * Meantime in the old wood, the palfrey bore
Erminia deeper into shade and shade ;
Her trembling hands could hold him in no more,
And she appeared betwixt alive and dead.

“ Montague,” repeated the stranger very plainly, but turning paler and fainter. She put one of her hands in turn upon the boy’s affectionately, and pointed towards the spot where the church was.

“ Yes, yes,” cried the boy ;—“ why she knew my cousin :—she must have known him in Florence.”

“ I told you,” said the usher, “ she was an Italian.”

“ Help her to my aunt’s,” continued the youth, “ she’ll understand her :—lean upon me, Miss ;” and he repeated the last word without his former hesitation.

Only a few boys followed her to the door, the rest having been awed away by the usher. As soon as the stranger entered the house, and saw an elderly lady who received her kindly, she exclaimed “ La Signora Madre,” and fell in a swoon at her feet.

She was taken to bed, and attended with the utmost care by her hostess, who would not suffer her to talk till she had had a sleep. She merely heard enough to find out, that the stranger had known her son in Italy ; and she was thrown into a painful state of suspicion by the poor girl’s eyes, which followed her about the room till the lady fairly came up and closed them.

“ Obedient ! Obedient !” said the patient : “ obedient in every thing : only the Signora will let me kiss her hand ;” and taking it with her own trembling one, she laid her cheek upon it, and it stayed there till she had dropt asleep for weariness.

Silken rest
Tie all thy cares up!

thought her kind watcher, who was doubly thrown upon a recollection of that beautiful passage in Beaumont and Fletcher, by the suspicion she had of the cause of the girl's visit. "And yet," thought she, turning her eyes with a thin tear in them towards the church spire, "he was an excellent boy,—the boy of my heart."

When the stranger woke, the secret was explained: and if the mind of her hostess was relieved, it was only the more touched with pity, and indeed moved with respect and admiration. The dying girl (for she evidently was dying, and happy at the thought of it) was the niece of an humble tradesman in Florence, at whose house young Montague, who was a gentleman of small fortune, had lodged and fallen sick during his travels. She was a lively good-natured girl, whom he used to hear coquetting and playing the guitar with her neighbours; and it was greatly on this account, that her considerate and hushing gravity struck him whenever she entered his room. One day he heard no more coquetting, nor even the guitar. He asked the reason, when she came to give him some drink; and she said she had heard him mention some noise that disturbed him.

"But you do not call your voice and your music a noise," said he, "do you, Rosaura? I hope not, for I had expected it would give me strength to get rid of this fever and reach home."

Rosaura turned pale, and let the patient into a secret ; but what surprised and delighted him was, that she played her guitar nearly as often as before, and sang too, only less sprightly airs.

“ You get better and better, Signor,” said she, “ every day, and your mother will see you and be happy. I hope you will tell her what a good doctor you had.”

“ The best in the world,” cried he ; and as he sat up in bed, he put his arm round her waist, and kissed her.

“ Pardon me, Signora,” said the poor girl to her hostess ; “ but I felt that arm round my waist for a week after : aye, almost as much as if it had been there.”

“ And Charles felt that you did,” thought his mother ; “ for he never told me the story.”

“ He begged my pardon,” continued she, “ as I was hastening out of the room, and hoped I should not construe his warmth into impertinence. And to hear him talk so to me, who used to fear what he might think of myself ; it made me stand in the passage, and lean my head against the wall, and weep such bitter, and yet such sweet tears !—But he did not hear them. No, Madam, he did not know, indeed, how much I—how much I—”

“ Loved him, child,” interrupted Mrs. Montague ; “ you have a right to say so, and I wish he had been alive to say as much to you himself.”

“ Oh, good God !” said the dying girl, her tears

flowing away, "this is too great a happiness for me, to hear his own mother talking so." And again she lays her weak head upon the lady's hand.

The latter would have persuaded her to sleep again ; but she said she could not for joy : "for I'll tell you, Madam," continued she, "I do not believe you will think it foolish, for something very grave at my heart tells me it is not so ; but I have had a long thought," (and her voice and look grew more exalted as she spoke) "which has supported me through much toil and many disagreeable things to this country and this place ; and I will tell you what it is, and how it came into my mind. I received this letter from your son."

Here she drew out a paper which, though carefully wrapped up in several others, was much worn at the sides. It was dated from the village, and ran thus :—

" ' This comes from the Englishman whom Rosaura nursed so kindly at Florence. She will be sorry to hear that her kindness was in vain, for he is dying ; and he sometimes fears, that her sorrow will be greater than he could wish it to be. But marry one of your kind countrymen, my good girl ; for all must love Rosaura who know her. If it shall be my lot ever to meet her in heaven, I will thank her as a blessed tongue only can.'

"As soon as I read this letter, Madam," continues Rosaura, "and what he said about heaven, it flashed into my head, that though I did not deserve him on earth, I might, perhaps, by trying and patience, de-

serve to be joined with him in heaven, where there is no distinction of persons. My uncle was pleased to see me become a religious pilgrim ; but he knew as little of the world as I, and I found that I could earn my way to England better, and quite as religiously, by playing my guitar, which was also more independent ; and I had often heard your son talk of independence and freedom, and commend me for doing what he was pleased to call so much kindness to others. So I played my guitar from Florence all the way to England, and all that I earned by it I gave away to the poor, keeping enough to procure me lodging. I lived on bread and water, and used to weep happy tears over it, because I looked up to heaven and thought he might see me. I have sometimes, though not often, met with small insults ; but if ever they threatened to grow greater, I begged the people to desist in the kindest way I could, even smiling, and saying I would please them if I had the heart ; which might be wrong, but it seemed as if deep thoughts told me to say so ; and they used to look astonished, and left off ; which made me the more hope that St. Philip and the Holy Virgin did not think ill of my endeavours. So playing, and giving alms in this manner, I arrived in the neighbourhood of your beloved village, where I fell sick for a while, and was very kindly treated in an out-house ; though the people, I thought, seemed to look strange and afraid on this crucifix—(though your son never did),—though he taught me to think kindly of every body, and hope

the best, and leave every thing, except our own endeavours, to heaven. I fell sick, Madam, because I found for certain that the Signor Montague was dead, albeit I had no hope that he was alive."

She stopped awhile for breath, for she was growing weaker and weaker, and her hostess would fain have had her keep silence; but she pressed her hand as well as she might, and prayed with such a patient panting of voice to be allowed to go on, that she was. She smiled thankfully, and resumed:—

"So when—so when I got my strength a little again, I walked on and came to the beloved village, and I saw the beautiful white church spire in the trees; and then I knew where his body slept, and I thought some kind person would help me to die, with my face looking towards the church, as it now does; and death is upon me, even now; but lift me a little higher on the pillows, dear lady, that I may see the green ground of the hill."

She was raised up as she wished, and after looking awhile with a placid feebleness at the hill, said in a very low voice, "Say one prayer for me, dear lady; and if it be not too proud in me, call me in it your daughter."

The mother of her beloved summoned up a grave and earnest voice, as well as she might, and knelt, and said, "O Heavenly Father of us all, who in the midst of thy manifold and merciful bounties, bringest us into strong passes of anguish, which nevertheless thou enablest us to go through, look down, we beseech

thee, upon this thy young and innocent servant, the daughter—that might have been—of my heart, and enable her spirit to pass through the struggling bonds of mortality, and be gathered into thy rest with those we love. Do, dear and great God, of thy infinitemercy, for we are poor weak creatures, both young and old—” here her voice melted away into a breathing tearfulness ; and after remaining on her knees a moment longer, she rose and looked upon the bed, and saw that the weary smiling one was no more.

XLIV. A “NOW.”

DESCRIPTIVE OF A HOT DAY.

Now the rosy- (and lazy-) fingered Aurora, issuing from her saffron house, calls up the moist vapours to surround her, and goes veiled with them as long as she can ; till Phœbus, coming forth in his power, looks every thing out of the sky, and holds sharp uninterrupted empire from his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the beer. Now the carter sleeps a-top of his load of hay, or plods with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upward of one side of his mouth. Now the little girl at her grandmother’s cottage-door watches the coaches that go by, with her hand held up over her sunny fore-

head. Now labourers look well resting in their white shirts at the doors of rural alehouses. Now an elm is fine there, with a seat under it ; and horses drink out of the trough, stretching their yearning necks with loosened collars ; and the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes ; and his horse stands wincing at the flies, giving sharp shivers of his skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail ; and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter, comes streaming forth in a flowered gown and ear-rings, carrying with four of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drank it, she receives with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful twopence. Now grasshoppers "fry," as Dryden says. Now cattle stand in water, and ducks are envied. Now boots and shoes, and trees by the road side, are thick with dust ; and dogs, rolling in it, after issuing out of the water, into which they have been thrown to fetch sticks, come scattering horror among the legs of the spectators. Now a fellow who finds he has three miles further to go in a pair of tight shoes, is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable ; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloes, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now men with powdered heads (especially if thick) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them up hill, with countenances that seem to expostulate with destiny. Now boys assemble round the villags pump with a ladle to

it, and delight to make a forbidden splash and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers of leather, and bathe all day long in rivers and ponds, and make mighty fishings for "tittle-bats." Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick-walls are burning to the hand; and a walled lane, with dust and broken bottles in it, near a brick-field, is a thing not to be thought of. Now a green lane, on the contrary, thick-set with hedge-row elms, and having the noise of a brook "rumbling in pebble-stone," is one of the pleasantest things in the world.

Now, in town, gossips talk more than ever to one another, in rooms, in door-ways, and out of window, always beginning the conversation with saying that the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down, and doors thrown open, and flannel waistcoats left off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing, and people delight to sliver lettuces into bowls, and apprentices water door-ways with tin-canisters that lay several atoms of dust. Now the water-cart, jumbling along the middle of the street, and jolting the showers out of its box of water, really does something. Now fruiterers' shops and dairies look pleasant, and ices are the only things to those who can get them. Now ladies loiter in baths; and people make presents of flowers; and wine is put into ice; and the after-dinner loungeer recreates his head with applications of perfumed water out of long-necked bottles. Now the loungeer, who cannot

resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now buck-skins are not the lawn of Cos. Now jockies, walking in great coats to lose flesh, curse inwardly. Now five fat people in a stage-coach, hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now clerks in offices do nothing but drink soda-water and spruce-beer, and read the newspaper. Now the old clothesman drops his solitary cry more deeply into the areas on the hot and forsaken side of the street; and bakers look vicious; and cooks are aggravated: and the steam of a tavern-kitchen catches hold of us like the breath of Tartarus. Now delicate skins are beset with gnats: and boys make their sleeping companion start up, with playing a burning-glass on his hand; and blacksmiths are super-carbonated; and cobblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transplanted; and butter is too easy to spread; and the dragoons wonder whether the Romans liked their helmets; and old ladies, with their lappets unpinned, walk along in a state of dilapidation; and the servant-maids are afraid they look vulgarly hot; and the author, who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing.

We cannot conclude this article, however, without returning thanks, both on our own account and on that of our numerous predecessors, who have left so large a debt of gratitude unpaid, to this very useful and ready monosyllable—"Now." We are sure that there is not a didactic poet, ancient or modern, who if

he possessed a decent share of candour, would not be happy to own his obligations to that masterly conjunction, which possesses the very essence of wit, for it has the art of bringing the most remote things together. And its generosity is in proportion to its wit, for it always is most profuse of its aid, where it is most wanted.

We must enjoy a pleasant passage with the reader on the subject of this "eternal Now" in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of the *Woman Hater*.—Upon turning to it, we perceive that our illustrious particle does not make quite so great a figure as we imagined; but the whole passage is in so analogous a taste, and affords such an agreeable specimen of the wit and humour with which fine poets could rally the common-places of their art, that we cannot help proceeding with it. Lazarello, a foolish table-hunter, has requested an introduction to the Duke of Milan, who has had a fine lamprey presented him. Before the introduction takes place, he finds that the Duke has given the fish away; so that his wish to be known to him goes with it; and part of the drollery of the passage arises from his uneasiness at being detained by the consequences of his own request, and his fear lest he should be too late for the lamprey elsewhere.

Court. (Aside to the Duke.) Let me entreat your Grace to stay a little,

To know a gentleman, to whom yourself
Is much beholding. He hath made the sport
For your whole court these eight years, on my know-
ledge.

Duke. His name?

Count. Lazarello.

Duke. I heard of him this morning:—which is he?

Count. (Aside to Laz.) Lazarello, pluck up thy spirits. Thy fortune is now raising. The Duke calls for thee, and thou shalt be acquainted with him.

Laz. He's going away, and I must of necessity stay here upon business.

Count. 'Tis all one: thou shalt know him first.

Laz. Stay a little. If he should offer to take me with him, and by that means I should lose that I seek for! But if he should, I will not go with him.

Count. Lazarello, the Duke stays. Wilt thou lose this opportunity?

Laz. How must I speak to him?

Count. 'Twas well thought of. You must not talk to him as you do to an ordinary man, honest plain sense; but you must wind about him. For example, if he should ask you what o'clock it is, you must not say, "If it please your Grace, 'tis nine;"—but thus;—"Thrice three o'clock, so please my Sovereign:"—or thus;—

"Look how many muses there doth dwell
Upon the sweet banks of the learned well,
And just so many strokes the clock hath struck;"
and so forth. And you must now and then enter into a description.

Laz. I hope I shall do it.

Count. Come.—May it please your Grace to take note of a gentleman, well seen, deeply read, and tho-

roughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all sallets and pot-herbs whatsoever.

Duke. I shall desire to know him more inwardly.

Laz. I kiss the ox-hide of your Grace's foot.

Count. (Aside to Laz.) Very well.—Will your Grace question him a little?

Duke. How old are you?

Laz. Full eight-and-twenty several almanacks
Have been compiled, all for several years,
Since first I drew this breath. Four 'prenticeships
Have I most truly served in this world:
And eight-and-twenty times hath Phoebus' car
Run out his yearly course, since——

Duke. I understand you, Sir.

Lucio. How like an ignorant poet he talks!

Duke. You are eight-and-twenty years old? What time of the day do you hold it to be?

Laz. About the time that mortals whet their knives
On thresholds, on their shoe-soles, and on stairs.
Now bread is grating, and the testy cook
Hath much to do now: now the tables all——

Duke. 'Tis almost dinner-time?

Laz. Your Grace doth apprehend me very rightly.

XLV.—THE HONOURABLE MR. ROBERT BOYLE.

The celebrated Robert Boyle, the chemist, was accounted in his days, a sort of perfection of a man,

especially in all respects intellectual, moral, and religious. This excellent person was in the habit of moralizing upon every thing that he did or suffered, such as "Upon his manner of giving meat to his dog,"—"Upon his horse stumbling in a very fair way,"—"Upon his sitting at ease in a coach that went very fast," &c. Among other Reflections, is one "Upon a fish's struggling after having swallowed the hook." It amounts to this; that at the moment when the fish thinks himself about to be most happy, the hook "does so wound and tear his tender gills, and thereby puts him into such restless pain, that no doubt he wishes the hook, bait and all, were out of his torn jaws again. Thus," says he, "men who do what they should not, to obtain any sensual desires," &c. &c. Not a thought comes over him as to his own part in the business, and what he ought to say of himself for tearing the jaws and gills to indulge his own appetite for excitement. Take also the following:—"Fifth Section—Reflection 1. Killing a crow (out of window) in a hog's trough, and immediately tracing the ensuing reflection with a pen made of one of his quills.—Long and patiently did I wait for this unlucky crow, wallowing in the sluttish trough (whose sides kept him a great while out of the reach of my gun), and gorging himself with no less greediness than the very swinish proprietaries of the feast, till at length my no less unexpected than fatal shot in a moment struck him down, and turning the scene of his delight into that of his pangs, made him abruptly alter his note, and change his triumphant chaunt into a dismal and

tragic noise. This method is not unusual to divine justice towards brawny and incorrigible sinners," &c. &c. Thus the crow, for eating his dinner, is a rascal worthy to be shot by the Honourable Mr. Robert Boyle, before the latter sits down to his own; while the said Mr. Boyle, instead of contenting himself with being a gentleman in search of amusement at the expence of birds and fish, is a representative of Divine Justice.

We laugh at this wretched moral pedantry now, and deplore the involuntary hard-heartedness which such mistakes in religion tended to produce; but in how many respects should it not make us look about ourselves, and see where we fall short of an enlargement of thinking?

XLVI.—SUPERFINE BREEDING.

THERE is an anecdote in Aulus Gellius (*Noctes Atticæ*, Lib. 10, cap. vi.) which exhibits, we think, one of the highest instances of what may be called polite blackguardism, that we remember to have read. The fastidiousness, self-will, and infinite resentment against a multitude of one's fellow-creatures for presuming to come in contact with our importance, are truly edifying: and to complete the lesson, this extraordinary specimen of the effect of superfine breeding and blood is handed down to us in the person of a lady. Her words might be thought to have been a

bad joke; and bad enough it would have been; but the sense that was shewn of them, proves them to have been very gravely regarded.

Claudia, the daughter of Appius Cæcus, in coming away from a public spectacle, was much pressed and pushed about by the crowd; upon which she thus vented her impatience:—"What should I have suffered now, and how much more should I have been squeezed and knocked about, if my brother Publius Claudius had not had his ships destroyed in battle, with all that heap of men? I should have been absolutely jammed to death! Would to heaven my brother were alive again, and could go with another fleet to Sicily, and be the death of this host of people, who plague and pester one in this horrid manner!"*

For these words, "so wicked and so uncivic," says good old Gellius (*tam improba ac tam incivilia*) the *Ædiles*, Caius Fundanus and Tiberius Sempronius, got the lady fined in the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds brass. There is a long account, in Livy, of the speech which they made to the people, in reply to the noble families that interceded for her. It is very indignant. Claudia herself confessed her words, and does not appear to have joined in the intercession.

* "Quid me nunc factum esset, quantoque arctius pressiusque conflictata essem, si P. Claudius frater meus navali prælio classem navium cum ingenti civium numero non perdidisset? certè quidem majore nunc copiâ populi oppressa intercedissem. Sed utinam, inquit, reviviscat frater, aliamque classem in Siciliam ducat, atque istam multitudinem perditum est, quæ me malè nunc miseram convexit."

They are not related at such length by Livy, as by Aulus Gellius. He merely makes her wish that her brother were alive to take out another fleet. But he shews his sense of the ebullition by calling it a dreadful imprecation; and her rage was even more gratuitous, according to his account; for he describes her as coming from the shews in a chariot.

Insolence and want of feeling appear to have been hereditary in this Appian family: which gives us also a strong seuse of their want of capacity; otherwise a disgust at such manners must have been generated in some of the children. They were famous for opposing every popular law, and for having kept the commons as long as possible out of any share in public honours and government. The villain Appius Claudius, whose story has been made still more familiar to the public by the tragedy of Mr. Knowles, was among its ancestors. Appius Cæcus, or the Blind, the father of Claudia, though he constructed the celebrated Appian Way and otherwise benefitted the city, was a very unpopular man, wilful, haughty, and lawless. He retained possession of the Censorship beyond the limited period. It is an instance perhaps of his unpopularity, as well as of the superstition of the times, that having made a change in one of the priestly offices, and become blind some years afterwards, the Romans attributed it to the vengeance of heaven; an opinion which Livy repeats with great devotion, calling it a warning against innovations in religion. It had no effect, however, upon Claudius the brother, whose rashness furnished the pious Ro-

mans with a similar example to point at. Before an engagement with the Carthaginians, the Sacred Chickens were consulted, and because they would not peck and furnish him with a good omen, he ordered them to be thrown into the sea. "If they won't eat," says he, "let 'em drink." The engagement was one of the worst planned, and the worst fought in the world; but the men were dispirited by the Consul's irreverend behaviour to the chickens; and his impiety shared the disgrace with his folly. Livy represents him as an epitome of all that was bad in his family; proud, stubborn, unmerciful, though full of faults himself, and wilful and precipitate to a degree of madness. This was the battle, of which his sister wished to see a repetition. It cost the Romans many ships sunk, ninety-three taken, and according to the historian, the miraculous loss of eight thousand men killed and twenty thousand taken prisoners, while the Carthaginians lost not a ship or a man.

XLVII.—SHAKING HANDS.

AMONG the first things which we remember noticing in the manners of people, were two errors in the custom of shaking hands. Some we observed, grasped every body's hand alike,—with an equal fervour of grip. You would have thought that Jenkins was the best friend they had in the world; but on succeeding

to the squeeze, though a slight acquaintance, you found it equally flattering to yourself; and on the appearance of somebody else (whose name, it turned out, the operator had forgotten,) the crush was no less complimentary:—the face was as earnest, and beaming the “glad to see you” as syllabical and sincere, and the shake as close, as long, and as rejoicing, as if the semi-unknown was a friend come home from the Desarts.

On the other hand, there would be a gentleman, now and then, as coy of his hand, as if he were a prude, or had a whitlow. It was in vain that your pretensions did not go beyond the “civil salute” of the ordinary shake; or that being introduced to him in a friendly manner, and expected to shake hands with the rest of the company, you could not in decency omit his. His fingers, half coming out and half retreating, seemed to think that you were going to do them a mischief; and when you got hold of them, the whole shake was on your side; the other hand did but proudly or pensively acquiesce—there was no knowing which; you had to sustain it, as you might a lady’s, in handing her to a seat; and it was an equal perplexity to know whether to shake or to let it go. The one seemed a violence done to the patient, the other an awkward responsibility brought upon yourself. You did not know, all the evening, whether you were not an object of dislike to the person; till, on the party’s breaking up, you saw him behave like an equally ill-used gentleman to all who practised the same unthinking civility.

Both these errors, we think, might as well be avoided; but, of the two, we must say we prefer the former. If it does not look so much like particular sincerity, it looks more like general kindness; and if those two virtues are to be separated (which they assuredly need not be, if considered without spleen), the world can better afford to dispense with an unpleasant truth than a gratuitous humanity. Besides, it is more difficult to make sure of the one than to practise the other, and kindness itself is the best of all truths. As long as we are sure of that, we are sure of something, and of something pleasant. It is always the best end, if not in every instance the most logical means.

This manual shyness is sometimes attributed to modesty, but never, we suspect, with justice, unless it be that sort of modesty, whose fear of committing itself is grounded in pride. Want of address is a better reason; but this particular instance of it would be grounded in the same feeling. It always implies a habit either of pride or mistrust. We have met with two really kind men who evinced this soreness of hand. Neither of them, perhaps, thought himself inferior to any body about him, and both had good reason to think highly of themselves, but both had been sanguine men contradicted in their early hopes. There was a plot to meet the hand of one of them with a fish-slice, in order to shew him the disadvantage to which he put his friends by that flat mode of salutation; but the conspirator had not the courage to do it. Whether he heard of the intention

we know not, but shortly afterwards he took very kindly to a shake. The other* was the only man of a warm set of politicians, who remained true to his first hopes of mankind. He was impatient at the change in his companions, and at the folly and inattention of the rest; but though his manner became cold, his consistency remained warm, and this gave him a right to be as strange as he pleased.

XLVIII.—ON RECEIVING A SPRIG OF LAUREL
FROM VAUCLUSE.

AND this piece of laurel is from Vaucuse ! Perhaps Petrarch, perhaps Laura sat under it ! This is a true present. What an exquisite, dry, old, vital, young-looking, everlasting twig it is ! It has been plucked nine months, and yet looks as hale and as crisp as if it would last ninety years. It shall last, at any rate, as long as its owner, and longer, if care and love can preserve it. How beautifully it is turned ! It was a happy pull from the tree. Its shape is the very line of beauty ; it has berries upon it, as if resolved to shew us in what fine condition the trees are ; while the leaves issue from it, and swerve upwards with their elegant points, as though they had come from adorning the poet's head. Be thou among the best of one's keepsakes, thou gentle stem, *in deliciis nostris* ; and may the

* The late Mr. Hazlitt.

very maid-servant, who wonders to see thy withered beauty in its frame, miss her lover the next five weeks, for not having the instinct to know that thou must have something to do with love.

Perhaps Petrarch has felt the old ancestral boughs of this branch stretching over his head, and whispering to him of the name of Laura, of his love, and of their future glory; for all these ideas used to be entwined in one. (Sestina 2, canzone 17, sonetti 162, 163, 164, 207, 224, &c.) Perhaps it is of the very stock of that bough, which he describes as supplying his mistress with a leaning-stock, when she sat in her favourite bower.

Giovane donna sotto un verde lauro
Vidi più bianca e più fredda che neve
Non percossa dal sol molti e molt' anni;
E'l suo parlar, e'l bel viso, e le chiome,
Mi piacquer sì, ch' i' l'ho a gli occhi miei,
Ed avro sempre, ov'io sia in poggio o'n riva.

Part i, sestina 2.

A youthful lady under a green laurel
I saw, more fair and colder than white snows
Veil'd from the sun for many and many a year:
And her sweet face, and hair, and way of speaking,
So pleased me, that I have her now before me,
And shall have ever, whether on hill or lea.

The laurel seems more appropriate to Petrarch than to any other poet. He delighted to sit under its leaves; he loved it both for itself and for the resemblance of its name to that of his mistress; he wrote of it continually, and he was called from out of its shade

to be crowned with it in the capitol. It is a remarkable instance of the fondness with which he cherished the united idea of Laura and the laurel, that he confesses this fancy to have been one of the greatest delights he experienced in receiving the crown upon his head.

It was out of Vacluse that he was called. Vacluse, Valchiusa, the Shut Valley (from which the French, in the modern enthusiasm for intellect, gave the name to the department in which it lies), is a remarkable spot in the old poetical region of Provence, consisting of a little deep glen of green meadows, surrounded with rocks, and containing the fountain of the river Sorgue. Petrarch, when a boy of eight or nine years of age, had been struck with its beauty, and exclaimed that it was the place of all others he should like to live in, better than the most splendid cities. He resided there afterwards for several years, and composed in it the greater part of his poems. Indeed, he says in his account of himself, that he either wrote or conceived, in that valley, almost every work he produced. He lived in a little cottage, with a small homestead, on the banks of the river. Here he thought to forget his passion for Laura, and here he found it stronger than ever. We do not well see how it could have been otherwise; for Laura lived no great way off, at Chabrières, and he appears to have seen her often in the very place. He paced along the river; he sat under the trees; he climbed the mountains; but Love, he says, was ever by his side,

Ragionando con meco, ed io con lui.

He holding talk with me, and I with him.

We are supposing that all our readers are acquainted with Petrarch. Many of them doubtless know him intimately. Should any of them want an introduction to him, how should we speak of him in the gross? We should say, that he was one of the finest gentlemen and greatest scholars that ever lived; that he was a writer who flourished in Italy in the 14th century at the time when Chaucer was young, during the reigns of our Edwards; that he was the greatest light of his age; that although so fine a writer himself, and the author of a multitude of works, or rather because he was both, he took the greatest pains to revive the knowledge of the ancient learning, recommending it every where, and copying out large manuscripts with his own hand; that two great cities, Paris and Rome, contended which should have the honour of crowning him; that he was crowned publicly, in the Metropolis of the World, with laurel and with myrtle; that he was the friend of Boccaccio, the Father of Italian Prose; and lastly, that his greatest renown nevertheless, as well as the predominant feelings of his existence, arose from the long love he bore for a lady of Avignon, the far-famed Laura, whom he fell in love with on the 6th of April 1327, on a Good Friday; whom he rendered illustrious in a multitude of sonnets, which have left a sweet sound and sentiment in the ear of all after lovers; and who died, still passionately beloved, in the year 1348, on the same day and hour

on which he first beheld her. Who she was, or why their connexion was not closer, remains a mystery. But that she was a real person, and that in spite of her staid manners she did not shew an altogether insensible countenance to his passion, is clear from his long-haunted imagination, from his own repeated accounts, from all that he wrote, uttered, and thought. One love, and one poet, sufficed to give the whole civilized world a sense of delicacy in desire, of the abundant riches to be found in one single idea, and of the going out of a man's self to dwell in the soul and happiness of another, which has served to refine the passion for all modern times ; and perhaps will do so, as long as love renews the world.

XLIX.—COACHES.

ACCORDING to the opinion commonly entertained respecting an author's want of riches, it may be allowed us to say, that we retain from childhood a considerable notion of "a ride in a coach." Nor do we hesitate to confess, that by coach, we especially mean a hired one ; from the equivocal dignity of the post-chaise, down to that despised old cast-away, the hackney.

It is true, that the carriage, as it is indifferently called (as if nothing less genteel could carry any one) is a more decided thing than the chaise ; it may be

swifter even than the mail, leaves the stage at a still greater distance in every respect, and (forgetting what it may come to itself) darts by the poor old lumbering hackney with immeasurable contempt. It rolls with a prouder ease, than any other vehicle. It is full of cushions and comfort; elegantly coloured inside and out; rich, yet neat; light and rapid, yet substantial. The horses seem proud to draw it. The fat and fair-wigged coachman "lends his sounding lash," his arm only in action and that but little, his body well set with its own weight. The footman, in the pride of his non-chalance, holding by the straps behind, and glancing down sideways betwixt his cocked-hat and neckcloth, stands swinging from east to west upon his springy toes. The horses rush along amidst their glancing harness. Spotted dogs leap about them, barking with a princely superfluity of noise. The hammer-cloth trembles through all its fringe. The paint flashes in the sun. We, contemptuous of every thing less convenient, bow backwards and forwards with a certain indifferent air of gentility, infinitely predominant. Suddenly, with a happy mixture of turbulence and truth, the carriage dashes up by the curb-stone to the very point desired, and stops with a lordly wilfulness of decision. The coachman looks as if nothing had happened. The footman is down in an instant; the knocker reverberates into the farthest corner of the house; doors, both carriage and house, are open; —we descend, casting a matter-of-course eye at the bye-standers; and the moment we touch the pave-

ment, the vehicle, as if conscious of what it has carried, and relieved from the weight of our importance, recovers from its sidelong inclination with a jerk, tossing and panting, as it were, for very breath, like the proud heads of the horses.

All this, it must be owned, is very pretty; but it is also gouty and superfluous. It is too convenient,—too exacting,—too exclusive. We must get too much for it, and lose too much by it. It's plenty, as Ovid says, makes us poor. We neither have it in the republic of letters, nor would desire it in any less jacobinical state. Horses, as many as you please, provided men have enough to eat:—hired coaches, a reasonable number:—but health and good humour at all events.

Gigs and curricles are things less objectionable, because they cannot be so relied upon as substitutes for exercise. Our taste in them, we must confess, is not genuine. How shall we own it? We like to be driven, instead of drive;—to read or look about us, instead of keeping watch on a horse's head. We have no relish even for vehicles of this description, that are not safe. Danger is a good thing for giving a fillip to a man's ideas; but even danger, to us, must come recommended by something useful. We have no ambition to have *TANDEM* written on our tombstone.

The prettiest of these vehicles is the curricle, which is also the safest. There is something worth looking at in the pair of horses, with that sparkling pole of steel laid across them. It is like a bar of music, com-

prising their harmonious course. But to us, even gigs are but a sort of unsuccessful run at gentility. The driver, to all intents and purposes, had better be on the horse. Horseback is the noblest way of being carried in the world. It is cheaper than any other mode of riding; it is common to all ranks; and it is manly, graceful, and healthy. The handsomest mixture of danger with dignity, in the shape of a carriage, was the tall phaeton with its yellow wings. We remember looking up to it with respect in our childhood, partly for its loftiness, partly for its name, and partly for the shew it makes in the prints to novels of that period. The most gallant figure which modern driving ever cut, was in the person of a late Duke of Hamilton; of whom we have read or heard somewhere, that he used to dash round the streets of Rome, with his horses panting, and his hounds barking about his phaeton, to the equal fright and admiration of the Masters of the World, who were accustomed to witness nothing higher than a lumbering old coach, or a cardinal on a mule.

A post-chaise involves the idea of travelling, which in the company of those we love, is home in motion. The smooth running along the road, the fresh air, the variety of scene, the leafy roads, the bursting prospects, the clatter through a town, the gaping gaze of a village, the hearty appetite, the leisure (your chaise waiting only upon your own movements), even the little contradictions to home-comfort, and the expedients upon which they set us, all put the animal

spirits at work, and throw a novelty over the road of life. If any thing could grind us young again, it would be the wheels of a post-chaise. The only monotonous sight is the perpetual up-and-down movement of the postilion, who, we wish exceedingly, could take a chair. His occasional retreat to the bar which occupies the place of a box, and his affecting to sit upon it, only remind us of its exquisite want of accommodation. But some have given the bar, lately, a surreptitious squeeze in the middle, and flattened it a little into something obliquely resembling an inconvenient seat.

If we are to believe the merry Columbus of Down-Hall, calashes, now almost obsolete for any purpose, used to be hired for travelling occasions a hundred years back ; but he preferred a chariot ; and neither was good. Yet see how pleasantly good-humour rides over its inconveniences.

Then answered 'Squire Morley, " Pray get a calash,
That in summer may burn, and in winter may splash ;
I love dirt and dust ; and 'tis always my pleasure
To take with me much of the soil that I measure."

But Matthew thought better ; for Matthew thought right,
And hired a chariot so trim and so tight,
That extremes both of winter and summer might pass ;
For one window was canvas, the other was glass.

" Draw up," quoth friend Matthew ; " Pull down," quoth
friend John,

" We shall be both hotter and colder anon."
Thus, talking and scolding, they forward did speed ;
And Ralpho paced by under Newman the Swede.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
 At a town they call Hodson, the sign of the Bull ;
 Near a nymph with an urn that divides the highway,
 And into a puddle throws mother of tea.

“ Come here, my sweet landlady, pray how d’ye do ?
 Where is Cicely so cleanly, and Prudence, and Sue ?
 And where is the widow that dwelt here below ?
 And the hostler that sung about eight years ago ?

And where is your sister, so mild and so dear,
 Whose voice to her maids like a trumpet was clear ?”
 “ By my troth,” she replies, “ you grow younger, I think :
 And pray, Sir, what wine does the gentleman drink ?

Why now let me die, Sir, or live upon trust,
 If I know to which question to answer you first :
 Why things, since I saw you, most strangely have varied,
 The hostler is hanged, and the widow is married.

And Prue left a child for the parish to nurse,
 And Cicely went off with a gentleman’s purse ;
 And as to my sister, so mild and so dear,
 She has lain in the church-yard full many a year.”

“ Well ; peace to her ashes ! What signifies grief ?
 She roasted red veal, and she powdered lean beef :
 Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine dish ;
 For tough were her pullets, and tender her fish.”—*Prior*.

This quotation reminds us of a little poem by the same author, entitled the *Secretary*, which as it is short, and runs upon chaise-wheels, and seems to have slipped the notice it deserves, we will do ourselves the pleasure of adding. It was written when he was Secretary of Embassy at the Hague, where he seems to to have edified the Dutch with his insisting

upon enjoying himself. The astonishment with which the good Hollander and his wife look up to him as he rides, and the touch of yawning dialect at the end, are extremely pleasant.

While with labour assiduous due pleasure I mix,
 And in one day atone for the business of six,
 In a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night,
 On my left hand my Horace, a nymph on my right :
 No memoirs to compose, and no post-boy to move,
 That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love ;
 For her, neither visits, nor parties at tea,
 Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee :
 This night and the next shall be hers, shall be mine,
 To good or ill-fortune the third we resign :
 Thus scorning the world and superior to fate,
 I drive on my car in processional state.
 So with Phia through Athens Pisistratus rode ;
 Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.
 But why should I stories of Athens rehearse,
 Where people knew love, and were partial to verse ?
 Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose,
 In Holland half drowned in interest and prose ?
 By Greece and past ages what need I be tried,
 When the Hague and the present are both on my side ?
 And is it enough for the joys of the day,
 To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say ?
 When good Vandergoes, and his provident *vrouw*,
 As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
 That, search all the province, you'll find no man *dàr* is
 So blest as the *Engelishen Heer Secretar*' is.

If Prior had been living now, he would have found the greatest want of travelling accommodation in a country, for whose more serious wants we have to an-

swer, without having her wit to help us to an excuse. There is a story told of an Irish post-chaise, the occupier of which, without quitting it, had to take to his heels. It was going down hill, as fast as wind and the impossibility of stopping could make it, when the foot passengers observed a couple of legs underneath, emulating, with all their might, the rapidity of the wheels. The bottom had come out; and the gentleman was obliged to run for his life.

We must relate another anecdote of an Irish post-chaise, merely to shew the natural tendencies of the people to be lawless in self-defence. A friend of ours,* who was travelling among them, used to have this proposition put to him by the postillion, whenever he approached a turnpike. "Plase your honour, will I drive at the pike?" The pike hung loosely across the road. Luckily, the rider happened to be of as lawless a turn for justice as the driver, so the answer was always a cordial one;—"Oh yes—drive at the pike." The pike made way accordingly; and in a minute or two, the gate people were heard and seen, screaming in vain after the illegal charioteers.

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus.—Virgil.

The driver's borne beyond their swearing,
And the post-chaise is hard of hearing.

As to following them, nobody in Ireland thinks of moving too much, legal or illegal.

The pleasure to be had in a Mail-coach is not so

* Mr. Shelley.

much at one's command, as that in a post-chaise. There is generally too little room in it, and too much hurry out of it. The company must not lounge over their breakfast, even if they are all agreed. It is an understood thing, that they are to be uncomfortably punctual. They must get in at seven o'clock, though they are all going upon business they do not like or care about, or will have to wait till nine before they can do any thing. Some persons know how to manage this haste, and breakfast and dine in the cracking of a whip. They stick with their fork, they joint, they sliver, they bolt. Legs and wings vanish before them, like a dragon's before a knight-errant. But if one is not a clergyman or a regular jolly fellow, one has no chance this way. To be diffident or polite, is fatal. It is a merit eagerly acknowledged, and as quickly set aside. At last you begin upon a leg, and are called off.

A very troublesome degree of science is necessary for being well settled in the coach. We remember travelling in our youth, upon the north road, with an orthodox elderly gentleman of venerable peruke, who talked much with a grave looking young man about universities, and won our inexperienced heart with a notion that he was deep in Horace and Virgil. He was deeper in his wig. Towards evening, as he seemed restless, we asked with much diffidence whether a change, even for the worse, might not relieve him; for we were riding backwards, and thought that all elderly people disliked that way. He insi-

nuated the very objection ; so we recoiled from asking him again. In a minute or two however, he insisted that we were uneasy ourselves, and that he must relieve us for our own sake. We protested as filially as possible against this ; but at last, out of mere shame of disputing the point with so benevolent an elder, we changed seats with him. After an interval of bland meditation, we found the evening sun full in our face.—His new comfort set him dozing ; and every now and then he jerked his wig in our eyes, till we had the pleasure of seeing him take out a night-cap, and look very ghastly.—The same person, and his serious young companion, tricked us out of a good bed we happened to get at the inn.

The greatest peculiarity attending a Mail-coach arises from its travelling at night. The gradual decline of talk, the incipient snore, the rustling and shifting of legs and nightcaps, the cessation of other noises on the road, the sound of the wind or rain, of the moist circuit of the wheels, and of the time-beating tread of the horses—all dispose the traveller, who cannot sleep, to a double sense of the little that is left him to observe. The coach stops, the door opens, a rush of cold air announces the demands and merits of the guard, who is taking his leave, and is anxious to remember us. The door is clapped to again ; the sound of every thing outside becomes dim ; and voices are heard knocking up the people of the inn, and answered by issuing yawns and excuses. Wooden shoes clog heavily about. The horses'

mouths are heard, swilling up the water out of tubs. All is still again, and some one in the coach takes a long breath. The driver mounts, and we resume our way. It happens that we can sleep any where except in a Mail-coach; so that we hate to see a prudent, warm, old fellow, who has been eating our fowls and intercepting our toast, put on his night-cap in order to settle himself till morning. We rejoice in the digs that his neighbour's elbow gives him, and hail the long-legged traveller that sits opposite. A passenger of our wakeful description must try to content himself with listening to the sounds above-mentioned; or thinking of his friends; or turning verses, as Sir Richard Blackmore did, "to the rumbling of his coach's wheels."

The Stage-coach is a great and unpretending accommodation. It is a cheap substitute, notwithstanding all its eighteen-penny and two-and-sixpenny temptations, for keeping a carriage or a horse; and we really think, in spite of its gossiping, is no mean help to village liberality; for its passengers are so mixed, so often varied, so little yet so much together, so compelled to accommodate, so willing to pass a short time pleasantly, and so liable to the criticism of strangers, that it is hard if they do not get a habit of speaking, or even thinking more kindly of one another, than if they mingled less often, or under other circumstances. The old and infirm are treated with reverence; the ailing sympathized with; the healthy congratulated; the rich not distinguished; the poor

well met : the young, with their faces conscious of ride, patronized, and allowed to be extra. Even the fiery, nay the fat, learn to bear with each other ; and if some high-thoughted persons will talk now and then of their great acquaintances, or their preference of a carriage, there is an instinct which tells the rest, that they would not make such appeals to their good opinion, if they valued it so little as might be supposed. Stoppings and dust are not pleasant, but the latter may be had on grander occasions ; and if any one is so unlucky as never to keep another stopping himself, he must be content with the superiority of his virtue.

The Mail or Stage-coachman, upon the whole, is no inhuman mass of great coat, gruffness, civility, and old boots. The latter is the politer, from the smaller range of acquaintance, and his necessity for preserving them. His face is red, and his voice rough, by the same process of drink and catarrh. He has a silver watch with a steel-chain, and plenty of loose silver in his pocket, mixed with halfpence. He serves the houses he goes by for a clock. He takes a glass at every ale-house ; for thirst, when it is dry, and for warmth when it is wet. He likes to shew the judicious reach of his whip, by twiggling a dog or a goose on the road, or children that get in the way. His tenderness to descending old ladies is particular. He touches his hat to Mr. Smith. He gives " the young woman " a ride, and lends her his box-coat in the rain. His liberality in imparting his knowledge to any one

that has the good fortune to ride on the box with him, is a happy mixture of deference, conscious possession, and familiarity. His information chiefly lies in the occupancy of houses on the road, prize-fighters, Bow-street runners, and accidents. He concludes that you know Dick Sams or Old Joey, and proceeds to relate some of the stories that relish his pot and tobacco in the evening. If any of the four-in-hand gentry go by, he shakes his head, and thinks they might find something better to do. His contempt for them is founded on modesty. He tells you that his off-hand horse is as pretty a goer as ever was, but that Kitty—"Yeah, now there, Kitty, can't you be still? Kitty's a devil, Sir, for all you wouldn't think it." He knows that the boys on the road admire him, and gives the horses an indifferent lash with his whip as they go by. If you wish to know what rain and dust can do, you should look at his old hat. There is an indescribably placid and paternal look in the position of his corderoy knees and old top-boots on the foot-board, with their pointed toes and never-cleaned soles. His *beau-ideal* of appearance is a frock-coat, with mother-o'-pearl buttons, a striped yellow waistcoat, and a flower in his mouth.

But all our praises why for Charles and Robert?
Rise, honest Mews, and sing the classic Bobart.

Is the quadrijugal virtue of that learned person still extant? That Olympic and Baccalaureated charioteer?—That best educated and most erudite of

coachmen, of whom Dominie Sampson is alone worthy to speak? That singular punning and driving commentary on the *Sunt quos curriculo collegisse*? In short, the worthy and agreeable Mr. Bobart, Bachelor of Arts, who drove the Oxford stage some years ago, capped verses and the front of his hat with equal dexterity, and read Horace over his brandy and water of an evening? We had once the pleasure of being beaten by him in that capital art, he having brought up against us an unusual number of those cross-armed letters, as puzzling to verse-cappers as iron-cats unto cavalry, ycleped X's; which said warfare he was pleased to call to mind in after-times, unto divers of our comrades. The modest and natural greatness with which he used to say "Yait" to his horses, and then turn round with his rosy gills, and an eye like a fish, and give out the required verse, can never pass away from us, as long as verses or horses run.

Of the Hackney-coach we cannot make as short work, as many persons like to make of it in reality. Perhaps it is partly a sense of the contempt it undergoes, which induces us to endeavour to make the best of it. But it has its merits, as we shall shew presently. In the account of its demerits, we have been anticipated by a new, and we are sorry to say a very good poetess, of the name of Lucy V—— L——, who has favoured us with a sight of a manuscript poem,* in

* By Mr. Keats. The manuscript purports to have been written by a Miss Lucy Vaughan Lloyd.

which they are related with great nicety and sensitiveness.

Reader. What, Sir, sorry to say that a lady is a good poetess?

Indicator. Only inasmuch, Madam, as the lady gives such authority to the antisocial view of this subject, and will not agree with us as to the beatitude of the Hackney-coach.—But hold :—upon turning to the Manuscript again, we find that the objections are put into the mouth of a Dandy Courtier. This makes a great difference. The Hackney resumes all which it had lost in the good graces of the fair authoress. The only wonder is, how the Courtier could talk so well. Here is the passage.

Eban, untempted by the Pastry-Cooks,
 (Of Pastry he got store within the Palace),
 With hasty steps, wrapped cloak, and solemn looks,
 Incognito upon his errand sallies,
 His smelling-bottle ready for the allies ;
 He pass'd the Hurdy-gurdies with disdain,
 Vowing he'd have them sent on board the gallies :
 Just as he made his vow, it 'gan to rain,
 Therefore he call'd a coach, and bade it drive amain.

“ I'll pull the string,” said he, and further said,
 “ Polluted Jarvey ! Ah, thou filthy hack !
 Whose strings of life are all dried up and dead,
 Whose linsey-wolsey lining hangs all slack,
 Whose rug is straw, whose wholeness is a crack ;
 And evermore thy steps go clatter-clitter ;
 Whose glass once up can never be got back,
 Who prov'st, with jolting arguments and bitter,
 That 'tis of vile no-use to travel in a litter.

"Thou inconvenience! thou hungry crop
 For all corn! thou snail-creeper to and fro,
 Who while thou goest ever seem'st to stop,
 And fiddle-faddle standest while you go;
 I' the morning, freighted with a weight of woe,
 Unto some Lazar-house thou journeiest,
 And in the evening tak'st a double row
 Of dowdies, for some dance or party drest,
 Besides the goods meanwhile thou movest east and west.

"By thy ungallant bearing and sad mien,
 An inch appears the utmost thou couldst budge;
 Yet at the slightest nod, or hint, or sign,
 Round to the curb-stone patient dost thou trudge,
 School'd in a beckon, learned in a nudge;
 A dull-eyed Argus watching for a fare;
 Quiet and plodding thou dost bear no grudge
 To whisking Tilburies or Phaetons rare,
 Curricles, or Mail coaches, swift beyond compare."

Philosophising thus, he pull'd the check,
 And bade the coachman wheel to such a street,
 Who turning much his body, more his neck,
 Louted full low, and hoarsely did him greet.

✓ The tact here is so nice, of the infirmities which are
 but too likely to beset our poor old friend, that we
 should only spoil it to say more. To pass then to the
 merits.

One of the greatest helps to a sense of merit in
 other things, is a consciousness of one's own wants.
 Do you despise a Hackney-Coach? Get tired; get
 old; get young again. Lay down your carriage, or
 make it less uneasily too easy. Have to stand up
 half an hour, out of a storm, under a gateway. Be ill,

and wish to visit a friend who is worse. Fall in love, and want to sit next your mistress. Or if all this will not do, fall in a cellar.

Ben Jonson in a fit of indignation at the niggardliness of James the First, exclaimed, "He despises me, I suppose, because I live in an alley:—tell him his soul lives in an alley." We think we see a hackney-coach moved out of its ordinary patience, and hear it say, "You there, who sit looking so scornfully at me out of your carriage, are yourself the thing you take me for. Your understanding is a hackney-coach. It is lumbering, rickety, and at a stand. When it moves, it is drawn by things like itself. It is at once the most stationary and the most servile of common places. And when a good thing is put into it, it does not know it."

But it is difficult to imagine a hackney-coach under so irritable an aspect. Hogarth has drawn a set of hats or wigs with countenances of their own. We have noticed the same thing in the faces of houses; and it sometimes gets in one's way in a landscape-painting, with the outlines of the rocks and trees. A friend tells us, that the hackney-coach has its countenance, with gesticulation besides: and now he has pointed it out, we can easily fancy it. Some of them look chucked under the chin, some nodding, some coming at you sideways. We shall never find it easy, however, to fancy the irritable aspect above-mentioned. A hackney-coach always appeared to us the most quiescent of moveables. Its horses and it, slumbering

on a stand, are an emblem of all the patience in creation, animate and inanimate. The submission with which the coach takes every variety of the weather, dust, rain, and wind, never moving but when some eddying blast makes its old body shiver, is only surpassed by the vital patience of the horses. Can any thing better illustrate the poet's line about

—Years that bring the philosophic mind,

than the still-hung head, the dim indifferent eye, the dragged and blunt-cornered mouth, and the gaunt imbecility of body dropping its weight on three tired legs in order to give repose to the lame one? When it has blinkers on, they seem to be shutting up its eyes for death, like the windows of a house. Fatigue and the habit of suffering have become as natural to the creature, as the bit to its mouth. Once in half an hour it moves the position of its leg, or shakes its drooping ears. The whip makes it go, more from habit than from pain. Its coat has become almost callous to minor stings. The blind and staggering fly in autumn might come to die against its cheek.

Of a pair of hackney-coach horses, one so much resembles the other, that it seems unnecessary for them to compare notes. They have that within them, which is beyond the comparative. They no longer bend their heads towards each other, as they go. They stand together as if unconscious of one another's company. But they are not. An old horse misses

his companion, like an old man. The presence of an associate, who has gone through pain and suffering with us, need not say any thing. It is talk, and memory, and every thing. Something of this it may be to our old friends in harness. What are they thinking of, while they stand motionless in the rain? Do they remember? Do they dream? Do they still, unperplexed as their old blood is by too many foods, receive a pleasure from the elements; a dull refreshment from the air and sun? Have they yet a palate for the hay which they pull so feebly? or for the rarer grain, which induces them to perform their only voluntary gesture of any vivacity, and toss up the bags that are fastened on their mouths, to get at its shallow feast?

If the old horse were gifted with memory (and who shall say he is not, in one thing as well as another?) it might be at once the most melancholy and pleasantest faculty he has; for the commonest hack has probably been a hunter or racer; has had his days of lustre and enjoyment; has darted along the course, and scoured the pasture; has carried his master proudly, or his lady gently; has pranced, has galloped, has neighed aloud, has dared, has forded, has spurned at mastery, has graced it and made it proud, has rejoiced the eye, has been crowded to as an actor, has been all instinct with life and quickness, has had his very fear admired as courage, and been sat upon by valour as its chosen seat.

His ears up prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compassed crest now stands on end;
His nostrils drink the air; and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send;
His eye, which scornfully glistens like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who would say, lo! thus my strength is try'd
And thus I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering holla, or his *Stand, I say?*
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons, or trappings gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well proportioned steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlock shag and long,
Broad breast, full eyes, small head, and nostril wide;
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide,
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Alas! his only riders now are the rain and a sordid
harness! The least utterance of the wretchedest

voice makes him stop and become a fixture. His loves were in existence at the time the old sign, fifty miles hence, was painted. His nostrils drink nothing but what they cannot help,—the water out of an old tub. Not all the hounds in the world could make his ears attain any eminence. His mane is scratchy and lax. The same great poet who wrote the triumphal verses for him and his loves, has written their living epitaph:—

The poor jades

Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips,
The gum down roping from their pale dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless.

K. Henry 5th, Act 4.

There is a song called the *High-mettled Racer*, describing the progress of a favourite horse's life, from its time of vigour and glory, down to its furnishing food for the dogs. It is not as good as Shakspeare; but it will do, to those who are half as kind as he. We defy any body to read that song, or be in the habit of singing it or hearing it sung, and treat horses as they are sometimes treated. So much good may an author do, who is in earnest, and does not go in a pedantic way to work. We will not say that Plutarch's good-natured observation about taking care of one's old horse, did more for that class of retired servants than all the graver lessons of philosophy. For it is philosophy which first sets people thinking; and then some of them put it in a more popular shape. But

we will venture to say, that Plutarch's observation saved many a steed of antiquity a superfluous thump ; and in this respect, the author of the *High-mettled Racer* (Mr. Dibdin, we believe, no mean man, in his way) may stand by the side of the old illustrious biographer. Next to ancient causes, to the inevitable progress of events, and to the practical part of Christianity (which persons, the most accused of irreligion, have preserved like a glorious infant, through ages of blood and fire) the kindliness of modern philosophy is more immediately owing to the great national writers of Europe, in whose schools we have all been children :—to Voltaire in France, and Shakspeare in England. Shakspeare, in his time, obliquely pleaded the cause of the Jew, and got him set on a common level with humanity. The Jew has since been not only allowed to be human, but some have undertaken to shew him as “ the best good Christian though he knows it not.” We shall not dispute the title with him, nor with the other worshippers of Mammon, who force him to the same shrine. We allow, as things go in that quarter, that the Jew is as great a Christian as his neighbour, and his neighbour as great a Jew as he. There is neither love nor money lost between them. But at all events, the Jew is a man ; and with Shakspeare's assistance, the time has arrived, when we can afford to acknowledge the horse for a fellow-creature, and treat him as one. We may say for him, upon the same grounds and to the same purpose, as Shakspeare said for the Israelite, “ Hath not a horse

organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?" Oh—but some are always at hand to cry out,—it would be effeminate to think too much of these things!—Alas! we have no notion of asking the gentlemen to think too much of any thing. If they will think at all, it will be a great gain. As to effeminacy (if we must use that ungallant and partial word, for want of a better) it is cruelty that is effeminate. It is selfishness that is effeminate. Any thing is effeminate, which would get an excitement, or save a proper and manly trouble, at the undue expense of another.—How does the case stand then between those who ill treat their horses, and those who spare them?

To return to the coach. Imagine a fine coach and pair, which are standing at the door of a house, in all the pride of their strength and beauty, converted into what they may both become, a hackney and its old shamblers. Such is one of the meditations of the philosophic eighteenpenny rider. A hackney-coach has often the arms of nobility on it. As we are going to get into it, we catch a glimpse of the faded lustre of an earl's or marquis's coronet, and think how many light or proud hearts have ascended those now rickety steps. In this coach perhaps an elderly lady once rode to her wedding, a blooming and blushing girl. Her mother and sister were on each side of her; the bridegroom opposite in a blossom-coloured coat.

They talk of every thing in the world, of which they are not thinking. The sister was never prouder of her. The mother with difficulty represses her own pride and tears. The bride, thinking he is looking at her, casts down her eyes, pensive in her joy. The bridegroom is at once the proudest, and the humblest, and the happiest man in the world.—For our parts, we sit in a corner, and are in love with the sister. We dream she is going to speak to us in answer to some indifferent question, when a hoarse voice comes in at the front window, and says “Whereabouts, Sir!”

And grief has consecrated thee, thou reverend dilapidation, as well as joy! Thou hast carried unwilling, as well as willing hearts; hearts, that have thought the slowest of thy paces too fast; faces that have sat back in a corner of thee, to hide their tears from the very thought of being seen. In thee the destitute have been taken to the poor-house, and the wounded and sick to the hospital; and many an arm has been round many an insensible waist. Into thee the friend or the lover has hurried, in a passion of tears, to lament his loss. In thee he has hastened to condole the dying or the wretched. In thee the father, or mother, or the older kinswoman, more patient in her years, has taken the little child to the grave, the human jewel that must be parted with.

But joy appears in thee again, like the look-in of the sun-shine. If the lover has gone in thee unwillingly, he has also gone willingly. How many friends hast thou not carried to merry meetings! How many

young parties to the play ! How many children, whose faces thou hast turned in an instant from the extremity of lachrymose weariness to that of staring delight. Thou hast contained as many different passions in thee as a human heart ; and for the sake of the human heart, old body, thou art venerable. Thou shalt be as respectable as a reduced old gentleman, whose very slovenliness is pathetic. Thou shalt be made gay, as he is over a younger and richer table, and thou shalt be still more touching for the gaiety.

We wish the hackney-coachman were as interesting a machine as either his coach or horses ; but it must be owned, that of all the driving species he is the least agreeable specimen. This is partly to be attributed to the life which has most probably put him into his situation ; partly to his want of outside passengers to cultivate his gentility ; and partly to the disputable nature of his fare, which always leads him to be lying and cheating. The waterman of the stand, who beats him in sordidness of appearance, is more respectable. He is less of a vagabond, and cannot cheat you. Nor is the hackney-coachman only disagreeable in himself, but, like Falstaff reversed, the cause of disagreeableness in others ; for he sets people upon disputing with him in pettiness and ill-temper. He induces the mercenary to be violent, and the violent to seem mercenary. A man whom you took for a pleasant, laughing fellow, shall all of a sudden put on an irritable look of calculation, and vow that he will be charged with a constable, rather

than pay the sixpence. Even fair woman shall waive her all-conquering softness, and sound a shrill trumpet in reprobation of the extortionate charioteer, who, if she were a man, she says, she would expose. Being a woman, then, let her not expose herself. Oh, but it is intolerable to be so imposed upon ! Let the lady, then, get a pocket-book, if she must, with the hackney-coach fares in it ; or a pain in the legs, rather than the temper ; or, above all, let her get wiser, and have an understanding that can dispense with the good opinion of the hackney-coachman. Does she think that her rosy lips were made to grow pale about two-and-sixpence ; or that the expression of them will ever be like her cousin Fanny's, if she goes on ?

The stage-coachman likes the boys on the road, because he knows they admire him. The hackney-coachman knows that they cannot admire him, and that they can get up behind his coach, which makes him very savage. The cry of " Cut behind !" from the malicious urchins on the pavement, wounds at once his self-love and his interest. He would not mind overloading his master's horses for another sixpence, but to do it for nothing is what shocks his humanity. He hates the boy for imposing upon him, and the boys for reminding him that he has been imposed upon ; and he would willingly twinge the cheeks of all nine. The cut of his whip over the coach is malignant. He has a constant eye to the road behind him. He has also an eye to what may be left in the coach. He will undertake to search the straw for you, and

miss the half-crown on purpose. He speculates on what he may get above his fare, according to your manners or company; and knows how much to ask for driving faster or slower than usual. He does not like wet weather so much as people suppose; for he says it rots both his horses and harness, and he takes parties out of town when the weather is fine, which produces good payments in a lump. Lovers, late supper-eaters, and girls going home from boarding-school, are his best pay. He has a rascally air of remonstrance when you dispute half the over-charge; and according to the temper he is in, begs you to consider his bread, hopes you will not make such a fuss about a trifle, or tells you you may take his number, or sit in the coach all night.

A great number of ridiculous adventures must have taken place, in which hackney-coaches were concerned. The story of the celebrated harlequin, Lunn, who secretly pitched himself out of one into a tavern window, and when the coachman was about to submit to the loss of his fare, astonished him by calling out again from the inside, is too well known for repetition. There is one of Swift, not perhaps so common. He was going, one dark evening, to dine with some great man, and was accompanied by some other clergymen, to whom he gave their cue. They were all in their canonicals. When they arrive at the house, the coachman opens the door, and lets down the steps. Down steps the Dean, very reverend, in his black robes; after him comes another personage, equally black and

dignified ; then another ; then a fourth. The coachman, who recollects taking up no greater number, is about to put up the steps, when another clergyman descends. After giving way to this other, he proceeds with great confidence to toss them up, when lo ! another comes. Well, there cannot, he thinks, be more than six. He is mistaken. Down comes a seventh, then an eighth ; then a ninth ; all with decent intervals ; the coach, in the mean time, rocking as if it were giving birth to so many dæmons. The coachman can conclude no less. He cries out, " The devil ! the devil !" and is preparing to run away, when they all burst into laughter. They had gone round as they descended, and got in at the other door.

We remember in our boyhood an edifying comment on the proverb of " all is not gold that glistens." The spectacle made such an impression upon us, that we recollect the very spot, which was at the corner of a road in the way from Westminster to Kennington, near a stone-mason's. It was a severe winter, and we were out on a holiday, thinking, perhaps, of the gallant hardships to which the ancient soldiers accustomed themselves, when we suddenly beheld a group of hackney-coachmen, not, as Spenser says of his witch,

Busy, as *seemed*, about some wicked gin,

but pledging each other in what appeared to us to be little glasses of cold water. What temperance, thought we ! What extraordinary and noble content ! What

more than Roman simplicity ! Here are a set of poor Englishmen, of the homeliest order, in the very depth of winter, quenching their patient and honourable thirst with modicums of cold water ! O true virtue and courage ! O sight, worthy of the Timoleons and Epaminondases ! We know not how long we remained in this error ; but the first time we recognized the white devil for what it was—the first time we saw through the crystal purity of its appearance—was a great blow to us. We did not then know what the drinkers went through ; and this reminds us that we have omitted one great redemption of the hackney-coachman's character—his being at the mercy of all chances and weathers. Other drivers have their settled hours and pay. He only is at the mercy of every call and every casualty ; he only is dragged, without notice, like the damned in Milton, into the extremities of wet and cold, from his alehouse fire to the freezing rain ; he only must go any where, at what hour, and to whatever place you chuse, his old rheumatic limbs shaking under his weight of rags, and the snow and sleet beating into his puckered face, through streets which the wind scours like a channel.

L.—REMARKS UPON ANDREA DE BASSO'S
ODE TO A DEAD BODY.*

WE are given to understand by the Italian critics, that this poem made a great sensation, and was alone thought sufficient to render its author of celebrity. Its loathly heroine had been a beauty of Ferrara, proud and luxurious. It is written in a fierce Catholic spirit, and is incontestably very striking and even appalling. Images, which would only be disgusting on other occasions, affect us beyond disgust, by the strength of such earnestness and sincerity. Andrea de Basso lays bare the mortifying conclusions of the grave, and makes the pride of beauty bow down to them. The picture of the once beautiful, proud, and unthinking creature, caught and fixed down in a wasting trap,—the calling upon her to come forth, and see if any will now be won into her arms,—the taunts about the immortal balm which she thought she had in her veins,—the whole, in short, of the terrible disadvantage under which she is made to listen with unearthly ears to the poet's lecture, affects the imagination to shuddering.

No wonder that such an address made a sensation,

* The reader will gather the substance of it from what follows. The ode is to be found in the sixth volume of the *Par-naso Italiano*. A translation has appeared in the volume of the author's Poetical Works, just published:

even upon the gaiety of a southern city. One may conceive how it fixed the superstitious more closely over their meditations and skulls; how it sent the young, and pious, and humble, upon their knees; how it baulked the vivacity of the serenaders; brought tears into the eyes of affectionate lovers; and shot doubt and confusion even into the cheeks of the merely wanton. Andrea de Basso, armed with the lightnings of his church, tore the covering from the grave, and smote up the heart of Ferrara as with an earthquake.

For a lasting impression, however, or for such a one as he would have desired, the author, with all his powers, overshot his mark. Men build again over earthquakes, as nature resumes her serenity. The Ferrarese returned to their loves and guitars, when absolution had set them to rights. It was impossible that Andrea de Basso should have succeeded in fixing such impressions upon the mind; and it would have been an error in logic, as well as every thing else, if he had. He committed himself both as a theologian and a philosopher. There is an allusion, towards the end of his ode, to the Catholic notion, that the death of a saintly person is accompanied by what they call "the odour of sanctity;"—a literalized metaphor, which they must often have been perplexed to maintain. But the assents of superstition, and the instinct of common sense, keep a certain separation at bottom; and the poet drew such a picture of mortality, as would unavoidably be applied to every one, vicious or virtuous. It was too close

and mortifying, even for the egotism of religious fancy to overcome. All would have an interest in contradicting it somehow or other.

On the other hand, if they could not well contradict or bear to think of it, his mark was overshot there. It has been observed, in times of shipwrecks, plagues, and other circumstances of a common despair, that upon the usual principle of extremes meeting, mankind turn upon death their pursuer, and defy him to the teeth. The superstitious in vain exhort them to think, and threaten them with the consequences of refusal. They have threats enough. If they could think to any purpose of refreshment, they would. But time presses; the exhortation is too like the evil it would remedy; and they endeavour to crowd into a few moments all the enjoyments to which nature has given them a tendency, and to which, with a natural piety beyond that of their threateners, they feel that they have both a tendency and a right. If many such odes as Basso's could have been written,—if the court of Ferrara had turned superstitious and patronized such productions, the next age would not merely have been lively; it would have been debauched.

Again, the reasoning of such appeals to the general sense is absurd in itself. They call upon us to join life and death together;—to think of what we are not, with the feelings of what we are; to be different, and yet the same. Hypochondria may do this; a melancholy imagination, or a strong imagination of any sort, may do it for a time; but it will never be

done generally, and nature never intended it should. A decaying dead body is no more the real human being, than a watch, stopped and mutilated, is a time-piece, or cold water warm, or a numb finger in the same state of sensation as the one next it, or any one modification of being the same as another. We may pitch ourselves by imagination into this state of being; but it is ourselves, modified by our present totalities and sensation, that we do pitch there. What we may be otherwise, is another thing. The melancholy imagination may give it melancholy fancies; the livelier one if it pleases, may suppose it a state of exquisite dissolution. The philosopher sees in it nothing but a contradiction to the life by which we judge of it, and a dissolution of the compounds which held us together. There is one thing alone in such gloomy beggings of a question, which throws them back upon the prescriptions of wisdom, and prevents them from becoming general. They are always accompanied by ill-health. We do not mean a breaking up of the frame, or that very road to death, which may be a kindly and cheerful one, illumined by the sunset, as youth was by the dawn: but a polluted and artificial state of blood, or an insufficient vigour of existence,—that state, in short, which is an exception to the general condition of humanity, and acts like the proof of a rule to the intentions of Nature. For these are so kind, that no mistake in the world, not even vice itself, is so sure to confuse a man's sensations and render them melancholy, as ill-health. Nature seems

to say to us, "Be, above all things, as natural as you can be,—as much as possible in the best fashion of the mould in which I cast you,—and you shall be happy." Nor is this unlucky for virtue, but most lucky: for it takes away its pride, and leaves it its cheerfulness. Real vice will soon be found to be real unhealthiness: nor could society have a better guide to the reformation of its moral systems, than by making them as compatible as possible with every healthy impulse. But why, it may be asked, are we not all healthy? It is impossible to say: but this is certain, that the oftener a man asks himself that question, the more intimations he has that he is to try and get out of the tendency to ask them. We may live elsewhere: we may be compounded over again, and receive a new consciousness here;—a guess, which if it seems dreary at first, might lead us to make a heaven of the earth we live in, even for our own sakes hereafter. But at all events, put, as Jupiter says in the fable, your shoulder to the wheel; and put it as cheerfully as you can. The way that Andrea de Basso should have set about reforming the Ferrarese beauties, would have been to shew them, that their enjoyments were hurtful in proportion as they were extravagant, and less than they might be, in proportion as they were in bad taste. But to ask the healthy to be hypochondriacal; the beautiful to think gratuitously of ugliness; and the giddy, much less the wise, to desire to be angels in heaven, by representing God as a cruel and eternal punisher,—is what never

could, and never ought to have, a lasting effect on humanity.

It has been well observed, that life is a series of present sensations. It might be added, that the consciousness of the present moment is one of the strongest of those sensations. Still this consciousness is a series, not a line; a variety with intervals, not a continuity and a haunting. If it were, it would be unhealthy; if it were unhealthy, it would be melancholy; if it were melancholy, the evident system upon which nature acts would be different. Thus it is impossible that men should be finally led by gloomy, and not by pleasant doctrines.

When the Ferrarese ladies read the poem of Andrea de Basso, it occupied the series of their sensations for a little while, more or less according to their thoughtfulness, and more or less, even then, according to their unhealthiness. The power of voluntary thought is proportioned to the state of the health. In a little time, the Ferrarese, being like other multitudes, and even gayer, would turn to their usual reflections and enjoyments, as they accordingly did. About that period Ariosto was born. He rose to vindicate the charity and good-will of nature; and put forth more real wisdom, truth, and even piety, in his willing enjoyment of the creation, than all the monks in Ferrara could have mustered together for centuries.

To conclude, Andrea de Basso mistook his own self, as well as the means of instructing his callous

beauty. We can imagine her disagreeable enough. There are few things more oppressive to the heart, than the want of feeling in those whose appearance leads others to feel intensely—the sight of beauty sacrificing its own real comfort as well as ours, by a heartless and indiscriminate love of admiration from young and old, from the gross and the refined, the wise and the foolish, the good-natured and the ill-natured, the happy-making and the vicious. If Andrea de Basso's heroine was one of this stamp, we can imagine her to have irritated his best feelings, as well as his more equivocal. We hope she was not merely a giddy creature, who had not quite patience enough with her confessor. Alfred the Great, when a youth, was accustomed to turn a deaf ear to the didactics of his holy kinsman St. Neot; for which, says the worthy Bishop Asser, who was nevertheless a great admirer of the King, and wrote his life, all those troubles were afterwards brought upon him and his kingdom. Be this as it may, and supposing the Ferrarese beauty to have been an unfeeling one, the poet was not aware, while triumphing over her folly, and endeavouring to enjoy the thought of her torments, that he was confounding the sentiment of the thing with its reverse, and doing his best to make himself a worse and more hard-hearted person than she. His efforts to induce us think lightly of the most beautiful things in the external world, by shewing us that they will not always be what they are—that a smooth and graceful limb will not for ever be the same smooth and graceful

limb, nor an eye an eye, nor an apple an apple, are not as wise as they are poetical. To have said that the limb, unless admired with sentiment as well as with ordinary admiration, is a common-place thing to what it might be, and that there is more beauty in it than the lady supposed, would have been good. To make nothing of it, because she did not make as much as she could, is unwise. But above all, to consign her to eternal punishment in the next world, because she gave rise to a series of fugitive evils in this—granting even that she, and not her wrong education, was the cause of them—is one of those idle worryings of himself and others, which only perplex further what they cannot explain, and have at last fairly sickened the world into a sense of their unhealthiness.

What then remains of the poetical denouncements of Andrea de Basso? Why the only thing which ought to remain, and which when left to itself retains nothing but its pleasure—their poetry. When Dante and Milton shall cease to have any effect as religious dogmatizers, they will still be the mythological poets of one system of belief, as Homer is of another. So immortal is pleasure, and so surely does it escape out of the throng of its contradictions.

LI.—THOUGHTS AND GUESSES ON HUMAN NATURE.

CONFUSION OF MODES OF BEING.

PEOPLE undertake to settle what ideas they shall have under such and such circumstances of being, when it is nothing but their present state of being, that enables them to have those ideas.

VARIETY OF THE COLOURS OF PERCEPTION.

There is reason to suppose, that our perceptions and sensations are more different than we imagine, even upon the most ordinary things, such as visible objects in general, and the sense of existence. We have enough in common, for common intercourse; but the details are dissimilar, as we may perceive in the variety of palates. All people are agreed upon sweet and sour; but one man prefers sour to sweet, and another this and that variety of sour and sweet. "What then is the use of attempting to make them agree?" Why, we may try to make them agree upon certain general modes of thinking and means of pleasure:—we may colour their existence in the gross, though we must leave the particular shades to come out by themselves. We may enrich their stock of ideas, though we cannot control the items of the expenditure.

CANNOT.

"But what if we cannot do even this?" The question is answered by experience. Whole nations and ages have already been altered in their modes of

thinking. Even if it were otherwise, the endeavour is itself one of the varieties ; one of the modes of opinion and means of pleasure. Besides, CANNOT is the motto neither of knowledge nor humility. There is more of pride, and ignorance, and despair, in it, than of the modesty of wisdom. It would settle not only the past, but the future ; and it would settle the future, merely because the past has not been influenced by those that use it.

Who are these men that measure futurity by the shadow of their own littleness ? It is as if the loose stones lying about a foundation were to say, “ You can build no higher than our heads.”

SUPERSTITION AND DOCTRINE.

Superstition attempts to settle every thing by assertion ; which never did do, and never will. And like all assertors, even well-inclined ones, it shews its feebleness in anger and threatening. It commands us to take its problems for granted, on pain of being tied up to a triangle. Then come its advocates, and assert that this mode of treatment is proper and logical : which is making bad worse. The worst of all is, that this is the way in which the finest doctrines in the world are obstructed. They are like an excellent child, making the Grand Tour with a foolish overbearing tutor. The tutor runs a chance of spoiling the child, and makes their presence disagreeable wherever they go, except to their tradesmen. Let us hope the child has done with his tutor.

SECOND THOUGHT ON THE VARIETY OF THE COLOURS OF
PERCEPTION.

We may gather from what we read of diseased imaginations, how much our perceptions depend upon the modification of our being. We see how personal and inexperienced we are when we determine that such and such ideas must take place under other circumstances, and such and such truths be always indisputable. Pleasure must always be pleasure, and pain be pain, because these are only names for certain results. But the results themselves will be pleasureable or painful, according to what they act upon. A man in health becomes sickly; he has a fever, is light-headed, is hypochondriacal. His ideas are deranged, or re-arrange themselves; and a set of new perceptions, and colourings of his existence, take place, as in a kaleidoscope when we shake it. The conclusion is, that every alteration of our physical particles, or of whatever else we are compounded with, produces a different set of perceptions and sensations. What we call health of body and mind is the fittest state of our composition upon earth: but the state of perception which is sickly to our state of existence, may be healthy to another.

DEATH.

Of all impositions on the public, the greatest seems to be death. It resembles the threatening faces on each side the Treasury. Or rather, it is a necessary bar to our tendency to move forward. Nature sends

us out of her hand with such an impetus towards increase of enjoyment, that something is obliged to be set at the end of the avenue we are in, to moderate our bias, and make us enjoy the present being. Death serves to make us think, not of itself, but of what is about us.

CHILDHOOD AND KNOWLEDGE.

When children are in good health and temper, they have a sense of existence which seems too exquisite to last. It is made up of clearness of blood, freshness of perception, and trustingness of heart. We remember the time, when the green rails along a set of suburb gardens used to fill us with a series of holiday and rural sensations perfectly intoxicating. According to the state of our health, we have sunny glimpses of this feeling still; to say nothing of many other pleasures, which have paid us for many pains. The best time to catch them is early in the morning, at sunrise, out in the country. And we will here add, that life never perhaps feels such a return of fresh and young feeling upon it, as in early rising on a fine morning, whether in country or town. The healthiness of it, the quiet, the consciousness of having done a sort of young action (not to add a wise one), and the sense of power it gives you over the coming day, produce a mixture of buoyancy and self-possession, in which a sick man must not despair of, because he does not feel it the first morning. But even this reform should be adopted by degrees. The best way to recommend it is to begin with allowing

fair play to the other side of the question. (See the article upon Getting-up on Cold Mornings.) To return to our main point. After childhood, comes a knowledge of evil, or a sophisticate and unhealthy mode of life; or one produces the other, and both are embittered. Every thing tells us to get back to a state of childhood—pain, pleasure, imagination, reason, passion, natural affection or piety, the better part of religion. If knowledge is supposed to be incompatible with it, knowledge would sacrifice herself, if necessary, to the same cause, for she also tells us to do so. But as a little knowledge first leads us away from happiness, so a greater knowledge may be destined to bring us back into a finer region of it.

KNOWLEDGE AND UNHAPPINESS.

It is not knowledge that makes us unhappy as we grow up, but the knowledge of unhappiness. Yet as unhappiness existed when we knew it not, it becomes us all to be acquainted with it, that we may all have the chance of bettering the condition of our species. Who would say to himself, "I would be happy, though all my fellow-creatures were miserable!" Knowledge must heal what it wounds, and extend the happiness which it has suspended. It must do by our comfort, as a friend may do by one's books; enrich it with its comments. One man grows up and gets unhealthy without knowledge; another, with it. The former suffers and does not know why. He is unhappy, and he sees unhappiness, but he can do nothing for him-

self or others. The latter suffers, and discovers why. He suffers even more, because he knows more ; but he learns also how to diminish suffering in others. He learns too to apply his knowledge to his own case ; and he sees, that as he himself suffers from the world's want of knowledge, so the progress of knowledge would take away the world's sufferings and his own. The efforts to this end worry him perhaps, and make him sickly ; upon which, thinking is pronounced to be injurious to health. And it may be so, under these circumstances. What then, if it betters the health of the many ? But thinking may also teach him how to be healthier. A game of cricket on a green may do for him, what no want of thought would have done : while on the other hand, if he shews a want of thought upon these points, the inference is easy : he is not so thinking a man as you took him for. Addison should have got on horseback, instead of walking up and down a room in his house, with a bottle of wine at each end of it. Shakspeare divided his time between town and country, and in the latter part of his life, built, and planted, and petted his daughter Susanna. Solomon in his old age played the Anacreon ; and with Milton's leave, " his wisest heart " was not so much out in this matter, as when his royal impatience induced him to say that every thing was vanity.

CHILDHOOD—OLD AGE—OUR DESTINY.

There appears to be something in the composition of humanity like what we have observed in that of

music. The musician's first thought is apt to be his finest: he must carry it on, and make a second part to his air; and he becomes inferior. Nature in like manner (if we may speak it without profaneness) appears to succeed best in making childhood and youth. The symphony is a little perturbed; but in what a sprightly manner the air sets off! What purity! What grace! What touching simplicity! Then comes sin, or the notion of it, and "breaks the fair music." Well did a wiser than "the wisest heart" bid us try and continue children. But there are foolish as well as wise children, and it is a special mark of the former, whether little or grown, to affect manhood, and to confound it with cunning and violence.—Do men die, in order that life and its freshness may be as often and as multitudinously renewed as possible? Or do children grow old, that our consciousness may attain to some better mode of being through a rough path? Superstition answers only to perplex us, and make us partial. Nature answers nothing. But nature's calm and resolute silence tells us at once to hope for the future, and to do our best to enjoy the present. What if it is the aim of her workmanship to produce self-moving instruments, that may carry forward their own good? "A modest thought," you will say. Yet it is more allied to some doctrines celebrated for their humility, than you may suppose. Vanity, in speculations earnest and affectionate, is a charge to be made only by vanity. What has it to do with them?

ENDEAVOUR.

Either this world (to use the style of Marcus Antoninus) is meant to be what it is, or it is not. If it is not, then our endeavours to render it otherwise are right:—if it is, then we must be as we are, and seek excitement through the same means, and our endeavours are still right. In either case, endeavour is good and useful; but in one of them, the want of it must be a mistake.

GOOD AND EVIL.

Nature is justified (to speak humanly) in the ordinary state of the world, granting it is never to be made better, because the sum of good, upon the whole, is greater than that of evil. For in the list of goods we are not only to rank all the more obvious pleasures which we agree to call such, but much that is ranked under the head of mere excitement, taking hope for the ground of it, and action for the means. But we have no right on that account, to abstain from endeavouring to better the condition of our species, were it only for the sake of individual suffering. Nature, who is infinite, has a right to act in the gross. Nothing but an infinite suffering should make her stop; and that should make her stop, were the individual who infinitely suffered the only inhabitant of his hell. Heaven and Earth should petition to be abolished, rather than that one such monstrosity should exist: it is the absurdest as well as most impious of all the dreams of fear. To suppose that a Divine Being can

sympathize with our happiness, is to suppose that he can sympathize with our misery ; but to suppose that he can sympathize with misery, and yet suffer infinite misery to exist, rather than put an end to misery and happiness together, is to contradict his sympathy with happiness, and to make him prefer a positive evil to a negative one, the existence of torment to the cessation of feeling. As nature therefore, if considered at all, must be considered as regulated in her operations; though infinite, we must look to fugitive suffering, as nature must guard against permanent ; she carves out our work for us in the gross : we must attend to it in the detail. To leave every thing to her, would be to settle into another mode of existence, or stagnate into death. If it be said that she will take care of us at all events, we answer, first, that she does not do so in the ordinary details of life, neither earns our food for us, nor washes our bodies, nor writes our books ; secondly, that of things useful-looking and uncertain, she incites us to know the profit and probability ; and thirdly (as we have hinted in a previous observation), that not knowing how far we may carry on the impulse of improvement, towards which she has given us a bias, it becomes us on every ground, both of ignorance and wisdom, to try.

DEGRADING IDEAS OF DEITY.

The superstitious, in their contradictory representations of God, call him virtuous and benevolent out of the same passion of fear as induces them to make him

such a tyrant. They think they shall be damned if they do not believe him the tyrant he is described :— they think they shall be damned also, if they do not gratuitously ascribe to him the virtues incompatible with damnation. Being so unworthy of praise, they think he will be particularly angry at not being praised. They shudder to think themselves better ; and hasten to make amends for it, by declaring themselves as worthless as he is worthy.

GREAT DISTINCTION TO BE MADE IN BIGOTS.

There are two sorts of religious bigots, the unhealthy and the unfeeling. The fear of the former is mixed with humanity, and they never succeed in thinking themselves favourites of God, but their sense of security is embittered, by aversions which they dare not own to themselves, and terror for the fate of those who are no. so lucky. The unfeeling bigot is a mere unimaginative animal, whose thoughts are confined to the snugness of his kennel, and who would have a good one in the next world as well as in this. He secures a place in heaven as he does in the Manchester coach. Never mind who suffers outside, woman or child. We once found ourselves by accident on board a Margate hoy, which professed to “ sail by Divine Providence.” Walking about the deck at night to get rid of the chillness which would occasionally visit our devotions to the starry heavens and the sparkling sea, our foot came in contact with something white, which was lying gathered up in a heap.

Upon stooping down, we found it to be a woman. The methodists had secured all the beds below, and were not to be disturbed.

SUPERSTITION THE FLATTERER OF REASON.

We are far from thinking that reason can settle every thing. We no more think so, than that our eyesight can see into all existence. But it does not follow, that we are to take for granted the extremest contradictions of reason. Why should we? We do not even think well enough of reason to do so. For here is one of the secrets of superstition. It is so angry at reason for not being able to settle every thing, that it runs in despair into the arms of irrationality.

GOOD IN THINGS EVIL.

“ God Almighty!

There is a soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out!”

So, with equal wisdom and good-nature, does Shakspeare make one of his characters exclaim. Suffering gives strength to sympathy. Hate of the particular may have a foundation in love for the general. The lowest and most wilful vice may plunge deeper, out of a regret of virtue. Even in envy may be discerned something of an instinct of justice, something of a wish to see fair play, and things on a level.—“ But there is still a residuum of evil, of which we should all wish to get rid.”—Well then, let us try.

ARTIFICE OF EXAGGERATED COMPLAINT.

Disappointment likes to make out bad to be worse, in order to relieve the gnawing of its actual wound. It would confuse the limits of its pain; and by extending it too far, try to make itself uncertain how far it reached.

CUSTOM, ITS SELF-RECONCILEMENTS AND CONTRADICTIONS.

Custom is seen more in what we bear than what we enjoy. And yet a pain long borne, so fits itself to our shoulders, that we do not miss even that without inquietude. The novelty of the sensation startles us. Montaigne, like our modern beaux, was uneasy when he did not feel himself braced up in his clothing. Prisoners have been known to wish to go back to their prisons: invalids have missed the accompaniment of a gun-shot wound; and the world is angry with reformers and innovators, not because it is in the right, but because it is accustomed to be in the wrong. This is a good thing, and shews the indestructible tendency of nature to forego its troubles. But then reformers and innovators must arise upon that very ground. To quarrel with them upon a principle of avowed spleen, is candid, and has a self-knowledge in it. But to resent them as impertinent or effeminate, is at bottom to quarrel with the principle of one's own patience, and to set the fear of moving above the courage of it.

ADVICE.

It has been well observed, that advice is not disliked because it is advice; but because so few people know how to give it. Yet there are people vain enough to hate it in proportion to its very agreeableness.

HAPPINESS, HOW WE FOREGO IT.

By the same reason for which we call this earth a vale of tears, we might call heaven, when we got there, a hill of sighs; for upon the principle of an endless progression of beatitude, we might find a still better heaven promised us, and this would be enough to make us dissatisfied with the one in possession. Suppose that we have previously existed in the planet Mars; that there are no fields or trees there, and that we nevertheless could imagine them, and were in the habit of anticipating their delight in the next world. Suppose that there was no such thing as a stream of air,—as a wind fanning one's face for a summer's day. What a romantic thing to fancy! What a beatitude to anticipate! Suppose, above all, that there was no such thing as love. Words would be lost in anticipating that. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," &c. Yet when we got to this heaven of green fields and fresh airs, we might take little notice of either for want of something more; and even love we might contrive to spoil pretty odiously.

LII.—THE HAMADRYAD.*

AN Assyrian, of the name of Rhæcus, observing a fine old oak-tree ready to fall with age, ordered it to be propped up. He was continuing his way through the solitary skirts of the place, when a female of more than human beauty appeared before him, with gladness in her eyes. "Rhæcus," said she, "I am the Nymph of the tree which you have saved from perishing. My life is, of course, implicated in its own. But for you, my existence must have terminated; but for you, the sap would have ceased to flow through its boughs, and the godlike essence I received from it to animate these veins. No more should I have felt the wind in my hair, the sun upon my cheeks, or the balmy rain upon my body. Now I shall feel them many years to come. Many years also will your fellow-creatures sit under my shade, and hear the benignity of my whispers, and repay me with their honey and their thanks. Ask what I can give you, Rhæcus, and you shall have it."

The young man, who had done a graceful action but had not thought of its containing so many kindly things, received the praises of the Nymph with a due mixture of surprise and homage. He did not want courage, however, and emboldened by her tone and manner, and still more by a beauty which had all the

* See the Scholiast upon Apollonius Rhodius, or the Mythology of Natalis Comes.

buxom bloom of humanity in it, with a preternatural gracefulness besides, he requested that she would receive him as a lover. There was a look in her face at this request answering to modesty, but something still finer; having no guilt, she seemed to have none of the common infirmities either of shame or impudence. In fine, she consented to reward Rhæcus as he wished; and said she would send a bee to inform him of the hour of their meeting.

Who now was so delighted as Rhæcus? for he was a great admirer of the fair sex, and not a little proud of their admiring him in return; and no human beauty, whom he had known, could compare with the Hamadryad. It must be owned, at the same time, that his taste for love and beauty was not of quite so exalted a description as he took it for. If he was fond of the fair sex, he was pretty nearly as fond of dice, and feasting, and any other excitement which came in his way; and unluckily, he was throwing the dice that very noon when the bee came to summon him.

Rhæcus was at an interesting part of the game—so much so, that he did not at first recognize the object of the bee's humming. "Confound this bee," said he, "it seems plaguily fond of me." He brushed it away two or three times, but the busy messenger returned, and only hummed the louder. At last he bethought him of the Nymph; but his impatience seemed to increase with his pride, and he gave the poor insect such a brush, as sent him away crippled in both his thighs.

The bee returned to his mistress as well as he could, and shortly after was followed by his joyous assailant, who came triumphing in the success of his dice and his gallantry. "I am here," said the Hamadryad. Rhæcus looked among the trees, but could see nobody. "I am here," said a grave sweet voice, "right before you." Rhæcus saw nothing. "Alas!" said she, "Rhæcus, you cannot see me, nor will you see me more. I had thought better of your discernment and your kindness; but you were but gifted with a momentary sight of me. You will see nothing in future but common things, and those sadly. You are struck blind to every thing else. The hand that could strike my bee with a lingering death, and prefer the embracing of the dice-box to that of affectionate beauty, is not worthy of love and the green trees."

The wind sighed off to a distance, and Rhæcus felt that he was alone.

LIII.—THE NURTURE OF TRIPTOLEMUS.

TRIPTOLEMUS was the son of Celeus king of Attica, by his wife Polymnia. During his youth he felt such an ardour for knowledge, and such a desire to impart it to his fellow-creatures, that having but a slight frame for so vigorous a soul, and meeting with a great deal of jealousy and envy from those who were interested in being thought wiser, he fell into a

wasting illness. His flesh left his bones; his thin hands trembled when he touched the harp; his fine warm eyes looked staringly out of their sockets, like stars that had slipped out of their places in heaven.

At this period, an extraordinary and awful sensation struck, one night, through the streets of Eleusis. It was felt both by those who slept, and those who were awake. The former dreamt great dreams; the latter, especially the revellers and hypocrites who were pursuing their profane orgies, looked at one another, and thought of Triptolemus. As to Triptolemus himself, he shook in his bed with exceeding agitation; but it was with a pleasure that overcame him like pain. He knew not how to account for it; but he begged his father to go out, and meet whatever was coming. He felt that some extraordinary good was approaching, both for himself and his fellow-creatures; but revenge was never farther from his thoughts. What was he to revenge? Mistake and unhappiness? He was too wise, too kind, and too suffering. "Alas!" thought he, "an unknown joy shakes me like a palpable sorrow; and their minds are but as weak as my body. They cannot bear a touch they are not accustomed to."

The king, his wife, and his daughters went out, trembling, though not so much as Triptolemus, nor with the same feeling. There was a great light in the air, which moved gradually towards them, and seemed to be struck upwards from something in the street. Presently, two gigantic torches appeared round the corner; and underneath them, sitting in a car, and

looking earnestly about, was a mighty female, of more than ordinary size and beauty. Her large black eyes, with their gigantic brows bent over them, and surmounted with a white forehead and a profusion of hair, looked here and there with an intentness and a depth of yearning, indescribable. "*Chaire, Demeter !*" exclaimed the king, in a loud voice :—" Hail, creative mother !" He raised the cry common at festivals, when they imagined a deity manifesting itself; and the priests poured out of their dwellings, with vestment and with incense, which they held tremblingly aloft, turning down their pale faces from the gaze of the passing goddess.

It was Ceres, looking for her lost daughter Proserpina. The eye of the deity seemed to have a greater severity in its earnestness, as she passed by the priests; but at sight of a chorus of youths and damsels, who dared to lift up their eyes as well as voices, she gave such a beautiful smile as none but gods in sorrow can give; and emboldened with this, the king and his family prayed her to accept their hospitality.

She did so. A temple in the king's palace was her chamber, where she lay on the golden bed usually assigned to her image. The most precious fruits and perfumes burnt constantly at the door; and at first, no hymns were sung, but those of homage and condolence. But these the goddess commanded to be changed for happier songs. Word was also given to the city that it should remit its fears and its cares,

and shew all the happiness of which it was capable before she arrived. "For," said she, "the voice of happiness arising from earth is a god's best incense. A deity lives better on the pleasure of what it has created, than in a return of a part of its gifts."

Such were the maxims which Ceres delighted to utter during her abode at Eleusis, and which afterwards formed the essence of her renowned mysteries at that place. But the bigots, who adopted and injured them, heard them with dismay; for they were similar to what young Triptolemus had uttered, in the aspirations of his virtue. The rest of the inhabitants gave themselves up to the joy, from which the divinity would only extract consolation. They danced, they wedded, they loved; they praised her in hymns as cheerful as her natural temper; they did great and glorious things for one another: never was Attica so full of delight and heroism: the young men sought every den and fearful place in the territory, to see if Proserpina was there; and the damsels vied who should give them most kisses for their reward. "Oh Dearest and Divinest Mother!" sang the Eleusinians, as they surrounded the king's palace at night with their evening hymn,—“O greatest and best goddess! who not above sorrow thyself, art yet above all wish to inflict it, we know by this thou art indeed divine. Would that we might restore thee thy beloved daughter, thy daughter Proserpina, the dark, the beautiful, the mother-loving; whom some god, less generous than thyself, would keep for his own jealous doating.

Would we might see her in thine arms! We would willingly die for the sight; would willingly die with the only pleasure which thou hast left wanting to us."

The goddess would weep at these twilight hymns, consoling herself for the absence of Proserpina by thinking how many daughters she had made happy. Triptolemus shed weaker tears at them in his secret bed, but they were happier ones than before. "I shall die," thought he, "merely from the bitter-sweet joy of seeing the growth of a happiness which I must never taste; but the days I longed for have arrived. Would that my father would only speak to the goddess, that my passage to the grave might be a little easier!"

The father doubted whether he should speak to the goddess. He loved his son warmly, though he did not well understand him; and the mother, in spite of the deity's kindness, was afraid, lest in telling her of a child whom they were about to lose, they should remind her too forcibly of her own. Yet the mother, in an agony of alarm one day, at a fainting fit of her son's, was the first to resolve to speak to her, and the king and she went and prostrated themselves at her feet. "What is this, kind hosts?" said Ceres, "have ye, too, lost a daughter?" "No; but we shall lose a son," answered the parents, "but for the help of heaven." "A son!" replied Ceres, "why did you not tell me your son was living? I had heard of him, and wished to see him; but finding him not among ye, I fancied that he was no more,

and I would not trouble you with such a memory. But why did you fear mine, when I could do good? Did your son fear it?"—"No, indeed," said the parents; "he urged us to tell thee."—"He is the being I took him for," returned the goddess: "lead me to where he lies."

They came to his chamber, and found him kneeling upon the bed, his face and joined hands bending towards the door. He had felt the approach of the deity; and though he shook in every limb, it was a transport beyond fear that made him rise—it was love and gratitude. The goddess saw it, and bent on him a look that put composure into his feelings. "What wantest thou," said she, "struggler with great thoughts?" "Nothing," answered Triptolemus, "if thou thinkest good, but a shorter and easier death." "What! before thy task is done?" "Fate," he replied, "seems to tell me that I was not fitted for my task, and it is more than done, since thou art here. I pray thee, let me die; that I may not see every one around me weeping in the midst of joy, and yet not have strength enough left in my hands to wipe away their tears." "Not so, my child," said the goddess, "and her grand harmonious voice had tears in it as she spoke; "not so, Triptolemus; for my task is thy task; and gods work with instruments. Thou hast not gone through all thy trials yet; but thou shalt have a better covering to bear them, yet still by degrees. Gradual sorrow, gradual joy."

So saying, she put her hand to his heart and pressed

it, and the agitation of his spirit was further allayed, though he returned to his reclining posture, for weakness. From that time the bed of Triptolemus was removed into the temple, and Ceres became his second mother ; but nobody knew how she nourished him. It was said that she summoned milk into her bosom, and nourished him at her immortal heart ; but he did not grow taller in stature, as men expected. His health was restored, his joints were knit again, and stronger than ever ; but he continued the same small, though graceful youth, only the sicklier particles which he had received from his parents withdrew their influence.

At last, however, his very figure began to grow and expand. Up to this moment he had only been an interesting mortal, in whom the stoutest and best-made of his father's subjects recognized something mentally superior. Now, he began to look in person, as well as in mind, a demigod. The curiosity of the parents was roused at this appearance ; and it was heightened by the report of a domestic, who said, that in passing the door of the temple one night, she heard a sound as of a mighty fire. But their parental feelings were also excited by the behaviour of Triptolemus, who while he seemed to rise with double cheerfulness in the morning, always began to look melancholy towards night. For some hours before he retired to rest he grew silent, and looked more and more thoughtful, though nothing could be kinder in his manners to every body, and the hour no sooner

approached for his retiring, than he went instantly and even cheerfully.

His parents resolved to watch ; they knew not what they were about, or they would have abstained, for Ceres was every night at her enchantments, to render their son immortal in essence as well as in fame, and interruption would be fatal. At midnight they listened at the temple door.

The first thing they heard was the roaring noise of fire, as had been reported. It was deep and fierce. They were about to retire for fear ; but curiosity and parental feeling prevailed. They listened again ; but for some time heard nothing but the fire. At last a voice, resembling their child's, gave a deep groan. " It was a strong trial, my son," said another voice, in which they recognized the melancholy sweetness of the goddess. " The grandeur and exceeding novelty of these visions," said the fainter voice, " press upon me, as though they would bear down my brain." " But they do not," returned the deity, " and they have not. I will summon the next." " Nay, not yet," rejoined the mortal ; " yet be it as thou wilt. I know what thou tellest me, great and kind mother."—" Thou dost know," said the goddess, " and thou knowest in the very heart of thy knowledge, which is in the sympathy of it and the love. Thou seest that difference is not difference, and yet it is so ; that the same is not the same, and yet must be ; that what is, is but what we see, and as we see it ; and yet that all which we see, is. Thou shalt prove it finally ; and this is the

last trial but one. Vision, come forth." A noise here took place, as of the entrance of something exceedingly hurried and agonized, but which remained fixed with equal stillness. A brief pause took place, at the end of which the listeners heard their son speak, but in a voice of exceeding toil and loathing, and as if he had turned away his head :—" It is," said he, gasping for breath, " utmost deformity."—" Only to thine habitual eyes, and when alone," said the goddess, in a soothing manner; "look again." "Oh my heart!" said the same voice, gasping, as if with transport, " they are perfect beauty and humanity." " They are only two of the same," said the goddess, " each going out of itself. Deformity to the eyes of habit is nothing but analysis; in essence it is nothing but one-ness, if such a thing there be. The touch and the result is every thing. See what a goddess knows, and see nevertheless what she feels: in this only greater than mortals, that she lives for ever to do good. Now comes the last and greatest trial; now shalt thou see the real worlds as they are; now shalt thou behold them lapsing in reflected splendour about the blackness of space; now shalt thou dip thine ears into the mighty ocean of their harmonies, and be able to be touched with the concentrated love of the universe. Roar heavier, fire; endure, endure, thou immortalizing frame." "Yes, now, now," said the other voice, in a superhuman tone, which the listeners knew not whether to think joy or anguish; but they were seized with such alarm and curiosity, that they

opened a place from which the priestess used to speak at the lintel, and looked in. The mother beheld her son, stretched, with a face of bright agony, upon burning coals. She shrieked, and pitch darkness fell upon the temple. "A little while," said the mournful voice of the goddess, "and heaven had had another life. Oh Fear! what dost thou not do! Oh, my all but divine boy!" continued she, "now plunged again into physical darkness, thou can'st not do good so long as thou would'st have done; but thou shalt have a life almost as long as the commonest sons of men, and a thousand times more useful and glorious. Thou must change away the rest of thy particles, as others do; and in the process of time they may meet again under some nature worthy of thee, and give thee another chance for yearning into immortality; but at present the pain is done, the pleasure must not arrive."

The fright they had undergone slew the weak parents. Triptolemus, strong in body, cheerful to all in show, cheerful to himself in many things, retained, nevertheless, a certain melancholy from his recollections, but it did not hinder him from sowing joy wherever he went. It incited him but the more to do so. The success of others stood him instead of his own. Ceres gave him the first seeds of the corn that makes bread, and sent him in her chariot round the world, to teach men how to use it. "I am not immortal myself," said he, "but let the good I do be so, and I shall yet die happy."

LIV.—ON COMMENDATORY VERSES.

IF the faculties of the writer of these papers are any thing at all, they are social; and we have always been most pleased when we have received the approbation of those friends, whom we are most in the habit of thinking of when we write. There are multitudes of readers whose society we can fancy ourselves enjoying, though we have never seen them; but we are more particularly apt to imagine ourselves in such and such company, according to the nature of our articles. We are accustomed to say to ourselves, if we happen to strike off any thing that pleases us,—K. will like that:—There's something for M. or R.;—C. will snap his finger and slap his knee at this:—Here's a crow to pick for H.—Here N. will shake his shoulders:—There B., his head:—Here S. will shriek with satisfaction:—L. will see the philosophy of this joke, if nobody else does.—As to our fair friends, we find it difficult to think of them and our subject together. We fancy their countenances looking so frank and kind over our disquisitions, that we long to have them turned towards ourselves instead of the paper.

Every pleasure we could experience in a friend's approbation, we have felt in receiving the following verses. They are from a writer, who of all other men, knows how to extricate a common thing from commonness, and to give it an underlook of

pleasant consciousness and wisdom. We knew him directly, in spite of his stars. His hand as well as heart betrayed him.

TO MY FRIEND THE INDICATOR.

Your easy Essays indicate a flow,
 Dear Friend, of brain, which we may elsewhere seek ;
 And to their pages I, and hundreds, owe,
 That Wednesday is the sweetest of the week.
 Such observation, wit, and sense, are shewn,
 We think the days of Bickerstaff returned ;
 And that a portion of that oil you own,
 In his undying midnight lamp which burned.
 I would not lightly bruise old Priscian's head,
 Or wrong the rules of grammar understood ;
 But, with the leave of Priscian be it said,
 The *Indicative* is your *Potential Mood*.
 Wit, poet, prose-man, party-man, translator—
 H——, your best title yet is INDICATOR.

....

The receipt of these verses has set us upon thinking of the good-natured countenance, which men of genius, in all ages, have for the most part shewn to contemporary writers ; and thence, by a natural transition, of the generous friendship they have manifested for each other. Authors, like other men, may praise as well as blame for various reasons ; for interest, for vanity, for fear : and for the same reasons they may be silent. But generosity is natural to the humanity and the strength of genius. Where it is obscured, it is usually from something that has rendered it misanthropical. Where it is glaringly defi-

cient, the genius is deficient in proportion. And the defaulter feels as much, though he does not know it. He feels, that the least addition to another's fame threatens to block up the view of his own.

At the same time, praise by no means implies a sense of superiority. It may imply that we think it worth having; but this may arise from a consciousness of our sincerity, and from a certain instinct we have, that to relish any thing exceedingly gives us a certain ability to judge, as well as a right to express our admiration, of it.

On all these accounts, we were startled to hear the other day that Shakspeare had never praised a contemporary author. We had mechanically given him credit for the manifestation of every generosity under the sun; and we found the surprise affect us, not as authors (which would have been a vanity not even warranted by our having the title in common with him), but as men. What balked us in Shakspeare; seemed to baulk our faith in humanity. But we recovered as speedily. Shakspeare had none of the ordinary inducements, which make men niggardly of their commendation. He had no reason either to be jealous or afraid. He was the reverse of unpopular. His own claims were allowed. He was neither one who need be silent about a friend, lest he should be hurt by his enemy; nor one who nursed a style or a theory by himself, and so was obliged to take upon him a monopoly of admiration in self-defence; nor was he one who should gaze himself blind to every thing

else, in the complacency of his shallowness. If it should be argued, that he who saw through human nature, was not likely to praise it, we answer, that he who saw through it as Shakspeare did, was the likeliest man in the world to be kind to it. Even Swift refreshed the bitterness of his misanthropy in his love for Tom, Dick, and Harry ; and what Swift did from impatience at not finding men better, Shakspeare would do out of patience in finding them so good. We instanced the sonnet in the collection called the *Passionate Pilgrim*, beginning

If music and sweet poetry agree,

in which Spenser is praised so highly. It was replied, that minute enquirers considered that collection as apocryphal. This set us upon looking again at the biographers who have criticised it ; and we see no reason, for the present, to doubt its authenticity. For some parts of it we would answer upon internal evidence, especially, for instance, the *Lover's Complaint*. There are two lines in this poem which would alone announce him. They have the very trick of his eye.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies

In the small orb of one particular tear !

But enquirers would have to do much more than disprove the authenticity of these poems, before they made out Shakspeare to be a grudging author. They would have to undo the modesty and kindliness of his other writings. They would have to undo his

universal character for "gentleness," at a time when gentle meant all that was noble as well as mild. They would have to deform and to untune all that round, harmonious mind, which a great contemporary described as the very "sphere of humanity;" to deprive him of the epithet given him in the school of Milton, "unvulgar;"* to render the universality of wisdom liable to the same drawbacks as the mere universality of science; to take the child's heart out of the true man's body; to un-Shakspeare Shakspeare. If Shakspeare had never mentioned a contemporary in his life, nor given so many evidences of a cordial and admiring sense of those about him, we would sooner believe that sheer modesty had restrained his tongue, than the least approach to a petty feeling. We can believe it possible that he may have thought his panegyrics not wanted; but unless he degraded himself wilfully, in order to be no better than any of his fellow-creatures, we cannot believe it possible, that he would have thought his panegyrics desired, and yet withheld them.

It is remarkable that one of the most regular contributors of Commendatory Verses in the time of Shakspeare, was a man whose bluntness of criticism and feverish surliness of manners have rendered the most suspected of a jealous grudgingness;—Ben Jonson. We mean not to detract from the good-heartedness

* By Milton's nephew Phillips in his *Theatrum Poetarum*. It is an epithet given in all the spirit which it attributes.

which we believe this eminent person to have possessed at bottom, when we say, that as an excess of modest confidence in his own generous instincts might possibly have accounted for the sparingness of panegyric in our great dramatist, so a noble distrust of himself, and a fear lest jealousy should get the better of his instincts, might possibly account for Ben Jonson's tendency to distribute his praises around him. If so, it shews how useful such a distrust is to one's ordinary share of humanity; and how much safer it will be for us, on these as well as all other occasions, to venture upon likening ourselves to Ben Jonson than to Shakspeare. It is to be recollected at the same time, that Ben Jonson, in his old age, was the more prominent person of the two, as a critical bestower of applause; that he occupied the town-chair of wit and scholarship; and was in the habit of sanctioning the pretensions of new authors by a sort of literary adoption, calling them his "sons," and "sealing them of the tribe of Ben." There was more in him of the aristocracy and heraldry of letters, than in Shakspeare, who, after all, seems to have been careless of fame himself, and to have written nothing during the chief part of his life but plays which he did not print. Ben Jonson, among other panegyrics, wrote high and affectionate ones upon Drayton, William Browne, Fletcher, and Beaumont. His verses to the memory of Shakspeare are a noble monument to both of them. The lines to Beaumont, in answer for some which we have formerly

quoted, we must repeat. They are delightful for a certain involuntary but manly fondness, and for the candour with which he confesses the joy he received from such commendation.

How do I love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse
That unto me dost such religion use !
How do I fear myself, that am not worth
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth !
At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st :
And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st !
What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves ?
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives ?
When even there, where most thou praisest me,
For writing better, I must envy thee.

Observe the good effect which the use of the word "religion" has here, though somewhat ultra-classical and pedantic. A certain pedantry, in the best sense of the term, was natural to the author, and throws a grace on his most natural moments.

There is great zeal and sincerity in Ben Jonson's lines to Fletcher on the ill success of his *Faithful Shepherdess* ; but we have not room for them.

Beaumont's are still finer ; and indeed furnish a complete specimen of his wit and sense, as well as his sympathy with his friend. His indignation against the critics is more composed and contemptuous. His uppermost feeling is confidence in his friend's greatness. The reader may here see what has always been thought by men of genius, of people who take the *ipse dixit*s of the critics. After giving

a fine sense of the irrepressible thirst of writing in a poet, he says.

Yet wish I those whom I for friends have known,
 To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own.
 Why should the man, whose wit ne'er had a stain,
 Upon the public stage present his vein,
 And make a thousand men in judgment sit,
 To call in question his undoubted wit,
 Scarce two of which can understand the laws
 Which they should judge by, nor the party's cause?
 Among the rout there is not one that hath
 In his own censure an explicit faith.
 One company, knowing they judgment lack,
 Ground their belief on the next man in black ;
 Others, on him that makes signs, and is mute ;
 Some like as he does in the fairest suit ;
 He as his mistress doth, and she by chance :
 Nor want there those, who as the boy doth dance
 Between the acts, will censure the whole play ;
 Some if the wax-lights be not new that day ;
 But multitudes there are whose judgment goes
 Headlong according to the actor's clothes.
 For this, these public things and I, agree
 So ill, that but to do a right for thee,
 I had not been persuaded to have hurl'd
 These few, ill spoken lines, into the world,
 Both to be read, and censur'd of, by those,
 Whose very reading makes verse senseless prose.

One of the finest pieces of commendatory verse is
 Sir Walter Raleigh's upon the great poem of Spenser.
 He calls it "A Vision upon the Faery Queen."

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
 Within that temple where the vestal flame

Was wont to burn : and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love, and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen :
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those graces were not seen ;
(For they this Queen attended) ; in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did perse,
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And curst th' access of that celestial thief.

This is highly imaginative and picturesque. We fancy ourselves in one of the most beautiful places of Italian sepulture—quiet and hushing—looking upon a tomb of animated sculpture. It is the tomb of the renowned Laura. We feel the spirit of Petrarch present, without being visible. The fair forms of Love and Virtue keep watch over the marble. All on a sudden, from out the dusk of the chapel door, the Faery Queen is beheld approaching the tomb. The soul of Petrarch is heard weeping ;—an intense piece of fancy, which affects one like the collected tears and disappointment of living humanity. Oblivion lays him down on the tomb ;

And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen.

The other marbles bleed at this : the ghosts of the dead groan : and the very spirit of Homer is felt to tremble. It is a very grand and high sonnet, worthy of the dominant spirit of the writer. One of its beau-

ties however is its defect; if defect it be, and not rather a fine instance of the wilful. Comparisons between great reputations are dangerous, and are apt to be made too much at the expense of one of them, precisely because the author knows he is begging the question. Oblivion has laid him down neither on Laura's hearse nor the Faery Queen's; and Raleigh knew he never would. But he wished to make out a case for his friend, in the same spirit in which he pushed his sword into a Spanish settlement and carried all before him.

The verses of Andrew Marvell prefixed to *Paradise Lost*, beginning,

When I beheld the poet, blind yet bold,

are well known to every reader of Milton, and justly admired by all who know what they read. We remember how delighted we were to find who Andrew Marvell was, and that he could be pleasant and lively as well as grave. Spirited and worthy as this panegyric is, the reader who is not thoroughly acquainted with Marvell's history, does not know all its spirit and worth. That true friend and excellent patriot stuck to his old acquaintance, at a period when canterers and time-servers had turned their backs upon him, and when they would have made the very knowledge of him, which they had had the honour of sharing, the ruin of those that put their desertion to the blush. There is a noble burst of indignation on this subject, in Marvell's prose works, against a fellow of the name of

and died in Barbadoes in the midst of his favourite studies. Among the variety of his accomplishments he did not omit divinity; and he was accounted a master of metaphysics. His public life he had devoted to his country; his private he divided among his books and friends. If the verses before us are not so good as those of the old poets, they are as good in their way, are as sincere and cordial, and smack of the champaigne on his table. We like them on many accounts, for we like the panegyrist, and have an old liking for his friend:—we like the taste they express in friendship and in beauty; and we like to fancy that our good-humoured ancestors in Barbadoes enjoyed the Governor's society, and relished their wine with these identical triplets.

TO MY FRIEND THE AUTHOR, DESIRING MY OPINION OF HIS
POEM.

Ask me not, friend, what I approve or blame;
Perhaps I know not what I like or damn;
I can be pleased, and I dare own I am.

I read thee over with a lover's eye;
Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy;
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.

Critics and aged beaux of fancy chaste,
Who ne'er had fire, or else whose fire is past,
Must judge by rules what they want force to taste.

I would a poet, like a mistress, try,
Not by her hair, her hand, her nose, her eye;
But by some nameless power to give me joy.

The nymph has Grafton's, Cecil's, Churchill's charms,
If with resistless fires my soul she warms,
With balm upon her lips, and raptures in her arms.

Literary loves and jealousies were much the same in other ages as the present ; but we hear a great deal more of the loves than the reverse ; because genius survives and ignorance does not. The ancient philosophers had a delicate way of honouring their favourites, by inscribing treatises with their names. It is thought a strange thing in Xenophon that he never mentions Plato. The greater part of the miscellaneous poetry of the Greeks is lost ; or we should doubtless see numerous evidences of the intercourse of their authors. The Greek poets of Sicily, Theocritus and Moschus, are affectionate in recording the merits of their contemporaries. Varius and Gallus, two eminent Roman poets, scarcely survive but in the panegyrics of their contemporaries. Dante notices his, and his predecessors. Petrarch and Boccaccio publicly honoured, as they privately loved, one another. Tasso, the greatest poet of his time, was also the greatest panegyrist ; and so, as might be expected, was Ariosto. The latter has introduced a host of his friends by name, male and female, at the end of his great work, coming down to the shores of poetry to welcome him home after his voyage. There is a pleasant imitation of it by Gay, applied to Pope's conclusion of Homer. Montaigne, who had the most exalted notions of friendship, which he thought should have every thing in common, took

as much zeal in the literary reputation of his friends, as in every thing else that concerned them. The wits of the time of Henry the Fourth, of Louis the Fourteenth, and of Louis the Fifteenth,—Malherbe, Racan, Corneille, Moliere, Racine, Chaulieu, La Fare, D'Alembert, Voltaire, &c., not excepting Boileau, where he was personally intimate with a brother author—all do honour in this respect to the sociality of their nation. It is the same, we believe, with the German writers; and if the Spanish winced a little under the domination of Lope de Vega, they were chivalrous in giving him perhaps more than his due. Camoens had the admiration of literary friends as poor as himself, if he had nothing else; but this was something.

LV.—A WORD UPON INDEXES.

INDEX-making has been held to be the driest as well as lowest species of writing. We shall not dispute the humbleness of it; but since we have had to make an index ourselves,* we have discovered that the task need not be so very dry. Calling to mind indexes in general, we found them presenting us a variety of pleasant memories and contrasts. We thought of those to the Spectator, which we used to

* To the original edition of the Indicator.

look at so often at school, for the sake of choosing a paper to abridge. We thought of the index to the Pantheon of Fabulous Histories of the Heathen Gods, which we used to look at oftener. We remember how we imagined we should feel some day, if ever our name should appear in the list of *Hs*; as thus, Home, Howard, Hume, Huniades, —. The poets would have been better, but then the names, though perhaps less unfitting, were not so flattering; as for instance, Halifax, Hammond, Harte, Hughes, —. We did not like to come after Hughes.

We have just been looking at the indexes to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, and never were more forcibly struck with the feeling we formerly expressed about a man's being better pleased with other writers than with himself. Our index seemed the poorest and most second-hand thing in the world after theirs: but let any one read theirs, and then call an index a dry thing if he can. As there "is a soul of goodness in things evil," so there is a soul of humour in things dry, and in things dry by profession. Lawyers know this, as well as index-makers, or they would die of sheer thirst and aridity. But as grapes, ready to burst with wine, issue out of the most stony places, like jolly fellows bringing burgundy out of a cellar; so an Index, like the *Tatler's*, often gives us a taste of the quintessence of his humour. For instance,—

"Bickerstaff, Mr. account of his ancestors, 141. How his race was improved, 142. Not in partnership with Lillie, 250. Caught writing nonsense, 47.

“Dead men, who are to be so accounted, 247.

Sometimes he has a stroke of pathos, as touching in its brevity as the account it refers to; as,

• “Love-letters between Mr. Bickerstaff and Maria, 184—186. Found in a grave, 289.”

Sometimes he is simply moral and graceful; as,

“Tenderness and humanity inspired by the Muses, 258. No true greatness of mind without it, *ibid.*”

At another he says perhaps more than he intended; as,

“Laura, her perfections and excellent character, 19. Despised by her husband, *ibid.*”

The Index to Cotton’s *Montaigne*, probably written by the translator himself, is often pithy and amusing. Thus in Volume 2d,

“Anger is pleased with, and flatters itself, 618.

“Beasts inclined to avarice, 225.

• “Children abandoned to the care and government of their fathers, 613.

“Drunkenness, to a high and dead degree, 16.

“Joy, profound, has more severity than gaiety in it.

“Monsters, are not so to God, 612.

• “Voluptuousness of the Cynics, 418.”

Sometimes we meet with graver quaintnesses and curious relations, as in the index to Sandys’s *Ovid*:

“Diana, no virgin, scofft at by Lucian, p. 55.

“Dwarfes, an Italian Dwarf carried about in a parrot’s cage, p. 113.

• “Eccho, at Twilleries in Paris, heard to repeat a verse without failing in one syllable, p. 58.

" Ship of the Tyrrhenians miraculously stuck fast in the sea, p. 63.

" A Historie of a Bristol ship stuck fast in the deepe Sea by Witchcraft: for which twentie-five Witches were executed, *ibid.*"

LVI.—AN OLD SCHOOL-BOOK.

THERE is a school-book by the egregious John Amos Comenius, (who fixed the millennium for the year 1672) in which the learned author has lumped together, in a very singular way, all sorts of trades, pursuits, productions, merriments, and disasters. As every thing which is saleable is on a level with book-sellers, so every thing which has a Latin word for it, was alike important to the creator of the *Orbis Pictus*: for so the book is called.

He sees with equal eye, as construing all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall.

The Tormenting of Malefactors, *Supplicia Malefactorum*, is no more in his eyes than the Making of Honey, or *Mellificium*. Shipwreck, being *Naufragium*, he holds in no graver light than a Feast, which is *Convivium*; and the Feast is no merrier than the Shipwreck. He has wood-cuts, with numerals against the figures; to which the letter-press refers. In one of these, his "Deformed and Monstrous People," cut

as jaunty a figure as his Adam and Eve, and seem to pique themselves on their titles of *Deformes et Monstrosi*. In another the Soul of Man is described by a bodily outline, standing against a sheet. He is never moved but by some point of faith. Thus "Godliness," he says, "treads Reason under foot, that barking Dog, No.6."—*Oblatrantem Canem*, 6. The translation, observe, is worthy of the original. Again:—

Woe to the mad
Wizards and Witches,
who give themselves to the
Devil
(being enclosed in a Circle, 7.
calling upon him
with Charms)
they dally with him
and fall from God!
for they shall receive their re-
ward with him.

Væ dementibus
Magis et Lamiis,
qui Cacodæmoni se dedunt

(inclusi Circulo, 7.
eum advocantes
incantamentis)
cum eo collidunt
et a Deo deficiunt!
nam cum illo
mercedem accipient.

But of the Fall of Adam and Eve, he contents himself with this pithy account:—

These being tempted
by the Devil under the shape
of a serpent, 3.
when they had eaten of the
fruit of the forbidden Tree, 4.
were condemned, (*Five*).
to misery and death,
with all their posterity,
and cast out of Paradise, 6.

Hi, seducti
a Diabolo sub specie
Serpentis, 3.
cum comederunt
de fructu vetitæ Arboris, 4.
damnati sunt 5.
ad miseriam et mortem,
cum omni posteritate sua,
et ejecti e Paradiso, 6.

Opposite to this, is the account of fish :—

Add Herrings, 7.
which are brought pickled,
and Place, 8. and Cod, 9.
which are brought dry ;
and the sea-monsters, &c.

Adde Haleces, 7.
qui salsi,
et Passeres, 8. cum Asellis, 9.
qui adferuntur arefacti ;
et monstra marina, &c.

Of a similar aspect of complacency is his account of the Last Judgment ;—

When the Godly and Elect, 4.
shall enter into life eternal,
into the place of Bliss,
and the new Jerusalem, 5.
But the wicked
and the damned, 6.
with the Devils, 7
shall be thrust into Hell,
(No. 8.)
to be there tormented for ever.

Ubi pii (justi) et Electi, 4.
introibunt in vitam eternam,
in locum Beatitudinis.
et novam Hierosolymam, 5.
Impii vero
et damnati, 6.
cum Cacodæmonibus, 7,

in Gehennam, 8. detrudentur,
ibi cruciandi æternum.

The Shipwreck ends genteelly :—

Some escape
either on a plank, 7.
and by swimming,
or in a Boat ; 8.
Part of the Wares,
with the *dead folks*,
is carried out of the sea, 9.
upon the shores.

Quidam evadunt,
vel tabula, 7.
ac enatando,
vel Scapha ; 8.
Pars Mercium
cum mortuis
á Mari, 9. in littora defertur.

So in the Tormenting of Malefactors, he speaks of torture in a parenthesis, and talks of pulling traitors

in pieces in the style of a nota-bene. "They that have their life given them" appear to be still worse off.

Malefactors, 1.
are brought
from the Prison, 3.
(where they are wont to be
tortured) by Serjeants, 2.
Some before they are exe-
cuted have their Tongues cut
out, 11.
or have their Hand, 12.
cut off upon a Block, 13.
or are burnt with Pincers, 14.
They that have their Life
given them,
are set on the pillory, 16.
are strapado'd, 17.
are set upon a Wooden Horse,
18.
have their ears cut off, 19.
are whipped with Rods, 20.
are branded,
are banished,
are condemned
to the Gallies,
or to perpetual Imprisonment.

*Traitors are pulled in pieces
with four Horses.*

Malefici, 1.
producuntur
e Carcere, 3.
(ubi torqueri solent)
per Lictores, 2.
Quidam antequam supplicio
afficiantur eliguntur, 11.

aut plectuntur Manu, 12.
super cippum, 13.
aut Forcipibus, 14. uruntur.
Vita donati

constringuntur Numellis, 16.
luxantur, 17.
imponuntur Equuleo, 18.

truncantur Auribus, 19.
cæduntur Virgis, 20.
stigmatè notantur,
relegantur,
damnantur
ad Triremes,
vel ad Carcerem perpetuam.

Perduelles discerpuntur
quadrigis.

LVII.—OF DREAMS.

THE materialists and psychologists are at issue upon the subject of dreams. The latter hold them to be one among the many proofs of the existence of a soul: the former endeavour to account for them upon principles altogether corporeal. We must own, that the effects of their respective arguments, as is usual with us on these occasions, is not so much to satisfy us with either, as to dissatisfy us with both. The psychologist, with all his struggles, never appears to be able to get rid of his body; and the materialist leaves something extremely deficient in the vivacity of his proofs, by his ignorance of that *primum mobile*, which is the soul of every thing. In the mean time, while they go on with their laudable enquiries (for which we have a very sincere respect), it is our business to go on recommending a taste for results as well as causes, and turning every thing to account in this beautiful star of ours, the earth. There is no reason why the acutest investigator of mysteries should not enjoy his existence, and have his earthly dreams made as pleasant as possible; and for our parts, we see nothing at present, either in body or soul, but a medium for a world of perceptions, the very unpleasantest of whose dreams are but warnings to us how we depart from the health and natural piety of the pleasant ones.

What seems incontrovertible in the case of dreams

is, that they are most apt to take place when the body is most affected. They seem to turn most upon us when the suspension of the will has been reduced to its most helpless state by indulgence. The door of the fancy is left without its keeper, and forth issue, pell-mell, the whole rout of ideas or images, which had been stored within the brain, and kept to their respective duties. They are like a school let loose, or the winds in Virgil, or Lord Anson's drunken sailors at Panama, who dressed themselves up in all sorts of ridiculous apparel.

We were about to say, that being writers, we are of necessity dreamers; for thinking disposes the bodily faculties to be more than usually affected by the causes that generally produce dreaming. But extremes appear to meet on this, as on other occasions, at least as far as the meditative power is concerned; for there is an excellent reasoner now living, who telling another that he was not fond of the wilder parts of the *Arabian Nights*, was answered with great felicity, "Then you never dream." It turned out that he really dreamt little. Here the link is impaired that connects a tendency to indigestion with thinking on the one hand, and dreaming on the other. If we are to believe Herodotus, the Atlantes, an African people, never dreamt, which Montaigne is willing to attribute to their never having eaten any thing that died of itself. It is to be presumed that he looked upon their temperance as a matter of course. The same philosopher, who was a deep thinker, and of a

delicate constitution, informs us that he himself dreamt but sparingly; but then when he did, his dreams were fantastic though cheerful. This is the very triumph of the animal spirits, to unite the strangeness of sick dreams with the cheerfulness of healthy ones. To these exceptions against the usual theories we may add, that dreams, are by no means modified of necessity by what the mind has been occupied with in the course of the day, or even of months; for during our two years' confinement in prison, we did not dream more than twice of our chief subjects of reflection, the prison itself not excepted.* The two dreams were both connected with the latter, and both the same. We fancied that we had slipped out of jail, and gone to the theatre, where we were horrified by seeing the faces of the whole audience unexpectedly turned upon us.

It is certain enough, however, that dreams in general proceed from indigestion; and it appears nearly as much so, that they are more or less strange according to the waking fancy of the dreamer.

All dreams, as in old Galen I have read,
Are from repletion and complexion bred,
From rising fumes of indigested food,
And noxious humours that infect the blood.
—When choler overflows, then dreams are bred.
Of flames, and all the family of red.

* See a remarkable coincidence in the Essay on Dreams, in Mr. Hazlitt's *Plain Speaker*.

—Choler adust congeals the blood with fear,
 Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear.
 In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound,
 With rheums oppressed, we sink, in rivers drowned.

DRYDEN'S *Cock and the Fox*, from CHAUCER.

Again, in another passage, which is worth quoting instead of the original, and affords a good terse specimen of the author's versification :—

Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes ;
 When Monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes ;
 Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
 A mob of cobblers and a court of kings :*
 Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad :
 Both are the reasonable soul run mad ;
 And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
 That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
 Sometimes forgotten things, long cast behind,
 Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
 The nurse's legends are for truths receiv'd,
 And the man dreams but what the boy believ'd ;
 Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
 The night restores our actions done by day ;
 As hounds in sleep will open for their prey. }
 In short, the farce of dreams is of a piece,
 Chimeras all ; and more absurd or less.

It is probable that a trivial degree of indigestion will give rise to very fantastic dreams in a fanciful mind ; while on the other hand, a good orthodox repletion is necessary towards a fanciful creation in a

* Perhaps a misprint for

A court of cobblers and a mob of kings.

dull one. It shall make an epicure, of any vivacity, act as many parts in his sleep as a tragedian, "for that night only." The inspirations of veal, in particular, are accounted extremely Delphic; Italian pickles partake of the spirit of Dante; and a butter-boat shall contain as many ghosts as Charon's.

There is a passage in Lucian, which would have made a good subject for those who painted the temptations of the saints. It is a description of the City of Dreams, very lively and crowded. We quote after Natalis Comes, not having the True History by us. The city, we are told, stands in an immense plain, surrounded by a thick forest of tall poppy-trees, and enormous mandragoras. The plain is also full of all sorts of somnolous plants, and the trees are haunted with multitudes of owls and bats, but no other bird. The city is washed by the river Lethe, called by others the Night-bringer, whose course is inaudible, and like the flowing of oil. (Spenser's follower, Browne, has been here :

Where consort none other fowl,
Save the bat and sullen owl;
Where flows Lethe without coil,
Softly, like a stream of oil.

Inner Temple Mask.)

There are two gates to the city: one of horn, in which almost every thing that can happen in sleep is represented, as in a transparency; the other of ivory, in which the dreams are but dimly shadowed. The principal temple is that of Night; and there are

others, dedicated to Truth and Falsehood, who have oracles. The population consists of Dreams, who are of an infinite variety of shape. Some are small and slender; others distorted, humped, and monstrous; others proper and tall, with blooming, good-tempered faces. Others, again, have terrible countenances, are winged, and seem eternally threatening the city with some calamity; while others walk about in the pomp and garniture of kings. If any mortal comes into the place, there is a multitude of domestic Dreams, who meet him with offers of service; and they are followed by some of the others that bring him good or bad news, generally false; for the inhabitants of that city are, for the most part, a lying and crafty generation, speaking one thing and thinking another. This is having a new advantage over us. Only think of the mental reservation of a Dream!

If Lucian had divided his city into ranks and denominations, he might possibly have classed them under the heads of Dreams Lofty, Dreams Ludicrous, Dreams Pathetic, Dreams Horrible, Dreams Bodily Painful or Pleasant, Dreams of Common Life, Dreams of New Aspects of Humanity, Dreams Mixed, Fantastic, and utterly Confused. He speaks of winged ones, which is judicious, for they are very common; but unless Natalis Comes, who is not a very bright person, misrepresents him, he makes them of the melancholy class, which, in general, they are not.

In airy sanguine dreams aloft we bound.

Nothing is more common, or usually more pleasant,

than to dream of flying. It is one of the best specimens of the race ; for besides being agreeable, it is made up of the dreams of ordinary life and those of surprising combination. Thus the dreamer sometimes thinks he is flying in unknown regions, sometimes skimming only a few inches above the ground, and wondering he never did it before. He will even dream that he is dreaming about it ; and yet is so fully convinced of its feasibility, and so astonished at his never having hit upon so delightful a truism, that he is resolved to practise it the moment he wakes. " One has only," says he, " to give a little spring with one's foot, so, and—oh ! it's the easiest and most obvious thing in the world. I'll always skim hereafter." We dreamt once that a woman set up some Flying Rooms, as a person does a tavern. We went to try them, and nothing could be more satisfactory and common-place on all sides. The landlady welcomed us with a curtsy, hoped for friends and favours, &c., and then shewed us into a spacious room, not round, as might be expected, but long, and after the usual dining fashion. " Perhaps, Sir," said she, " you would like to try the room." Upon which we made no more ado, but sprung up and made two or three genteel circuits ; now taking the height of it, like a house-lark, and then cutting the angles, like a swallow. " Very pretty flying, indeed," said we, " and very moderate."

A house for the purpose of taking flights in, when the open air was to be had for nothing, is fantastic

enough ; but what shall we say to those confoundings of all time, place, and substance, which are constantly happening to persons of any creativeness of stomach ? Thus, you shall meet a friend in a gateway, who besides being your friend shall be your enemy ; and besides being Jones or Tomkins, shall be a bull ; and besides asking you in, shall oppose your entrance. Nevertheless you are not at all surprised ; or if surprised, you are only so at something not surprising. To be Tomkins and a bull at once, is the most ordinary of common-places ; but that, being a bull, he should have horns, is what astonishes you ; and you are amazed at his not being in Holborn or the Strand, where he never lived. To be in two places at once is not uncommon to a dreamer. He will also be young and old at the same time, a schoolboy and a man ; will live many years in a few minutes, like the Sultan who dipped his head in the tub of water ; will be full of zeal and dialogue upon some matter of indifference ; go to the opera with a dish under his arm, to be in the fashion ; talk faster in verse than prose ; and ask a set of horses to a musical party, telling them that he knows they will be pleased, because blue is the general wear, and Mozart has gone down to Gloucestershire, to fit up a house for Epaminondas.

It is a curious proof of the concern which body has in these vagaries, that when you dream of any particular limb being in pain, you shall most likely have gone to sleep in a posture that affects it. A

weight on the feet will produce dreams in which you are rooted to the ground, or caught by a goblin out of the earth. A cramped hand or leg shall get you tortured in the Inquisition ; and a head too much thrown back, give you the sense of an interminable visitation of stifling. The night-mare, the heaviest punisher of repletion, will visit some persons, merely for lying on their backs ; which shews how much it is concerned in a particular condition of the frame. Sometimes it lies upon the chest like a vital lump. Sometimes it comes in the guise of a horrid dwarf, or malignant little hag, who grins in your teeth and will not let you rise. Its most common enormity is to pin you to the ground with excess of fear, while something dreadful is coming up, a goblin or a mad bull. Sometimes the horror is of a very elaborate description, such as being spell-bound in an old house, which has a mysterious and shocking possessor. He is a gigantic deformity, and will pass presently through the room in which you are sitting. He comes, not a giant, but a dwarf, of the most strange and odious description, hairy, spider-like, and chuckling. His mere passage is unbearable. The agony arises at every step. You would protest against so malignant a sublimation of the shocking, but are unable to move or speak. At length, you give loud and long-drawn groans, and start up with a præternatural effort, awake.

Mr. Coleridge, whose sleeping imagination is proportioned to his waking, has described a fearful

dream of mental and bodily torture. As the beautiful poems of *Christabel*, &c. which accompany it, seem to have been too imaginative to be understood by the critics, and consequently have wanted the general attention which the town are pleased to give or otherwise according to the injunctions of those gentlemen, we shall indulge ourselves in extracting the whole of it. It is entitled the *Pains of Sleep*.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips on bended knees;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to love compose,
In humble trust mine eye-lids close,
With reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought expressed !
Only a *sense* of supplication,
A sense o'er all my soul imprest,
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, every where
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

But yester-night I pray'd aloud
In anguish and in agony,
Up-starting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me ;
A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorn'd, those only strong !
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will,
Still baffled, and yet burning still !
Desire with loathing strangely mixed
On wild or hateful objects fixed.

Fantastic passions! mad'ning brawl!
And shame and terror over all!
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which all confused I could not know,
Whether I suffered, or I did :
For all seemed guilt, remorse or woe,
My own or others still the same,
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame !

So two nights passed : the night's dismay
Sadden'd and stunn'd the coming day.
Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me
Distemper's worst calamity.
The third night, when my own loud scream
Had waked me from the fiendish dream,
O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild,
I wept as I had been a child ;
And having thus by tears subdued
My anguish to a milder mood,
Such punishments, I said, were due
To natures deepliest stain'd with sin :
For aye entempesting anew
Th' unfathomable hell within
The horror of their deeds to view,
To know and loathe, yet wish to do !
Such griefs with such men well agree,
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me ?
To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love, I love indeed.

This is the dream of a poet, and does not end with the question of a philosopher. We do not pretend to determine why we should have any pains at all. It is enough for us, in our attempt to diminish them, that there are more pleasant than painful excitements

in the world, and that many pains are the causes of pleasure. But what if these pains are for the same end? What if all this heaping and war of agonies were owing to the author's having taken too little exercise, or eaten a heavier supper than ordinary? But then the proportion! What proportion, it may be asked, is there between the sin of neglected exercise and such infernal visitations as these? We answer, —the proportion, not of the particular offence, but of the general consequences. We have before observed, but it cannot be repeated too often, that nature, charitable as any poet or philosopher can be upon the subject of merit and demerit, &c. seems to insist, beyond any thing else, upon our taking care of the mould in which she has cast us; or in other words, of that ground-work of all comfort, that box which contains the jewel of existence, our health. On turning to the preceding poem in the book, entitled *Kubla Khan*, we perceive that in his introduction to that pleasanter vision, the author speaks of the present one as the dream of pain and disease. *Kubla Khan*, which was meditated under the effects of opium, he calls "a psychological curiosity." It is so; but it is also, and still more, a somatological or bodily one; for body will effect these things upon the mind, when the mind can do no such thing upon itself; and therefore the shortest, most useful, and most philosophical way of proceeding, is to treat the phenomenon in the manner most serviceable to the health and comfort of both. We subjoin the conclusion of *Kubla*

Kham, as beginning with an exquisite piece of music, and ending with a most poetical phantasm :—

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw ;
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.

Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry Beware, Beware,
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread ;
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drank of the milk of Paradise.

If horrible and fantastic dreams are the most perplexing, there are pathetic ones more saddening. A friend dreaming of the loss of his friend, or a lover of that of his mistress, or a kinsman of that of a dear relation, is steeped in the bitterness of death. To wake and find it not true,—what a delicious sensation is that ! On the other hand, to dream of a friend, or a beloved relative restored to us,—to live over again the hours of childhood at the knee of a beloved mother, to be on the eve of marrying an affectionate mistress, with a thousand other joys snatched back

out of the grave, and too painful to dwell upon,— what a dreary rush of sensation comes like a shadow upon us when we wake! How true, and divested of all that is justly called conceit in poetry, is that termination of Milton's sonnet on dreaming of his deceased wife,—

But O, as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked; she fled; and day brought back my night.

It is strange that so good and cordial a critic as Warton should think this a mere conceit on his blindness. An allusion to his blindness may or may not be involved in it; but the sense of returning shadow on the mind, is true to nature, and must have been experienced by every one who has lost a person dear to him. There is a beautiful sonnet by Camoens on a similar occasion; a small canzone by Sanazzaro, which ends with saying, that although he waked and missed his lady's hand in his, he still tried to cheat himself by keeping his eyes shut; and three divine dreams of Laura by Petrarch, Sonnet xxxiv. Vol. 2. Sonnet lxxix. ib. and the canzone beginning

Quando il soave mio fido conforto.

But we must be cautious how we think of the poets on this most poetical subject, or we shall write three articles instead of one. As it is, we have not left ourselves room for some very agreeable dreams, which we meant to have taken between these our gallant and imaginative sheets. They must be interrupted, as

they are apt to be, like the young lady's in the *Adventures of a Lap Dog*, who blushing divinely, had just uttered the words, "My Lord, I am wholly your's," when she was awaked by the jumping up of that officious little puppy.

LVIII.—A HUMAN ANIMAL, AND THE OTHER
EXTREME.

WE met the other day with the following description of an animal of quality in a Biographical Dictionary that was published in the year 1767, and which is one of the most amusing and spirited publications of the kind that we remember to have seen. The writer does not give his authority for this particular memoir, so that it was probably furnished from his own knowledge; but that the account is a true one, is evident. Indeed, with the exception of one or two eccentricities of prudence which rather lean to the side of an excess of instinct, it is but an individual description, referring to a numerous class of the same nature, that once flourished with horn and hound in this country, and specimens of which are to be found here and there still.* The title we have put at the

* Since writing this, we have discovered that the original is in Hutchins's *History of Dorsetshire*. See Gilpin's *Forest Scenery*, or Drake's *Shakspeare and his Times*. It is said to have been written by the first Earl of Shaftesbury.

head of it is not quite correct and exclusive enough as a definition; since, properly speaking, we lords of the creation are all human animals; but the mere animal, or bodily and breathing faculty, is combined in us more or less with intellect and sentiment; and of these refinements of the perception, few bipeds that have arrived at the dignity of a coat and boots, have partaken so little as the noble squire before us. How far some of us, who take ourselves for very rational persons, do or do not go beyond him, we shall perhaps see in the course of our remarks.

“ The Honourable William Hastings, a gentleman of a very singular character,” says our informant, “ lived in the year 1638, and by his quality was son, brother, and uncle, to the Earls of Huntingdon. He was peradventure an original in our age, or rather the copy of our ancient nobility, in hunting, not in warlike times.

“ He was very low, very strong, and very active, of a reddish flaxen hair; his clothes green cloth, and never all worth, when new, five pounds.

“ His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park well stocked with deer, and near the house rabbits to serve his kitchen; many fish ponds; great store of wood and timber; a bowling green in it, long, but narrow, and full of high ridges, it being never levelled since it was plowed: they used round sand bowls; and it had a banqueting house like a stand, a large one, built in a tree.

“ He kept all manner of sport hounds, that run

buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and hawks, long and short-wing'd. He had all sorts of nets for fish; he had a walk in the New Forest; and in the manor of Christ Church: this last supplied him with red deer, sea and river fish. And indeed all his neighbours' grounds and royalties were free to him; who bestowed all his time on these sports, but what he borrowed to caress his neighbours' wives and daughters; there being not a woman, in all his walks, of the degree of a yeoman's wife, and under the age of forty, but it was extremely her fault, if he was not intimately acquainted with her. This made him very popular; always speaking kindly to the husband, brother, or father, who was to boot very welcome to his house whenever he came.

" There he found beef, pudding, and small beer, in great plenty; a house not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dusty shoes; the great hall strewed with marrow-bones, full of hawks' perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers; the upper side of the hall hung with the fox skins of this and the last year's killing; here and there a pole-cat intermixed; game-keepers' and hunters' poles in great abundance.

" The parlour was a great room as properly furnished. On a great hearth, paved with brick, lay some terriers, and the choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young cats in them, which were not to be disturbed; he having always three or four attending him at dinner, and a little white round stick of fourteen

inches long, lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them.

“ The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, cross-bows, stone-bows, and other such like accoutrements. The corners of the room, full of the best chose hunting and hawking poles. An oyster table at the lower end ; which was of constant use, twice a day, all the year round. For he never failed to eat oysters, before dinner and supper, through all seasons : the neighbouring town of Pool supplied him with them. .

“ The upper part of the room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of which was a Church Bible, and, on the other, the Book of Martyrs. On the tables were hawks’-hoods, bells, and such like ; two or three old green hats, with their crowns thrust in, so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry, which he took much care of, and fed himself. In the whole of the desk were store of tobacco pipes that had been used.

“ On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came thence but in single glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed. For he never exceeded in drink, or permitted it.

“ On the other side was the door into an old chapel, not used for devotion. The pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, gammon of bacon, or great apple pye,

with thick crust extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at.

“ His sports supplied all but beef and mutton ; except Fridays, when he had the best of salt fish (as well as other fish) he could get ; and was the day his neighbours of best quality most visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with ‘ My peart lies therein-a.’ He drank a glass or two of wine at meals ; very often syrup of gilly-flowers in his sack ; and had always a tun glass without feet, stood by him, holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with rosemary.

“ He was well natured, but soon angry ; calling his servants bastards and cuckoldy knaves ; in one of which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge, and sometimes in both, though of the same man. He lived to be an hundred ; never lost his eyesight, but always wrote and read without spectacles ; and got on horseback without help. Until past fourscore, he rode to the death of a stag as well as any.”

It is clear, that this worthy personage was nothing more than a kind of beaver or badger in human shape. We imagine him haunting the neighbourhood in which he lived ; like a pet creature, who had acquired a certain *Ægyptian* godship among the natives ; now hunting for his fish, now for his flesh, now fawning after his uncouth fashion upon a pretty girl, and now snarling and contesting a bone with his dogs. We imagine him the animal principle personified ; a

symbol on horseback ; a jolly dog sitting upright at dinner, like a hieroglyphic on a pedestal.

Buffon has a subtle answer to those who argue for the rationality of bees. He says, that the extreme order of their proceedings, and the undeviating apparent forethought with which they anticipate and provide for a certain geometrical necessity in a part of the structure of their hives, are only additional proofs of the force of instinct. They have an instinct for the order, and an instinct for the anticipation ; and they prove that it is not reason, by never striking out any thing new. The same thing is observable in our human animal. What would be reason or choice in another man, is to be set down in him to poverty of ideas. If Tasso had been asked the reason of his always wearing black, he would probably have surprised the enquirer by a series of observations on colour, and dignity, and melancholy, and the darkness of his fate ; but if Petrarch or Boccaccio had discussed the matter with him, he might have changed it to purple. A lady, in the same manner, wears black, because it suits her complexion, or is elegant at all times, or because it is at once piquant and superior. But in spring, she may chuse to put on the colours of the season, and in summer to be gaudier with the butterfly. Our squire had an instinct towards the colour of green, because he saw it about him. He took it from what he lived in, like a cameleon, and never changed it, because he could live in no other sphere.

We see that his green suit was never worth five pounds; and nothing, we dare say, could have induced him to let it mount up to that sum. He would have had it grow on him, if he could, like a green monkey. Thus again, with his bowling green. It was not penuriousness that hindered him from altering it, but he had no more idea of changing the place than the place itself. As change of habit is frightful to some men, from vivacity of affection or imagination, and the strangeness which they anticipate in the novelty, so Mr. Hastings was never tempted out of a custom, because he had no idea of any thing else. He would no more think of altering the place he burrowed in, than a tortoise or a wild rabbit. He was *feræ naturæ*,—a regular beast of prey; though he mingled something of the generosity of the lion with the lurking of the fox and the mischievous sporting of the cat. He would let other animals feed with him, only warning them off occasionally with that switch of his, instead of a claw. He had the same liberality of instinct towards the young of other creatures, as we see in the hen and the goat. He would take care of their eggs, if he had a mind; or furnish them with milk. His very body was badger-like. It was “very low, very strong, and very active;” and he had a coarse fell of hair. A good housewife might have called his house a kennel, without being abusive. What the ladies of the Huntingdon family thought of it, if ever they came to see him, we do not know; but next to hearing such a fellow as Squire Western

talk, must have been the horror of his human kindred in treading those menageries, his hall and parlour. They might turn the lines of Chaucer into an exclamation :—

What hawkis sitten on the perch above !

What houndis ligger on the floor adown !

Then the marrow-bones, the noise, and, to a delicate ancle, the sense of danger ! Conceive a timid stranger, not very welcome, obliged to pass through the great hall. The whole animal world is up. The well-mouthed hounds begin barking, the mastiff bays, the terriers snap, the hawks sidle and stare, the poultry gobble, the cats growl and up with their backs. At last, the Hastings makes his appearance, and laughs like a goblin.

Three things are specially observable in our hero : first, that his religion as well as literature was so entirely confined to faith, that it allowed him to turn his household-chapel into a larder, and do any thing else he pleased, short of not ranking the *Bible* and *Book of Martyrs* with his other fixtures :—second, that he carried his prudential instincts to a pitch unusual in a country-squire, who can rarely refrain from making extremes meet with humanity in this instance :—and third, that his proneness to the animal part of love, never finding him in a condition to be so brutal, as drinking renders a gallant of this sort, left himself as well as others in sufficient good humour, not only to get him forgiven by the females, but to act kindly and

be tolerated by the men. He was as temperate in his liquor as one of his cats, drinking only to quench thirst, and leaving off when he had enough. This perhaps was partly owing to his rank, which did not render it necessary to his importance to be emulous with his bottle among the squires. As to some grave questions connected with the promiscuous nature of his amours, an animal so totally given up to his instincts as he was, can hardly be held responsible upon such points; though they are worth the consideration of those, who in their old age undertake to be moral as well as profligate. If Mr. Hastings's notion was good and even useful, so far as it shewed the natural good-humour of that passion in human beings, where sickness or jealousy is out of the question, in every other respect it was as poor and paltry as could be. There was not a single idea in it beyond one of his hounds. It was entirely gross and superficial, without sentiment, without choice, without a thousand sensations of pleasure and the return of it, without the least perception of a beauty beyond the mere absence of age. The most idiotical scold in the village, "under forty," was to him a desirable object. The most loveable woman in the world above it, was lost upon him. Such lovers do not even enjoy the charms they suppose. They do not see a twentieth part of the external graces. They criticise beauty in the language of a horse-jockey; and the jockey, or the horse himself, knows just as much about it as they.

In short, to be candid on all sides with the very

earthly memory of the Honourable Mr. William Hastings, we take a person of his description to be a good specimen of the animal part of the human nature, and chiefly on this account, that the animal preserves its health. There indeed it has something to say for itself; nor must we conceal our belief, that upon this ground alone, the Hastings must have had sensations in the course of his life, which many an intellectual person might envy. His perceptions must have been of a vague sort, but they were in all probability exquisitely clear and unalloyed. He must have had all the pleasure from the sunshine and the fresh air, that a healthy body without a mind in it can have; and we may guess from the days of childhood, what those feelings may resemble, in their pleasantness as well as vagueness. At the age of a hundred he was able to read and write without spectacles; not better perhaps than he did at fifteen, but as well. At a hundred, he was truly an old boy, and no more thought of putting on spectacles than an eagle. Why should he? His blood had run clear for a century with exercise and natural living. He had not baked it black and "heavy thick" over a fire, nor dimmed the windows of his perception with the smoke.

But he wanted a soul to turn his perceptions to their proper account?—He did so. Let us then, who see more than he did, contrive to see fair play between body and mind. It is by observing the separate extremes of perfection, to which body and mind may

arrive, in those who do not now know to unite both, that we may learn how to produce a human being more enviable than either the healthiest of fox-hunters or the most unearthly of saints. It is remarkable, that the same ancient family, which among the variety and fineness of its productions, put forth this specimen of bodily humanity, edified the world not long after with as complete a specimen of the other half of human nature. Mr. William Hastings's soul seems to have come too late for his body, and to have remained afterwards upon earth in the shape of his fair kinswoman, the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, daughter of Theophilus, seventh Earl of Huntingdon. An account of her follows that of her animal kinsman, and is a most extraordinary contrast. This is the lady, who is celebrated by Sir Richard Steele in the *Tatler*, under the name of *Aspasia*,—a title which must have startled her a little. But with the elegance of the panegyric she would have found it hard not to be pleased, notwithstanding her modesty. "These ancients would be as much astonished to see in the same age so illustrious a pattern to all who love things praiseworthy, as the divine *Aspasia*. Methinks I now see her walking in her garden like our first parent, with unaffected charms, before beauty had spectators, and bearing celestial, conscious virtue in her aspect. Her countenance is the lively picture of her mind, which is the seat of honour, truth, compassion, knowledge, and innocence:—

' There dwells the scorn of vice and pity too.'

“ In the midst of the most ample fortune, and veneration of all that beheld and knew her, without the least affectation, she consults retirement, the contemplation of her own being, and that supreme power which bestowed it. Without the learning of schools, or knowledge of a long course of arguments, she goes on in a steady course of virtue, and adds to the severity of the last age all the freedom and ease of the present. The language and mien of a court she is possessed of in the highest degree; but the simplicity and humble thoughts of a cottage are her more welcome entertainment. Aspasia is a female philosopher, who does not only live up to the resignation of the most retired lives of the ancient sages, but also the schemes and plans which they thought beautiful, though inimitable. This lady is the most exact economist, without appearing busy; the most strictly virtuous, without tasting the praise of it; and shuns applause with as much industry as others do reproach. This character is so particular, that it will be very easily fixed on her only, by all that know her, but I dare say she will be the last to find it out.”—*Tatler*, No. XLII. July 16, 1709.

This character was written when Lady Elizabeth was twenty-eight.* She past the rest of her life agreeably to it, relieving families, giving annuities, contri-

* It is attributed, by the annotators, to Congreve,—I know not on what authority. If I know any thing of style, I can swear it was Steele's. The moral elegance and faith of it, and the turn of the words, are all his.

buting to the maintenance of schools and university-scholars, and all the while behaving with extraordinary generosity to her kindred, and keeping up a noble establishment. Those whom such a description incites to know more of her, will find a good summary of her way of life in Miss Hays's *Female Biography*,—a work, by the way, which contrives to be at once conventional and liberal, and ought to be in possession of all her countrywomen.

Miss Hays informs us, that the close of this excellent person's life was as suffering as it was patient. An accidental contusion in her bosom, at an early period of life, had left the seeds of a cancer, which for many years she disregarded. About a year and a half before her death she was obliged to undergo an amputation of the part affected, which she did with a noble and sweet fortitude, described in a very touching manner by another of her biographers. "Her ladyship," he tells us, "underwent this painful operation with surprising patience and resolution; she shewed no reluctance, no struggle or contention; only, indeed, towards the end of the operation *she drew such a sigh* as any compassionate reader may when he hears this." This is one of the truest and most pathetic things we remember to have read. Unfortunately, the amputation, though it promised well for a time, did no good at last. The disorder returned with greater malignity, and after submitting to it with her usual patience, and exhorting her household and friends, upon her death-bed, in a high strain of enthusiasm,

she expired on the 22d December, 1789, in the fifty-seventh year of her age. "Her character in miniature," says the biographer just quoted, "is this. She was a lady of the exactest breeding, of fine intellectual endowments, filled with divine wisdom, renewed in the spirit of her mind, fired with the love of her Creator, a friend to all the world, mortified in soul and body, and to every thing that is earthly, and a little lower than the angels." He has a mysterious anecdote of her in the course of his account. "The following remarkable circumstance happened to her in her youth. A young lady, of less severity of manners than herself, invited her once to an entertainment over a romance, and very dear did she pay for it; what evil tinctures she took from it I cannot tell, but this I can, that the remembrance of it would now and then annoy her spirit down into declining life." Miss Hays concludes the memoir in the *Female Biography*, with informing us, that "she was fond of her pen, and frequently employed herself in writing; but, previous to her death, destroyed the greater part of her papers. Her fortune, beauty, and amiable qualities, procured her many solicitations to change her state; but she preferred, in a single and independent life, to be mistress of her actions and the disposition of her income."

It seems pretty clear from all these accounts, that this noble-hearted woman, notwithstanding her beauty and sweet temper, was as imperfect a specimen of animal humanity as her kinsman was of spiritual.

We are far from meaning to prefer his state of existence. We confess that there are many persons we have read of, whom we would rather have been, than the most saintly of solitary spirits; but the mere reflection of the good which Lady Elizabeth did to others, would not allow us a moment's hesitation, if compelled to chuse between inhabiting her infirm tenement and the jolly vacuity of Honourable William. At the same time it is evident, that the fair saint neglected the earthly part of herself in a way neither as happy-making nor as pious as she took it for. Perhaps the example of her kinsman tended to assist this false idea of what is pleasing to heaven, and made her a little too peremptory against herself; but what had not her lovers a right to say? For our parts, had we lived then, and been at all fitted to aspire to a return of her regard, we should have thought it a very unfair and intolerable thing of her, to go on doing the most exquisite and seducing actions in the world, and tell us that she wished to be mistress of her own time and generosities. So she might, and yet have been generous to us as well as to the charity boys. But setting this aside (and the real secret is to be found, perhaps, in matters into which we cannot inquire), a proper attention to that beauteous form which her spirit inhabited, might have done great good to herself. She not only lived nearly half a century less than her kinsman, and thus shortened a useful life, but the less healthy state of her blood rendered even a soul like her's liable to incursions of melancholy to the last moment of her

existence. If it be said that this stimulated her the more to extract happiness out of the happiness of others, we do not deny that it may have done so; nor do we pretend to say, that this might not have been her best state of existence for herself and all of us, if we could inquire into matters hidden from our sight. But upon that principle, so might her relation's. It is impossible to argue to any purpose upon these assumptions, which are only good for patience, not for action. William Hastings was all bodily comfort; Elizabeth Hastings was all mental grace. How far the liability of the former to gusts of passion, as well as the other conditions of his being, settled the balance with her necessity for being patient, it is impossible to say; but it is easy and right to say, that nobody would like to undergo operations for a cancer, or to die at fifty-seven, when they could live healthily to a hundred.

What, then, is our conclusion? This: that the proper point of humanity lies between the two natures, though not at equal distances; the greatest possible sum of happiness for mankind demanding that great part of our pleasure should be founded in that of others. Those, however, who hold rigid theories of morality and yet practise them not (which is much oftener the case with such theories than the reverse), must take care how they flatter themselves they resemble Lady Elizabeth. Their extreme difference with her kinsman is a mere cant, to which all the privileged selfishness and sensuality in the world give the lie—

all the pomps and vanities, all the hatreds, all the malignities, all the eatings and drinkings, such as William Hastings himself would have been ashamed of. In fact, their real instincts are generally as selfish as his, though in other shapes, and much less agreeable for every body. When cant lives as long and healthy a life as his, or as good a one as her's, it will be worth attending to. Till then, the best thing to advise is, neither to be canting, nor merely animal, nor over spiritual ; but to endeavour to enjoy, with the greatest possible distribution of happiness, all the faculties we receive from nature.

LIX.—RETURN OF AUTUMN

THE autumn is now confirmed. The harvest is over ; the summer birds are gone or going ; heavy rains have swept the air of its warmth, and prepared the earth for the impressions of winter.

And the author's season changes likewise. We can no longer persuade ourselves that it is summer, by dint of resolving to think so. We cannot warm ourselves at the look of the sunshine. Instead of sitting at the window, " hindering" ourselves, as people say, with enjoying the sight of Nature, we find our knees turned round to the fire-place, our face opposite a pictured instead of a real landscape, and our feet toasting upon a fender.

When some enjoyments go, others come. The boys will now be gathering their nuts. The trees will put forth, in their bravely-dying leaves, all the colours of heaven and earth, which they have received from sun, and rain, and soil. Nature, in her heaps of grain and berries, will set before the animal creation as profuse and luxurious a feast, as any of our lordly palates have received from dish and dessert.

Nature, with the help of a very little art, can put forth a prettier bill of fare than most persons, if people will but persuade each other that cheapness is as good as dearness;—a discovery, we think, to which the tax-gatherer might help us. Let us see what she says this autumn. Imagine us seated at the bar of some fashionable retreat, or boxed in a sylvan scene of considerable resort. Enter, a waiter, the September of Spenser—that ingenious and (to a punster) oddly-dressed rogue, of whom we are told, that when he appeared before the poet, he was

Heavy laden with the spoil,
Of harvest's riches, which he made his *boot*.

At present, he assumes a more modest aspect, with a bunch of ash-leaves under his arm by way of duster. He bows like a poplar, draws a west wind through his teeth genteelly, and lays before us the following bill of entertainment:—

Fish, infinite and cheap.

Fruit, ditto.

Nuts, ditto.

Bread, ditto—taxed.

Fresh airs, taxed if in doors—not out.

Light, the same.

Wine, in its unadulterated shape, as grapes, or sunshine, or well-fermented blood.

Arbours of ivy, wild honey-suckle, arbutus, &c. all in flower.

Other flowers on table.

The ante-room, with a view into it, immense, with a sky-blue cupola, and hung round with landscapes confessedly inimitable.

Towards the conclusion, a vocal concert among the trees.

At night, falling stars, and a striking panoramic view of the heavens; on which occasion, for a few nights only, the same moon will be introduced, that was admired by the “immortal Shakspeare!!!”

N.B. It is reported by some malignant persons, that the bird-concert is not artificial: whereas it will be found, upon the smallest inspection, to beat even the most elaborate inventions of the justly admired Signor Mechanical Fello.

LX.—THE MAID-SERVANT*

MUST be considered as young, or else she has married the butcher, the butler, or her cousin, or has otherwise settled into a character distinct from her original one, so as to become what is properly called the domestic. The Maid-Servant, in her apparel, is either slovenly and fine by turns, and dirty always; or she is at all times neat and tight, and dressed according to her station. In the latter case, her ordinary dress is black stockings, a stuff gown, a cap, and a neck-handkerchief pinned corner-wise behind. If you want a pin, she feels about her, and has always one to give you. On Sundays and holidays, and perhaps of afternoons, she changes her black stockings for white, puts on a gown of a better texture and fine pattern, sets her cap and her curls jauntily, and lays aside the neck-handkerchief for a high-body, which, by the way, is not half so pretty.

The general furniture of her ordinary room; the kitchen, is not so much her own as her Master's and Mistress's, and need not be described: but in a drawer of the dresser or the table, in company with a duster and a pair of snuffers, may be found some of her property, such as a brass thimble, a pair of scissors, a thread-case, a piece of wax candle much wrinkled

* In some respects, particularly of costume, this portrait must be understood of originals existing twenty or thirty years ago.

with the thread, an odd volume of Pamela, and perhaps a sixpenny play, such as George Barnwell or Mrs. Behn's Oroonoko. There is a piece of looking-glass in the window. The rest of her furniture is in the garret, where you may find a good looking-glass on the table; and in the window a Bible, a comb, and a piece of soap. Here stands also, under stout lock and key, the mighty mystery,—the box,—containing among other things, her clothes, two or three song-books, consisting of nineteen for the penny; sundry Tragedies at a halfpenny the sheet; the *Whole Nature of Dreams Laid Open*, together with the *Fortune Teller* and the *Account of the Ghost of Mrs. Veal*; the *Story of the Beautiful Zoa* who was cast away on a desert island, shewing how, &c.; some half-crowns in a purse, including pieces of country-money; a silver penny wrapped up in cotton by itself; a crooked sixpence, given her before she came to town, and the giver of which has either forgotten or been forgotten by her, she is not sure which;—two little enamel boxes, with looking-glass in the lids, one of them a fairing, the other “a Trifle from Margate;” and lastly, various letters, square and ragged, and directed in all sorts of spellings, chiefly with little letters for capitals. One of them, written by a girl who went to a day-school, is directed “miss.”

In her manners, the Maid-servant sometimes imitates her young mistress; she puts her hair in papers, cultivates a shape, and occasionally contrives to be out of spirits. But her own character and condition

overcome all sophistications of this sort ; her shape, fortified by the mop and scrubbing-brush, will make its way : and exercise keeps her healthy and cheerful. From the same cause her temper is good ; though she gets into little heats when a stranger is over saucy, or when she is told not to go so heavily down stairs, or when some unthinking person goes up her wet stairs with dirty shoes,—or when she is called away often from dinner ; neither does she much like to be seen scrubbing the street-door steps of a morning ; and sometimes she catches herself saying, “ drat that butcher,” but immediately adds, “ God forgive me.” The tradesmen indeed, with their compliments and arch looks, seldom give her cause to complain. The milkman bespeaks her good-humour for the day with “ Come, pretty maids :”—then follow the butcher, the baker, the oilman, &c. all with their several smirks and little loiterings ; and when she goes to the shops herself, it is for her the grocer pulls down his string from its roller with more than ordinary whirl, and tosses his parcel into a tie.

Thus pass the mornings between working, and singing, and giggling, and grumbling, and being flattered. If she takes any pleasure unconnected with her office before the afternoon, it is when she runs up the area-steps or to the door to hear and purchase a new song, or to see a troop of soldiers go by ; or when she happens to thrust her head out of a chamber window at the same time with a servant at the next house, when a dialogue infallibly ensues, stimulated

by the imaginary obstacles between. If the Maid-servant is wise, the best part of her work is done by dinner-time; and nothing else is necessary to give perfect zest to the meal. She tells us what she thinks of it, when she calls it "a bit o' dinner." There is the same sort of eloquence in her other phrase, "a cup o' tea;" but the old ones, and the washerwomen, beat her at that. After tea in great houses, she goes with the other servants to hot cockles, or What-are-my-thoughts-like, and tells Mr. John to "have done then;" or if there is a ball given that night, they throw open the doors, and make use of the music up stairs to dance by. In smaller houses, she receives the visits of her aforesaid cousin; and sits down alone, or with a fellow Maid-servant, to work; talks of her young Master or Mistress and Mr. Ivins (Evans); or else she calls to mind her own friends in the country; where she thinks the cows and "all that" beautiful, now she is away. Meanwhile, if she is lazy, she snuffs the candle with her scissars; or if she has eaten more heartily than usual, she sighs double the usual number of times, and thinks that tender hearts were born to be unhappy.

Such being the Maid-servant's life in doors, she scorns, when abroad, to be any thing but a creature of sheer enjoyment. The Maid-servant, the sailor, and the school-boy, are the three beings that enjoy a holiday beyond all the rest of the world;—and all for the same reason,—because their inexperience, peculiarity of life, and habit of being with persons of

circumstances or thoughts above them, give them all, in their way, a cast of the romantic. The most active of the money-getters is a vegetable compared with them. The Maid-servant, when she first goes to Vauxhall, thinks she is in heaven. A theatre is all pleasure to her, whatever is going forward, whether the play, or the music, or the waiting which makes others impatient, or the munching of apples and gingerbread, which she and her party commence almost as soon as they have seated themselves. She prefers tragedy to comedy, because it is grander, and less like what she meets with in general; and because she thinks it more in earnest also, especially in the love-scenes. Her favourite play is "*Alexander the Great, or the Rival Queens*." Another great delight is in going a shopping. She loves to look at the patterns in the windows, and the fine things labelled with those corpulent numerals of "only 7s."—"only 6s. 6d." She has also, unless born and bred in London, been to see my Lord Mayor, the fine people coming out of Court, and the "beasties" in the Tower; and at all events she has been to Astley's and the Circus, from which she comes away, equally smitten with the rider, and sore with laughing at the clown. But it is difficult to say what pleasure she enjoys most. One of the completest of all is the fair, where she walks through an endless round of noise, and toys, and gallant apprentices, and wonders. Here she is invited in by courteous and well-dressed people, as if she were the mistress. Here also is the conjuror's

booth, where the operator himself, a most stately and genteel person all in white, calls her Ma'am ; and says to John by her side, in spite of his laced hat, " Be good enough, Sir, to hand the card to the lady."

Ah ! may her " cousin" turn out as true as he says he is ; or may she get home soon enough and smiling enough to be as happy again next time.



LXI.—THE OLD LADY.

IF the Old Lady is a widow and lives alone, the manners of her condition and time of life are so much the more apparent. She generally dresses in plain silks, that make a gentle rustling as she moves about the silence of her room ; and she wears a nice cap with a lace border, that comes under the chin. In a placket at her side is an old enamelled watch, unless it is locked up in a drawer of her toilet, for fear of accidents. Her waist is rather tight and trim than otherwise, as she had a fine one when young ; and she is not sorry if you see a pair of her stockings on a table, that you may be aware of the neatness of her leg and foot. Contented with these and other evident indications of a good shape, and letting her young friends understand that she can afford to obscure it a little, she wears pockets, and uses them well too. In the one is her handkerchief, and any heavier matter that is not likely to come out with it, such as the

change of a sixpence ; in the other is a miscellaneous assortment, consisting of a pocket-book, a bunch of keys, a needle-case, a spectacle-case, crumbs of biscuit, a nutmeg and grater, a smelling-bottle, and, according to the season, an orange or apple, which after many days she draws out, warm and glossy, to give to some little child that has well behaved itself. She generally occupies two rooms, in the neatest condition possible. In the chamber is a bed with a white coverlet, built up high and round, to look well, and with curtains of a pastoral pattern, consisting alternately of large plants, and shepherds and shepherdesses. On the mantle-piece are more shepherds and shepherdesses, with dot-eyed sheep at their feet, all in coloured ware ; the man, perhaps, in a pink jacket and knots of ribbons at his knees and shoes, holding his crook lightly in one hand, and with the other at his breast, turning his toes out and looking tenderly at the shepherdess : the woman holding a crook also, and modestly returning his look, with a gipsy-hat jerked up behind, a very slender waist, with petticoat and hips to counteract, and the petticoat pulled up through the pocket-holes, in order to shew the trimness of her ankles. But these patterns, of course, are various. The toilet is ancient, carved at the edges, and tied about with a snow-white drapery of muslin. Beside it are various boxes, mostly japan ; and the set of drawers are exquisite things for a little girl to rummage, if ever little girl be so bold, containing ribbons and laces of various kinds ; linen

smelling of lavender, of the flowers of which there is always dust in the corners; a heap of pocket-books for a series of years; and pieces of dress long gone by, such as head-fronts, stomachers, and flowered sattin shoes, with enormous heels. The stock of letters are under especial lock and key. So much for the bed-room. In the sitting-room is rather a spare assortment of shining old mahogany furniture, or carved arm-chairs equally old, with chintz draperies down to the ground; a folding or other screen, with Chinese figures, their round, little-eyed, meek faces perking sideways; a stuffed bird, perhaps in a glass case (a living one is too much for her); a portrait of her husband over the mantle-piece, in a coat with frog-buttons, and a delicate frilled hand lightly inserted in the waistcoat; and opposite him, on the wall, is a piece of embroidered literature, framed and glazed, containing some moral distich or maxim, worked in angular capital letters, with two trees or parrots below, in their proper colours; the whole concluding with an ABC and numerals, and the name of the fair industrious, expressing it to be "her work, Jan. 14, 1762." The rest of the furniture consists of a looking-glass with carved edges, perhaps a settee, a hassock for the feet, a mat for the little dog, and a small set of shelves, in which are the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, the *Turkish Spy*, a *Bible* and *Prayer Book*, *Young's Night Thoughts* with a piece of lace in it to flatten, *Mrs. Rowe's Devout Exercises of the Heart*, *Mrs. Glasse's Cookery*, and perhaps *Sir*

Charles Grandison, and Clarissa. John Bunce is in the closet among the pickles and preserves. The clock is on the landing-place, between the two room doors, where it ticks audibly but quietly; and the landing-place, as well as the stairs, is carpeted to a nicety. The house is most in character, and properly coeval, if it is in a retired suburb, and strongly built, with wainscot rather than paper inside, and lockers in the windows. Before the windows should be some quivering poplars. Here the Old Lady receives a few quiet visitors to tea, and perhaps an early game at cards; or you may see her going out on the same kind of visit herself, with a light umbrella running up into a stick and crooked ivory handle, and her little dog, equally famous for his love to her, and captious antipathy to strangers. Her grandchildren dislike him on holidays, and the boldest sometimes ventures to give him a sly kick under the table. When she returns at night, she appears, if the weather happens to be doubtful, in a calash; and her servant, in pattens, follows half behind and half at her side, with a lantern.

Her opinions are not many nor new. She thinks the Clergyman a nice man. The Duke of Wellington, in her opinion, is a very great man; but she has a secret preference for the Marquis of Granby. She thinks the young women of the present day too forward, and the men not respectful enough; but hopes her grandchildren will be better; though she differs with her daughter in several points respecting their

management. She sets little value on the new accomplishments ; is a great though delicate connoisseur in butcher's meat and all sorts of housewifery ; and if you mention waltzes, expatiates on the grace and fine breeding of the minuet. She longs to have seen one danced by Sir Charles Grandison, whom she almost considers as a real person. She likes a walk of a summer's evening, but avoids the new streets, canals, &c., and sometimes goes through the church-yard, where her children and her husband lie buried, serious, but not melancholy. She has had three great epochs in her life :—her marriage—her having been at court, to see the King and Queen and Royal Family—and a compliment on her figure she once received, in passing, from Mr. Wilkes, whom she describes as a sad, loose man, but engaging. His plainness she thinks much exaggerated. If any thing takes her at a distance from home, it is still the Court ; but she seldom stirs, even for that. The last time but one that she went, was to see the Duke of Wirtemberg ; and most probably for the last time of all, to see the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold. From this beatific vision she returned with the same admiration as ever for the fine comely appearance of the Duke of York and the rest of the family, and great delight at having had a near view of the Princess, whom she speaks of with smiling pomp and lifted mittens, clasping them as passionately as she can together, and calling her, in a transport of mixed loyalty and self-love, a fine royal young creature, and “ Daughter of England.”

LXII.—PULCI.

WE present our readers with a prose abridgment of the beginning of the *Morgante Maggiore* of Pulci, the father of Italian romance. We would rather have given it them in verse ; but it would have taken more time and attention than we can just now afford. Besides, a prose specimen of this author, is a less unjust one, than it would be of any of his successors ; because though a real poet, he is not so eminent as a versifier, and deals less in poetical abstractions. He has less of the oracular or voiceful part of his art, conversing almost exclusively with the social feelings in their most familiar language.

Luigi Pulci, the younger of three literary brothers, was born the 15th of December, (3d, O. S.), 1481. His family was noble, and probably gave their name to the district of Monte Pulciano, famous for the supereminence of its wine. It was a fit soil for him to grow in. He had an enviable lot, with nothing to interrupt his vivacity ; passing his life in the shades of ease and retirement, and “warbling his native wood-notes wild,” without fear of hawks from above, or lurking reptiles from below. Among his principal friends were Politian, Lorenzo de Medici, and the latter’s mother, Lucrezia Tornabuona. He speaks affectionately of her memory at the close of his work. At Lorenzo’s table he was a constant guest ; and at this table, where it is possible that the future Pope,

Leo the Tenth, was present as a little boy, he is said to have read, as he produced it, that remarkable poem, which the old Italian critics were not agreed whether to think pious or profane.*

The reader, at this time of day, will be inclined to think it the latter; nor will the reputation of Leo himself, who is said to have made use of the word Fable on a very remarkable occasion, be against their verdict. Undoubtedly there was much scepticism in those days, as there always must be where there is great vivacity of mind, with great demands upon its credulity. But we must take care how we pronounce upon the real spirit of manners unlike our own, when we consider the extraordinary mixture of reverence and familiarity with which the most bigoted periods of Catholicism have been accustomed to treat the objects of their faith. They elbow them, till they treat them like their earthly kindred, expecting most from them, and behaving worst by them. Popish sailors have scourged the idols, whom they have prayed to the minute before for a fair wind. The most laughable exposure of the tricks of Roman Catholics in our own language is by old Heywood the Epigramatist, who died abroad "in consequence of his devotion to the Roman Catholic cause."—"The bigotry of any age," says Mr. Hazlitt, "is by no

* Leo was born in 1475, forty-four years after the birth of Pulci; so that supposing the latter to have arrived at any thing like length of days, he may have had the young Father of the Faithful for an auditor.

means a test of its piety, or even sincerity. Men seemed to make themselves amends for the enormity of their faith by levity of feeling, as well as by laxity of principle; and in the indifference or ridicule with which they treated the wilful absurdities and extravagances to which they hood-winked their understandings, almost resembled children playing at blind-man's buff, who grope their way in the dark, and make blunders on purpose to laugh at their own idleness and folly."—*Lectures on the Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*, p. 192. It may be added, that they are sometimes like children playing and laughing at ghosts in daylight, but afraid of them at night-time. There have not been wanting readers to take all Pulci's levity in good religious part. This does not seem possible; but it is possible that he may have had a certain conventional faith in religion, or even regarded it as a sentiment and a general truth, while the goodness of his disposition led him to be ironical upon particular dogmas. We must judge him in charity, giving him the benefit of our doubts.

The specimen now laid before the reader is perhaps as good a one, for prose, as could have been selected. The characteristics of our poet are wildness of fancy, pithiness of humour, sprightliness of transition, and tenderness of heart. All these, if the reader has any congeniality of spirit, he may find successively in the outset about the giants, the complaint made of them by the Abbot, the incipient adventures of Morgante in his new character, and the farewell, and family

recognition of the Abbot and Orlando. The passages about the falling of manna, and the eternal punishment of those who are dear to us, furnish the earliest instance of that penetration into absurdity, and the unconscious matter-of-course air of speaking of it, which constitute the humorous part of the style of Voltaire. The character of Margutte, who makes his appearance in Canto 18, and carries this style to its height, is no less remarkable as an anticipation of the most impudent portraits of professed worldliness, and seems to warrant the suspicions entertained respecting the grosser sceptics of that age, while it shews the light in which they were regarded by the more refined. In Margutte's panegyrics upon what he liked, appear to be the seeds of Berni and his followers. One of the best things to be said of the serious characters of Pulci, and where he has the advantage of Ariosto himself, is that you know them with more distinctness, and become more personally interested in them as people like yourself; whereas, in Ariosto, with all his humanity, the *knights* are too much of mere knights,—warlike animals. Their flesh and blood is too much encrusted by their armour. Even Rubbi, the quaint and formal editor of the *Parnaso Italiano*, with all his courtesies towards established things, says in distinguishing the effect of three great poets of Italy, that "You will adore Ariosto, you will admire Tasso, but you will love Pulci." The alliteration suits our critic's vivacity

better:—"In fine, tu adorerai l'Ariosto, tu ammirerai il Tasso, ma tu amerai il Pulci."

PROSE TRANSLATION OF THE BEGINNING OF THE
MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

—Twelve Paladins (saith the poet) had the Emperor Charlemagne in his court; and the most wise and famous of them was Orlando. It is of him I am about to speak, and of his friend Morgante, and of Gan the Traitor, who beguiled him to his death in Roncesvalles, where he sounded his horn so mightily after the Dolorous Rout.

It was Easter, and Charles had all his court with him in Paris, making high feast and triumph. There was Orlando, the first among them, and Ogier the Dane, and Astolfo the Englishman, and Ansuigi: and there came Angiotin of Bayonne, and Uliviero, and the gentle Berlinghieri; and there was also Avolio, and Avino, and Otho of Normandy, and Richard, and the wise Namor, and the aged Salamon, and Walter from Monlione, and Baldwin who was the son of the wretched Gan. The son of Pepin was too happy, and oftentimes fairly groaned for joy at seeing all his Paladins together.

But Fortune stands watching in secret, to baffle our designs. While Charles was thus hugging himself with delight, Orlando governed every thing at court, and this made Gan burst with envy; so that he began one day talking with Charles after the following manner:—"Are we always to have Orlando for our

master? I have thought of speaking to you about it a thousand times. Orlando has a great deal too much presumption. Here are we, Counts, Dukes, and Kings, at your service, but not at his; and we have resolved not to be governed by a boy. You began in Aspramont to give him to understand how valiant he was, and that he did great things at that fountain; whereas if it had not been for the good Gerard, I know very well where the victory would have been. The truth is, he has an eye upon the crown. This, Charles, is the worthy who has deserved so much! All your Generals are afflicted at it. As for me, I shall repass those mountains over which I came to you with seventy-two Counts. Do you take him for a Mars?"

Orlando happened to hear these words as he sat apart, and it displeased him with Gan that he should speak so, but much more that Charles should believe him. He would have killed Gan, if Uliviero had not prevented him and taken his sword Durlindana out of his hand; nay, he could have almost killed Charlemagne himself; but at last he went away from Paris by himself, raging with scorn and grief. He borrowed as he went, of Ermellina the wife of Ogier, the Dane's sword Cortana and his horse Rondel, and proceeded on his way to Brava. His wife, Alda the Fair, hastened to embrace him; but while she was saying "Welcome my Orlando," he was going to strike her with his sword, for his head was bewildered, and he took her for Ganellone. The Fair Alda marvelled greatly, but Orlando recollected himself, and she took

hold of the bridle, and he leaped from his horse, and told her all that had passed, and rested himself with her for some days.

He then took his leave, being still carried away by his disdain, and resolved to pass over into Pagan-land; and as he rode, he thought, every step of the way, of the traitor Gan; and so, riding on wherever the road took him, he reached the confines between the Christian countries and the Pagan, and came upon an abbey, situate in a dark place in a desert.

Now above the abbey was a great mountain, inhabited by three fierce giants, one of whom was named Passamonte, another Alabastro, and the third Morgante; and these giants used to disturb the abbey, by throwing things down upon it from the mountain with slings, so that the poor little monks could not go out to fetch wood or water. Orlando knocked, but nobody would open till the Abbot was spoken to. At last the Abbot came himself, and opening the door, bade him welcome. The good man told him the reason of the delay, and said that since the arrival of the giants, they had been so perplexed that they did not know what to do. "Our ancient fathers in the desert," quoth he, "were rewarded according to their holiness. It is not to be supposed that they lived only upon locusts; doubtless, it also rained manna upon them from heaven; but here one is *regaled with stones*, which the giants rain upon us from the mountain. These are our nice bits and relishes. The fiercest of the giants, Morgante, plucks up

pinés and other great trees by the roots, and casts them on us." While they were talking thus in the cemetery, there came a stone, which seemed as if it would break Rondel's back. "For God's sake, Cavalier," said the Abbot, "come in, *for the manna is falling*." "My dear Abbot," answered Orlando, "this fellow, methinks, does not wish to let my horse feed; he wants to cure him of being restive; the stone seems as if it came from a good arm." "Yes," replied the holy father, "I did not deceive you. I think, some day or other, they will cast the mountain upon us." Orlando quieted his horse Rondel, and then sat down to a meal; after which he said, "Abbot, I must go and return the present that has been made to my horse." The Abbot with great tenderness endeavoured to dissuade him, but in vain; upon which he crossed him on the forehead, and said, "Go then, and the blessing of God be with you."

Orlando scaled the mountain, and came where Passamonte was, who seeing him alone, measured him with his eyes and asked him if he would stay with him for a page, promising to make him comfortable. "Stupid Saracen," said Orlando, "I come to you, according to the will of God, to be your death, and not your foot-boy. You have displeased his servants here, and are no longer to be endured, dog that you are."

Non può più comportarti, can mastino.

The giant, finding himself thus insulted, ran in a fury to arm him, and returning to Orlando, slung at

him a large stone, which struck him on the head with such force, as not only made his helmet ring again, but felled him to the earth. Passamonte thought he was dead. "What," said he, retiring to disarm himself, "could have brought that paltry fellow here?"

But Christ never forsakes his followers. While the giant went to disarm himself, Orlando recovered, and cried aloud, "Giant, where are you going? Do you think that you have killed me? Turn back, for unless you have wings, you shall not escape me, dog of a renegade." The giant greatly marvelling, turned back, and stooping to pick up a stone, Orlando, who had Cortana naked in his hand, cleft his skull; and cursing Mahomet, the giant tumbled, dying and blaspheming, to the ground. Blaspheming fell the sour-hearted and cruel wretch; but Orlando, in the meanwhile, thanked the Father and the Word.

The Paladin went on, seeking for Alabastro, the second giant; who, when he saw him, endeavoured to pluck up a great piece of stony earth by the roots. "Ho, ho!" cried Orlando, "what you think to throw a stone, do you?" Then Alabastro took his sling, and flung at him so large a fragment as obliged Orlando to defend himself, for if it had struck him, he would no more have needed a surgeon; but collecting his strength, he thrust his sword into the giant's breast, and the loggerhead fell dead.

Morgante, the third giant, had a palace made of earth, and boughs, and shingles, in which he shut himself up at night. Orlando knocked, and disturbed

the giant from his sleep, who came staring to the door like a madman, for he had had a bewildering dream. "Who knocks there?" "You will know too soon," answered Orlando: "I am come to make you do penance for your sins, like your brothers. Divine Providence has sent me to avenge the wrongs of the monks upon the whole set of you; and I have to tell you, that Passamonte and Alabastro are already as cold as a couple of pilasters." "Noble Knight," said Morgante, "do me no ill; but if you are a Christian, tell me in courtesy who you are." "I will satisfy you of my faith," replied Orlando: "I adore Christ; and, if you please, you may adore him also."

"I have had a strange vision," replied Morgante, with a low voice: "I was assailed by a dreadful serpent, and called upon Mahomet in vain; then I called upon your God, who was crucified, and he succoured me, and I was delivered from the serpent; so I am disposed to become a Christian."

"If you keep in this mind," returned Orlando, "you shall worship the true God, and come with me and be my companion, and I will love you with perfect love. Your idols are false and vain; the true God is the God of the Christians. Deny the unjust and villainous worship of your Mahomet, and be baptized in the name of my God, who alone is worthy." "I am content," said Morgante. Then Orlando embraced him, and said, "I will lead you to the

abbey." "Let us go quickly," replied Morgante, for he was impatient to make his peace with the monks. Orlando rejoiced, saying "My good brother, and devout withal, you must ask pardon of the Abbot; for God has enlightened you, and accepted you, and he would have you practice humility." "Yes," said Morgante, "thanks to you, your God shall henceforth be my God. Tell me your name, and afterwards dispose of me as you will;" and he told him that he was Orlando.

"Blessed Jesus be thanked," said the giant, "for I have always heard you called a perfect knight; and as I said, I will follow you all my life through." And so conversing they went together towards the abbey, and by the way Orlando talked with Morgante of the dead giants, and sought to console him, saying they had done the monks a thousand injuries, and our scripture says the good shall be rewarded and the evil punished, and we must submit to the will of God. "The doctors of our church," continued he, "are all agreed, that if those who are glorified in heaven, were to feel pity for their miserable kindred, who lie in such horrible confusion in hell, their beatitude would come to nothing; and this, you see, would plainly be unjust on the part of God. But such is the firmness of their faith, that what appears good to him, appears good to them. Do what he may, they hold it to be done well, and that it is impossible for him to err; so that if their very fathers and

mothers are suffering everlasting punishment, it does not disturb them an atom. This is the custom, I assure you, in the choirs above."

"A word to the wise," said Morgante; "you shall see if I grieve for my brethren, and whether or no I submit to the will of God, and behave myself like an angel. So dust to dust; and now let us enjoy ourselves. I will cut off their hands, all four of them, and take them to these holy monks, that they may be sure they are dead, and not fear to go out alone into the desert. They will then be sure also that the Lord has purified me, and taken me out of darkness, and assured to me the kingdom of heaven." So saying, the giant cut off the hands of his brethren, and left their bodies to the beasts and birds.

They went to the abbey, where the Abbot was expecting Orlando in great anxiety; but the monks not knowing what had happened, ran to the Abbot in great haste and alarm, saying, "Will you suffer this giant to come in?" And when the Abbot saw the giant, he changed countenance. Orlando perceiving him thus disturbed, made haste and said, "Abbot, peace be with you! The giant is a Christian; he believes in Christ, and has renounced his false prophet, Mahomet." And Morgante shewing the hands in proof of his faith, the Abbot thanked heaven with great contentment of mind.

The Abbot did much honour to Morgante, comparing him with St. Paul; and they rested there many days. One day, wandering over the abbey, they

entered a room where the Abbot kept a quantity of armour ; and Morgante saw a bow which pleased him, and he fastened it on. Now there was in the place a great scarcity of water ; and Orlando said, like his good brother, " Morgante, I wish you would fetch us some water." " Command me as you please," said he ; and placing a great tub upon his shoulders, he went towards a spring at which he had been accustomed to drink at the foot of the mountain. Having reached the spring, he suddenly heard a great noise in the forest. He took an arrow from the quiver, placed it in the bow, and raising his head, saw a great herd of swine rushing towards the spring where he stood. Morgante shot one of them clean through the head, and laid him sprawling. Another, as if in revenge, ran towards the giant, without giving him time to use another arrow ; so he lent him a cuff on the head, which broke the bone, and killed him also ; which stroke the rest seeing, fled in haste through the valley. Morgante then placed the tub full of water upon one shoulder and the two porkers on the other, and returned to the abbey which was at some distance, without spilling a drop.

The monks were delighted to see the fresh water, but still more to see the pork ; for there is no animal to whom food comes amiss. They let their breviaries therefore go to sleep awhile, and fell heartily to work, so that the cats and dogs had reason to lament the polish of the bones.

" Now, why do we stay here, doing nothing ?" said

Orlando, one day, to Morgante ; and he shook hands with the Abbot, and told him he must take his leave. " I must go," said he, " and make up for lost time. I ought to have gone long ago, my good father ; but I cannot tell you what I feel within me, at the content I have enjoyed here in your company. I shall bear in mind and in heart with me for ever, the Abbot, the abbey, and this desert, so great is the love they have raised in me in so short a time. The great God, who reigns above, must thank you for me, in his own abode. Bestow on us your benediction, and do not forget us in your prayers."

When the Abbot heard the County Orlando talk thus, his heart melted within him for tenderness, and he said : " Knight, if we have failed in any courtesy due to your prowess and great gentleness (and, indeed, what we have done has been but little), pray put it to the account of our ignorance, and of the place which we inhabit. We are but poor men of the cloister, better able to regale you with masses, and orisons, and paternosters, than with dinners and suppers. You have so taken this heart of mine by the many noble qualities I have seen in you, that I shall be with you still wherever you go ; and, on the other hand, you will always be present here with me. This seems a contradiction ; but you are wise, and will take my meaning discreetly. You have saved the very life and spirit within us ; for so much perturbation had those giants cast about our place, that the way to the Lord among us was blocked up. May he who sent you into

these woods reward your justice and piety, by which we are delivered from our trouble ; thanks be to him and to you. We shall all be disconsolate at your departure. We shall grieve that we cannot detain you among us for months and years ; but you do not wear these weeds ; you bear arms and armour ; and you may possibly merit as well, in carrying those, as in wearing this cap. You read your bible, and your virtue has been the means of shewing the giant the way to heaven. Go in peace, and prosper, whoever you may be. I do not ask your name ; but if ever I am asked who it was that came among us, I shall say that it was an angel from God. If there is any armour, or other thing that you would have, go into the room where it is, and take it." " If you have any armour that would suit my companion," replied Orlando, " that I will accept with pleasure." " Come and see," said the Abbot ; and they went into a room that was full of old armour. Morgante examined every thing, but could find nothing large enough, except a rusty breast-plate, which fitted him marvelously. It had belonged to an enormous giant, who was killed there of old, by Milo of Angrante. There was a painting on the wall, which told the whole story : how the giant had laid cruel and long siege to the abbey ; and how he had been overthrown at last by the great Milo. Orlando seeing this, said within himself :—" Oh God ! unto whom all things are known, how came Milo here, who destroyed this giant ?" And reading certain inscriptions which were

there, he could no longer keep a firm countenance; but the tears ran down his cheeks.

When the Abbot saw Orlando weep, and his brow redden, and the light of his eyes become child-like, for sweetness, he asked him the reason; but finding him still dumbly affected, he said, "I do not know whether you are overpowered by admiration of what is painted in this chamber. You must know that I am of high descent, though not through lawful wedlock. I believe I may say, I am nephew or sister's son to no less a man than that Rinaldo, who was so great a Paladin in the world, though my own father was not of a lawful mother. Ansuigi was his name; my own, out in the world, was Chiaramonte, and this Milo was my father's brother. Ah, gentle baron, for blessed Jesus' sake, tell me what name is your's!" Orlando, all glowing with affection, and bathed in tears, replied, "My dear Abbot and kinsman, he before you is your Orlando." Upon this, they ran for tenderness into each other's arms, weeping on both sides with a sovereign affection, which was too high to be expressed. The Abbot was so overjoyed, that he seemed as if he would never have done embracing Orlando. "By what fortune," said the knight, "do I find you in this obscure place? Tell me, my dear father, how was it you became a monk, and did not follow arms, like myself and the rest of us?"

"It is the will of God," replied the Abbot, hastening to give his feelings utterance. "Many and divers are the paths he points out for us, by which to arrive

at his city : some walk it with the sword, some with the pastoral staff. Nature makes the inclination different, and therefore there are different ways for us to take ; enough if we all arrive safely at one and the same place, the last as well as the first. We are all pilgrims through many kingdoms. We all wish to go to Rome, Orlando ; but we go picking out our journey through different roads. Such is the trouble in body and soul brought upon us by that sin of the old apple. . Day and night am I here with my book in hand ; day and night do you ride about, holding your sword, and sweating oft both in sun and shadow, and all to get round at last to the home from which we departed—I say all out of anxiety and hope, to get back unto our home of old.” And the giant hearing them talk of these things, shed tears also.

LXIII.—MY BOOKS.*

SITTING, last winter, among my books, and walled round with all the comfort and protection which they and my fire-side could afford me ; to wit, a table of high-piled books at my back, my writing-desk on one side of me, some shelves on the other, and the feeling of the warm fire at my feet, I began to consider how

* This and the following paper was written during the author's residence in Italy. The use of the first person singular instead of plural, was involuntary.

I loved the authors of those books ; how I loved them, too, not only for the imaginative pleasures they afforded me, but for their making me love the very books themselves, and delight to be in contact with them. I looked sideways at my *Spenser*, my *Theocritus*, and my *Arabian Nights* ; then above them at my Italian poets ; then behind me at my *Dryden* and *Pope*, my romances, and my *Boccaccio* ; then on my left side at my *Chaucer*, who lay on a writing-desk ; and thought how natural it was in C. L. to give a kiss to an old folio, as I once saw him do to *Chapman's Homer*. At the same time I wondered how he could sit in that front room of his with nothing but a few unfeeling tables and chairs, or at best a few engravings in trim frames, instead of putting a couple of arm-chairs into the back-room with the books in it, where there is but one window. Would I were there, with both the chairs properly filled, and one or two more besides ! “ We had talk, Sir,”—the only talk capable of making one forget the books.

I entrench myself in my books equally against sorrow and the weather. If the wind comes through a passage, I look about to see how I can fence it off by a better disposition of my moveables ; if a melancholy thought is importunate, I give another glance at my *Spenser*. When I speak of being in contact with my books, I mean it literally. I like to lean my head against them. Living in a southern climate, though in a part sufficiently northern to feel the winter, I was obliged, during that season, to take some of the books

out of the study, and hang them up near the fire-place in the sitting-room, which is the only room that has such a convenience. I therefore walled myself in, as well I could, in the manner above-mentioned. I took a walk every day, to the astonishment of the Genoese, who used to huddle against a bit of sunny wall, like flies on a chimney-piece; but I did this only that I might so much the more enjoy my *English* evening. The fire was a wood fire instead of a coal; but I imagined myself in the country. I remembered at the very worst, that one end of my native land was not nearer the other than England is to Italy.

While writing this article I am in my study again. Like the rooms in all houses in this country, which are not hovels, it is handsome and ornamented. On one side it looks towards a garden and the mountains; on another to the mountains and the sea. What signifies all this? I turn my back upon the sea; I shut up even one of the side windows looking upon the mountains, and retain no prospect but that of the trees. On the right and left of me are book-shelves; a book-case is affectionately open in front of me; and thus kindly enclosed with my books and the green leaves, I write. If all this is too luxurious and effeminate, of all luxuries it is the one that leaves you the most strength. And this is to be said for scholarship in general. It unfits a man for activity, for his bodily part in the world; but it often doubles both the power and the sense of his mental duties; and with much

indignation against his body, and more against those who tyrannize over the intellectual claims of mankind, the man of letters, like the magician of old, is prepared "to play the devil" with the great men of this world, in a style that astonishes both the sword and the toga.

I do not like this fine large study. I like elegance. I like room to breathe in, and even walk about, when I want to breathe and walk about. I like a great library next my study; but for the study itself, give me a small snug place, almost entirely walled with books. There should be only one window in it, looking upon trees. Some prefer a place with few, or no books at all—nothing but a chair or a table, like Epicurus; but I should say that these were philosophers, not lovers of books, if I did not recollect that Montaigne was both. He had a study in a round tower, walled as aforesaid. It is true, one forgets one's books while writing—at least they say so. For my part, I think I have them in a sort of sidelong mind's eye; like a second thought, which is none—like a waterfall, or a whispering wind.

I dislike a grand library to study in. I mean an immense apartment, with books all in Museum order, especially wire-safed. I say nothing against the Museum itself, or public libraries. They are capital places to go to, but not to sit in; and talking of this, I hate to read in public, and in strange company. The jealous silence; the dissatisfied looks of the messengers; the inability to help yourself; the not knowing

whether you really ought to trouble the messengers, much less the *gentleman* in black, or brown, who is, perhaps, half a trustee; with a variety of other jar-rings between privacy and publicity, prevent one's settling heartily to work. They say "they manage these things better in France;" and I dare say they do; but I think I should feel still more *distrain* in France, in spite of the benevolence of the servitors, and the generous profusion of pen, ink, and paper. I should feel as if I were doing nothing but interchanging amenities with polite writers.

A grand private library, which the master of the house also makes his study, never looks to me like a real place of books, much less of authorship. I cannot take kindly to it. It is certainly not out of envy; for three parts of the books are generally trash, and I can seldom think of the rest and the proprietor together. It reminds me of a fine gentleman, of a collector, of a patron, of Gil Blas and the Marquis of Marialva; of anything but genius and comfort. I have a particular hatred of a round table (not *the* Round Table, for that was a dining one) covered and irradiated with books! and never met with one in the house of a clever man but once. It is the reverse of Montaigne's Round Tower. Instead of bringing the books around you, they all seem turning another way, and eluding your hands.

Conscious of my propriety and comfort in these matters, I take an interest in the book-cases, as well as the books of my friends. I long to meddle, and

dispose them after my own notions. When they see this confession, they will acknowledge the virtue I have practised. I believe I did mention his book-room to C. L. and I think he told me that he often sat there when alone. It would be hard not to believe him. His library, though not abounding in Greek or Latin (which are the only things to help some persons to an idea of literature) is anything but superficial. The depth of philosophy and poetry are there, the innermost passages of the human heart. It has some Latin too. It has also a handsome contempt for appearance. It looks like what it is, a selection made at precious intervals from the book-stalls:—now a Chaucer at nine and twopence; now a Montaigne or a Sir Thomas Brown at two shillings; now a Jeremy Taylor; a Spinoza; an old English Dramatist, Prior, and Sir Philip Sidney; and the books are “neat as imported.” The very perusal of the backs is a “discipline of humanity.” There Mr. Southey takes his place again with an old Radical friend: there Jeremy Collier is at peace with Dryden: there the lion, Martin Luther, lies down with the Quaker lamb, Sewell: there Guzman d’Alfarache thinks himself fit company for Sir Charles Grandison, and has his claims admitted. Even the “high fantastical” Duchess of Newcastle, with her laurel on her head, is received with grave honours, and not the less for declining to trouble herself with the constitutions of her maids. There is an approach to this in the library of W. C. who also includes Italian among his huma-

nities. W. H., I believe, has no books, except mine; but he has Shakspeare and Rousseau by heart. N., who though not a book-man by profession, is fond of those who are, and who loves his volume enough to read it across the fields, has his library in the common sitting room, which is hospitable. H. R.'s books are all too modern and finely bound, which however is not his fault, for they were left him by will,—not the most kindly act of the testator. Suppose a man were to bequeath us a great japan chest, three feet by four, with an injunction that it was always to stand on the tea-table. I remember borrowing a book of H. R. which, having lost, I replaced with a copy equally well bound. I am not sure I should have been in such haste, even to return the book, had it been a common looking volume; but the splendour of the loss dazzled me into this ostentatious piece of propriety. I set about restoring it as if I had diminished his fortunes; and waived the privilege a friend has to use a man's things as his own. I may venture upon this ultra-liberal theory, not only because candour compels me to say that I hold it to a greater extent, with Montaigne, but because I have been a meek son in the family of book-losers. I may affirm, upon a moderate calculation, that I have lent and lost in my time, (and I am eight and thirty,) half-a-dozen decent sized libraries,—I mean books enough to fill so many ordinary book-cases. I have never complained; and self-love, as well as gratitude, makes me love those who do not complain of me.

I own I borrow books with as much facility as I lend. I cannot see a work that interests me on another person's shelf, without a wish to carry it off: but, I repeat, that I have been much more sinned against than sinning in the article of non-return; and am scrupulous in the article of intention. I never had a felonious intent upon a book but once; and then I shall only say, it was under circumstances so peculiar, that I cannot but look upon the conscience that induced me to restore it, as having sacrificed the spirit of its very self to the letter; and I have a grudge against it accordingly. Some people are unwilling to lend their books. I have a special grudge against them, particularly those who accompany their unwillingness with uneasy professions to the contrary, and smiles like Sir Fretful Plagiary. The friend who helped to spoil my notions of property, or rather to make them too good for the world "as it goes," taught me also to undervalue my squeamishness in refusing to avail myself of the books of these gentlemen. He showed me how it was doing good to all parties to put an ordinary face on the matter; though I know his own blushed not a little sometimes in doing it, even when the good to be done was for another. I feel in truth, that even when anger inclines me to exercise this privilege of philosophy, it is more out of revenge than contempt. I fear that in allowing myself to borrow books, I sometimes make extremes meet in a very sinful manner, and do it out of a refined revenge. It is like eating a miser's beef at him.

I yield to none in my love of bookstall urbanity. I have spent as happy moments over the stalls, as any literary apprentice boy who ought to be moving onwards. But I confess my weakness in liking to see some of my favourite purchases neatly bound. The books I like to have about me most are Spenser, Chaucer, the minor poems of Milton, the Arabian Nights, Theocritus, Ariosto, and such old good-natured speculations as Plutarch's *Morals*. For most of these I like a plain good old binding, never mind how old, provided it wears well; but my Arabian Nights may be bound in as fine and flowery a style as possible, and I should love an engraving to every dozen pages. Book-prints of all sorts, bad and good, take with me as much as when I was a child: and I think some books, such as Prior's *Poems*, ought always to have portraits of the authors. Prior's airy face with his cap on, is like having his company. From early association, no edition of Milton pleases me so much, as that in which there are pictures of the Devil with brute ears, dressed like a Roman General: nor of Bunyan, as the one containing the print of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, with the Devil whispering in Christian's ear, or old Pope by the way side, and

“Vanity Fair,

With the Pilgrims suffering there.”

I delight in the recollection of the puzzle I used to have with the frontispiece of the *Tale of a Tub*, of my real horror at the sight of that crawling old man

representing Avarice, at the beginning of *Enfield's Speaker*, the *Looking Glass*, or some such book ; and even of the careless school-boy hats, and the prim stomachers and cottage bonnets, of such golden-age antiquities as the *Village School*. The oldest and most worn-out wood-cut, representing King Pippin, Goody Two Shoes, or the grim Soldan, sitting with three staring blots for his eyes and mouth, his sceptre in one hand, and his other five fingers raised and spread in admiration at the feats of the Gallant London Prentice, cannot excite in me a feeling of ingratitude. Cooke's edition of the *British Poets* and *Novelists* came out when I was at school : for which reason I never could put up with Suttaby's or Walker's publications, except in the case of such works as the *Fairy Tales*, which Mr. Cooke did not publish. Besides they are too cramped, thick, and mercenary ; and the pictures are all frontispieces. They do not come in at the proper places. Cooke realized the old woman's beau ideal of a prayer book,—“ A little book, with a great deal of matter, and a large type : ”—for the type was really large for so small a volume. Shall I ever forget his Collins and his Gray, books at once so “ superbly ornamented ” and so inconceivably cheap ? Sixpence could procure much before ; but never could it procure so much as then, or was at once so much respected, and so little cared for. His artist Kirk was the best artist, except Stothard, that ever designed for periodical works ; and I will venture to add (if his name rightly announces his coun-

try) the best artist Scotland ever produced, except Wilkie, but he unfortunately had not enough of his country in him to keep him from dying young. His designs for Milton and the *Arabian Nights*, his female extricated from the water in the *Tales of the Genii*, and his old hag issuing out of the chest of the Merchant Abadah in the same book, are before me now, as vividly as they were then. He possessed elegance and the sense of the beauty in no ordinary degree; though they sometimes played a trick or so of foppery. I shall never forget the gratitude with which I received an odd number of Akenside, value sixpence, one of the set of that poet, which a boarder distributed among three or four of us, "with his mother's compliments." The present might have been more lavish, but I hardly thought of that. I remember my number. It was the one in which there is a picture of the poet on a sofa, with Cupid coming to him, and the words underneath, "Tempt me no more, insidious Love!" The picture and the number appeared to me equally divine. I cannot help thinking to this day, that it is right and natural in a gentleman to sit in a stage dress, on that particular kind of sofa, though on no other, with that exclusive hat and feathers on his head, telling Cupid to begone with a tragic air.

I love an author the more for having been himself a lover of books. The idea of an ancient library perplexes our sympathy by its map-like volumes, rolled upon cylinders. Our imagination cannot take kindly

to a yard of wit, or to thirty inches of moral observation, rolled out like linen in a draper's shop. But we conceive of Plato as of a lover of books; of Aristotle certainly; of Plutarch, Pliny, Horace, Julian, and Marcus Aurelius. Virgil, too, must have been one; and, after a fashion, Martial. May I confess, that the passage which I recollect with the greatest pleasure in Cicero, is where he says that books delight us at home, *and are no impediment abroad*; travel with us, *urauze* with us. His period is rounded off to some purpose: "*Delectant domi, non impediunt foris; peregrinantur, rusticiantur.*" I am so much of this opinion, that I do not care to be any where without having a book or books at hand, and like Dr. Orkborne, in the novel of *Camilla*, stuff the coach or post-chaise with them whenever I travel. As books, however, become ancient, the love of them becomes more unequivocal and conspicuous. The ancients had little of what we call learning. They made it. They were also no very eminent buyers of books—they made books for posterity. It is true, that it is not at all necessary to love many books, in order to love them much. The scholar, in Chaucer, who would rather have

At his beddes head
A twenty bokes, clothed in black and red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than robès rich, or fiddle, or psaltrie,—

doubtless beat all our modern collectors in his passion for reading; but books must at least exist, and have

acquired an eminence, before their lovers can make themselves known. There must be a possession, also, to perfect the communion ; and the mere contact is much, even when our mistress speaks an unknown language. Dante puts Homer, the great ancient, in his *Elysium*, upon trust ; but a few years afterwards, *Homer*, the book, made its appearance in Italy, and Petrarch, in a transport, put it upon his book-shelves, where he adored it, like " the unknown God." Petrarch ought to be the god of the bibliomaniacs, for he was a collector and a man of genius, which is an union that does not often happen. He copied out, with his own precious hand, the manuscripts he rescued from time ; and then produced others for time to reverence. With his head upon a book he died. Boccaccio, his friend, was another ; nor can one look upon the longest and most tiresome works he wrote (for he did write some tiresome ones, in spite of the gaiety of his *Decameron*), without thinking, that in that resuscitation of the world of letters, it must have been natural to a man of genius to add to the existing stock of volumes, at whatsoever price. I always pitch my completest idea of a lover of books, either in these dark ages, as they are called,

(Cui cieco a torto il cieco volgo appella—)

or in the gay town days of Charles II., or a little afterwards. In both times the portrait comes out by the force of contrast. In the first, I imagine an age of iron warfare and energy, with solitary retreats, in

which the monk or the hooded scholar walks forth to meditate, his precious volume under his arm. In the other, I have a triumphant example of the power of books and wit to contest the victory with sensual pleasure :—Rochester, staggering home to pen a satire in the style of Monsieur Boileau ; Butler, cramming his jolly duodecimo with all the learning that he laughed at ; and a new race of book poets come up, who, in spite of their perriwigs and petit-mâitres, talk as romantically of “the bays,” as if they were priests of Delphos. It was a victorious thing in books to beguile even the old French of their egotism, or at least to share it with them. Nature never pretended to do as much. And here is the difference between the two ages, or between any two ages in which genius and art predominate. In the one, books are loved because they are the records of nature and her energies ; in the other, because they are the records of those records, or evidences of the importance of the individuals, and proofs of our descent in the new and imperishable aristocracy. This is the reason why rank (with few exceptions) is so jealous of literature, and loves to appropriate or withhold the honours of it, as if they were so many toys and ribbons, like its own. It has an instinct that the two pretensions are incompatible. When Montaigne (a real lover of books) affected the order of St. Michael, and pleased himself with possessing that fugitive little piece of importance, he did it because he would pretend to be above nothing that he really felt, or that was felt by men in general ; but at the

same time he vindicated his natural superiority over this weakness by praising and loving all higher and lasting things, and by placing his best glory in doing homage to the geniuses that had gone before him. He did not endeavour to think that an immortal renown was a fashion like that of the cut of his scarf; or that by undervaluing the one, he should go shining down to posterity in the other, perpetual lord of Montaigne and of the ascendant.

There is a period of modern times, at which the love of books appears to have been of a more decided nature than at either of these—I mean the age just before and after the Reformation, or rather all that period when book-writing was confined to the learned languages. Erasmus is the god of it. Bacon, a mighty book-man, saw, among his other sights, the great advantage of loosening the vernacular tongue, and wrote both Latin and English. I allow this is the greatest closeted age of books; of old scholars sitting in dusty studies; of heaps of “illustrious obscure,” rendering themselves more illustrious and more obscure by retreating from the “thorny queaches” of Dutch and German names into the “vacant inter-lunar caves” of appellations latinized or translated. I think I see all their volumes now, filling the shelves of a dozen German convents. The authors are bearded men, sitting in old wood-cuts, in caps and gowns, and their books are dedicated to princes and statesmen, as illustrious as themselves. My old friend Wierus, who wrote a thick book, *De Præstigiis Dæ-*

monum, was one of them, and had a fancy worthy of his sedentary stomach. I will confess, once for all, that I have a liking for them all. It is my link with the bibliomaniacs, whom I admit into our relationship, because my love is large, and my family pride nothing. But still I take my idea of books read with a gusto, of companions for bed and board, from the two ages before-mentioned. The other is of too book-worm a description. There must be both a judgment and a fervour ; a discrimination and a boyish eagerness ; and (with all due humility) something of a point of contact between authors worth reading and the reader. How can I take Juvenal into the fields, or Valcarenghius *De Aortæ Aneurismate* to bed with me ? How could I expect to walk before the face of nature with the one ; to tire my elbow properly with the other, before I put out my candle, and turn round deliciously on the right side ? Or how could I stick up Coke upon Lyttleton against something on the dinner-table, and be divided between a fresh paragraph and a mouthful of salad ?

I take our four great English poets to have all been fond of reading. Milton and Chaucer proclaim themselves for hard sitters at books. Spenser's reading is evident by his learning ; and if there were nothing else to show for it in Shakspeare, his retiring to his native town, long before old age, would be a proof of it. It is impossible for a man to live in solitude without such assistance, unless he is a metaphysician or mathematician, or the dullest of mankind ; and any

country town would be solitude to Shakspeare, after the bustle of a metropolis and a theatre. Doubtless he divided his time between his books, and his bowling-green, and his daughter Susanna. It is pretty certain, also, that he planted, and rode on horseback ; and there is evidence of all sorts to make it clear, that he must have occasionally joked with the blacksmith, and stood godfather for his neighbour's children. Chaucer's account of himself must be quoted, for the delight and sympathy of all true readers :—

And as for me, though that I can but lite,
 On bookès for to rede I me delite,
 And to hem yeve I faith and full credence,
 And in mine herte have hem in reverence
 So hertely, that there is gamè none,
 That fro my bookès maketh me to gone,
 But it is seldome on the holy daie ;
 Save certainly whan that the month of May
 Is comen, and that I hear the foulès sing,
 And that the flourès ginnen for to spring.
 Farewell my booke and my devociõn.

The Legend of Good Women.

And again, in the second book of his *House of Fame*, where *the eagle* addresses him :—

———Thou wilt make
 At night full oft thine head to ake,
 And in thy study as thou writest,
 And evermore of Love enditest,
 In honour of him and his praisings,
 And in his folkès furtherings,
 And in his matter all devisest,
 And not him ne his folke despisest,

Although thou mayest go in the daunce
Of hem, that him list not advance ;
Therefore as I said, ywis,
Jupiter considreth well this.
And also, beausire, of other things ;
That is, thou hast no tidings
Of Lovè folke, if they be glade,
Ne of nothing else that God made,
And not only fro ferre countree,
But no tidings commen to thee,
Not of thy very neighbouris,
That dwellen almost at thy dores ;
Thou hearest neither that ne this,
For whan thy labour all done is,
And hast made all thy rekenings,*
Instead of rest and of new things,
Thou goest home to thine house anone,
And all so dombe as anie stone,
Thou sittest at another booke,
Till fully dazed is thy looke.

After I think of the bookishness of Chaucer and Milton, I always make a great leap to Prior and Fenton. Prior was first noticed, when a boy, by Lord Dorset, sitting in his uncle's tavern, and reading Horace. He describes himself, years after, when Secretary of Embassy at the Hague, as taking the same author with him in the Saturday's chaise, in which he and his mistress used to escape from town cares into the country, to the admiration of Dutch beholders. Fenton was a martyr to contented scholarship (including a sirloin and a bottle of wine), and died among

* Chaucer at this time had an office under the government.

his books, of inactivity. "He rose late," says Johnson, "and when he had risen, sat down to his books and papers." A woman that once waited on him in a lodging, told him, as she said, that he would "lie a-bed and be fed with a spoon." He must have had an enviable liver, if he was happy. I must own (if my conscience would let me), that I should like to lead, half the year, just such a life (woman included, though not that woman), the other half being passed in the fields and woods, with a cottage just big enough to hold us. Dacier and his wife had a pleasant time of it; both fond of books, both scholars, both amiable, both wrapt up in the ancient world, and helping one another at their tasks. If they were not happy, matrimony would be a rule even without an exception. Pope does not strike me as being a bookman; he was curious rather than enthusiastic; more nice than wise; he dabbled in modern Latin poetry, which is a bad symptom. Swift was decidedly a reader; the *Tale of a Tub*, in its fashion as well as substance, is the work of a scholarly wit; the *Battle of the Books* is the fancy of a lover of libraries. Addison and Steele were too much given up to Button's and the town. Periodical writing, though its demands seem otherwise, is not favourable to reading; it becomes too much a matter of business, and will either be attended to at the expense of the writer's books, or books, the very admonishers of his industry, will make him idle. Besides, a periodical work, to be suitable to its character, and warrant its regular recurrence,

must involve something of a gossiping nature, and proceed upon experiences familiar to the existing community, or at least likely to be received by them in consequence of some previous tinge of inclination. You do not pay weekly visits to your friends to lecture them, whatever good you may do their minds. There will be something compulsory in reading the *Ramblers*, as there is in going to church. Addison and Steele undertook to regulate the minor morals of society, and effected a world of good, with which scholarship had little to do. Gray was a book-man; he wished to be always lying on sofas, reading "eternal new novels of Crebillon and Marivaux." This is a true hand. The elaborate and scientific look of the rest of his reading was owing to the necessity of employing himself; he had not health and spirits for the literary voluptuousness he desired. Collins, for the same reason, could not employ himself; he was obliged to dream over Arabian tales, to let the light of the supernatural world half in upon his eyes. "He loved," as Johnson says, (in that strain of music, inspired by tenderness), "fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens." If Collins had had a better constitution, I do not believe that he would have written his projected work upon the *Restoration of Literature*, fit as he was by scholarship for the task, but he would have been the greatest poet since the days of Milton. If his friend

Thomas Warton had had a little more of his delicacy of organization, the love of books would almost have made him a poet. His edition of the minor poems of Milton is a wilderness of sweets. It is the only one in which a true lover of the original can pardon an exuberance of annotation ; though I confess I am inclined enough to pardon any notes that resemble it, however numerous. The " builded rhyme " stands at the top of the page, like a fair edifice, with all sorts of flowers and fresh waters at its foot. The young poet lives there, served by the nymphs and fauns.

Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades.

Huc ades, o formose puer : tibi lilia plenis

Ecce ferunt nymphæ calathis : tibi candida Nais

Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens,

Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi.

Among the old writers I must not forget Ben Jonson and Donne. Cowley has been already mentioned. His boyish love of books, like all the other inclinations of his early life, stuck to him to the last ; which is the greatest reward of virtue. I would mention Izaak Walton, if I had not a grudge against him. His brother fishermen, the divines, were also great fishers of books. I have a grudge against them and their divinity. They talked much of the devil and divine right, and yet forgot what Shakespear says of the devil's friend Nero, that he is " an angler in the lake of darkness." Selden was called " the walking library of our nation." It is not the pleasantest idea of him ; but the library included poetry and wit, as

well as heraldry and the Jewish doctors. His *Table Talk* is equally pithy and pleasant, and truly worthy of the name, for it implies other speakers. Indeed it was actually what it is called, and treasured up by his friends. Selden wrote complimentary verses to his friends the poets, and a commentary on Drayton's *Polyolbion*. Drayton was himself a reader, addicted to all the luxuries of scholarship. Chapman sat among his books, like an astrologer among his spheres and altitudes.

How pleasant it is to reflect, that all these lovers of books have themselves become books ! What better metamorphosis could Pythagoras have desired ! How Ovid and Horace exulted in anticipating theirs ! And how the world have justified their exultation ! They had a right to triumph over brass and marble. It is the only visible change which changes no farther ; which generates, and yet is not destroyed. Consider : mines themselves are exhausted ; cities perish ; kingdoms are swept away, and man weeps with indignation to think that his own body is not immortal.

Muoiono le città, muoiono i regni,
E l'uom d'esser mortal par che si sdegni.

Yet this little body of thought, that lies before me in the shape of a book, has existed thousands of years nor since the invention of the press, can any thing, short of an universal convulsion of nature, abolish it. To a shape like this, so small, yet so comprehensive, so slight, yet so lasting, so insignificant,

yet so venerable, turns the mighty activity of Homer, and so turning, is enabled to live and warm us for ever. To a shape like this turns the placid sage of Academus: to a shape like this the grandeur of Milton, the exuberance of Spenser, the pungent elegance of Pope, and the volatility of Prior. In one small room, like the compressed spirits of Milton, can be gathered together

The assembled souls of all that men held wise.

May I hope to become the meanest of these existences? This is a question which every author, who is a lover of books, asks himself some time in his life; and which must be pardoned, because it cannot be helped. I know not. I cannot exclaim with the poet,

Oh that my name were numbered among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

For my mortal days, few and feeble as the rest of them may be, are of consequence to others. But I should like to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself, I could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing as I do what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind, when he is no more. At all events, nothing while I live and think, can deprive me of my value for such treasures. I can help the appreciation of them while I last, and love them till I die; and perhaps, if fortune turns her face once

more in kindness upon me before I go, I may chance, some quiet day, to lay my over-beating temples on a book, and so have the death I most envy.

LXIII.—BEES, BUTTERFLIES, &c.,

WITH THE CONSIDERATION OF A CURIOUS ARGUMENT, DRAWN
FROM THE GOVERNMENT OF THE HIVE.

ALEXANDER said, that if he were not Alexander, he should wish to be Diogenes. Reader, what sort of animal would you be, if you were obliged to be one, and were not a man?

Irish Reader :—A woman.

Oh, ho! The choice is judicious, but not to the purpose, “you devil!”—we mean, out of the pale of the species. Consider the question, dear Readers, and answer it to your friends and consciences. The pastime is pretty, and fetches out the character. Nor is there any thing in it unworthy the dignity of your humanity, as that liberal term may show us, without farther reasons. Animals partake with us the gifts of song, and beauty, and the affections. They beat us in some things, as in the power of flight. The dove has the wings of the angel. The meanest reptile has eyes and limbs, as well as Nicholas, Emperor of all the Russias. Sir Philip Sydney tells us of a riding-master at Vienna, who expatiated so eloquently on the qualities of the noble animal he had to deal

with, that he almost persuaded our illustrious countryman to wish himself a horse. A year or two back, everybody in London that had a voice, was resolved upon being "a butterfly, born in a bower:" and Goldsmith had such a tendency to sympathize with the least sympathetic part of the creation, that he took a pleasure in fancying himself writing an autobiography of fish. It was the inconsiderate laugh of Johnson, upon his mention of it, that produced that excellent retort on the Doctor's grandiosity of style: "If you were to describe little fish conversing, you would make them talk like great whales."

How different from the sensations of mankind, with its delicate skin and apprehensive fingers, must be those of feathered and scaled animals, of animals with hoofs and claws, and of such creatures as beetles and other insects, who live in coats of mail, have twenty feet a piece, and hundreds of eyes! A writer who should make these creatures talk, would be forced, in spite of his imagination, to write parts of his account in a jargon, in order to typify what he could not express. What must be their sensations when they awake; when they spin webs; when they wrap themselves up in the chrysalis; when they stick for hours together on a wall or a pane of glass, apparently stupid and insensible? What may not the eagle see in the sky, beyond the capabilities of our vision? And on the other hand, what possibilities of visible existence round about them may they not realize; what creatures not cognizable by our senses? There

is reason to believe in the existence of myriads of earthly creatures, who are not conscious of the presence of man. Why may not man be unconscious of others, even at his side? There are minute insects that evidently know nothing of the human hand that is close to them; and millions in water and in air that apparently can have no conception of us. As little may our five senses be capable of knowing others. But what, it may be asked, is the good of these speculations? To enlarge knowledge, and vivify the imagination. The universe is not made up of hosiery and the three per cents.; no, nor even of the *Court Guide*.

Sir Thomas Brown would not have thought it beneath him to ask, what all those innumerable little gentry (we mean the insects) are about, between our breakfast and dinner; how the time passes in the solitudes of America, or the depths of the Persian gulf; or what they are doing even, towards three in the afternoon, in the planet Mercury. Without going so far as that for an enlargement of our being, it will do us no harm to sympathize with as many creatures as we can. It gives us the privilege of the dervise, who could pitch himself into the animals he killed, and become a stag or a bird. We know not what sort of a fish Goldsmith could have made of himself. La Fontaine's animals are all La Fontaine, at least in their way of talking. As far as luxury goes, and a total absence from human cares, nobody has painted

animal enjoyment better than the most luxurious of poets, Spenser, in the description of his Butterfly. La Fontaine called himself the Butterfly of Parnassus; but we defy him to have produced any thing like the abundance and continuity of the following picture, which is exuberant to a degree that makes our astonishment run over in laughter. It seems as if it would never leave off. We quote the whole of it, both on this account, and because we believe it to be unique of the kind. Ovid himself is not so long nor so fine in any one of his descriptions, which are also not seldom misplaced—a charge that does not attach here: and Marino, another exuberant genius of the South of Italy, is too apt to run the faults of Ovid to seed, without having some of his good qualities. Spenser is describing a butterfly, bound upon his day's pleasure. A common observer sees one of these beautiful little creatures flutter across a garden, thinks how pretty and sprightly it is, and there his observation comes to an end. Now mark what sort of report a poet can give in, even of the luxuries of a fly:—

Thus the fresh Clarion, being readie dight,
Unto his journey did himselfe addresse,
And with good speed began to take his flight
Over the fields, *in his franke lustinesse*;
And *all* the champaine o'er he soared light,
And *all* the countrey wide he did *possesse*,
Feeding upon their pleasures bounteouslie,
That none gainsaid, nor none did him envie.

The woods, the rivers, and the medowes greene,
 With his aire-cutting wings he measured wide,
 Ne did he leave the mountaines bare unseene,
 Nor *the ranke grassie fennes delights* untride.
 But none of these, however sweet they beene,
 Mote please his fancie, nor him cause t' abide :
 His choicefull sense with every change doth flit :
 No common things may please a wavering wit.

To the gay gardins his unstaid desire
 Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprights :
 There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
 Powres forth sweet odors and alluring sights ;
 And Arte, with her contending, doth aspire
 T'excell the naturall with made delights :
 And all, that faire or pleasant may be found,
 In *riotous excesse* doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth flie,
 From bed to bed, from one to t'other border ;
 And takes survey, with curious busie eye,
 Of every flowre and herbe there set in order ;
 Now this, now that, *he tasteth tenderly*,
 Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
 Ne with his fèete their silken leaves deface,
 **But pastures on the pleasures of each place.*

And evermore, with most varietie,
 And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet)
 He casts his *glutton sense* to satisfie,
 Now sucking of the sap of herbe most meet,
 Or of the dew, which yet on them does lie ;
 Now in the same *bathing his tender feet* :
 And then he percheth on some branch thereby,
 To weather him, and his moyst wings to dry.

And then again *he turneth to his play,*
To spoil the pleasures of that paradise ;
 The wholesome sage, the lavender still gray,
 Rank-smelling rue, and cummin good for eyes,
The roses raining in the pride of May,
 Sharp hyssop good for green wounds remedies,
 Faire marigolds, and *bees-alluring* thyme,
 Sweet marjoram, and dayies decking prime.

Cool violets, and orpine growing still,
 Embathed balm, and chearful galingale,
 Fresh costmarie, and breathfull camomill,
 Dull poppy, and drink-quickenning setuale,
 Veyne-healing verven, and head-purging dill,
 Sound savorie, and basil hartie-hale,
 Fat coleworts, and comforting perseline,
 Cool lettuce, and refreshing rosmarine ;

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
 Grew in this gardin, *fetch'd from far away,*
 Of every one he takes, and tastes at will,
 And on their pleasures *greedily doth prey.*
 Then when he hath both plaid, and fed at fill,
In the warme sunne he doth himselfe embay,
 And there him rests in *riotous suffisaunce*
 Of all his gladfulness, *and kingly joyaunce.*

Nothing, it might be supposed, could be said after this: and yet the poet strikes up a question, in a tone like a flourish of trumpets, after this royal dinner :—

What more felicitie can fall to creature,
Than to enjoy delight with libertie,
And to be lord of all the workes of Nature ?
To reigne in the aire from th' earth to highest skie,

To feed on flowers, and weedes of glorious feature ?

To take whatever thing doth please the eye ?

Who rests not pleased with such happiness,

Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness."

Amen, thou most satisfying of poets ! But when are human beings to be as well off in that matter as the butterflies ? or how are you to make them content, should the time come when they have nothing to earn ? However, there is a vast deal to be learned from the poet's recommendation, before we need ask either of those questions. We may enjoy a great deal more innocent "delight with liberty" than we are in the habit of doing ; and may be lords, if not of "all the works of nature," of a great many green fields and reasonable holidays. It seems a mighty thing to call a butterfly "lord of all the works of nature." Many lords, who have pretensions to be butterflies, have no pretensions as wide as those. And, doubtless, there is a pleasant little lurking of human pride and satire in the poet's eye, notwithstanding his epical impartiality, when he talks thus of the universal empire of his hero. And yet how inferior are the grandest inanimate works of nature, to the least thing that has life in it ! The oaks are mighty, and the hills mightier ; yet that little participation of the higher spirit of vitality, which gifts the butterfly with locomotion, renders him unquestionable lord of the oaks and the hills. He does what he pleases with them, and leaves them with a spurn of his foot.

Another beauty to be noted in the above luxurious

lines, is the fine sense with which the poet makes his butterfly fond of things not very pleasant to our human apprehension—such as bitter herbs, and “rank, grassy fens.” And like a right great poet, he makes no apology for saying so much about so little a creature. Man may be made a very little creature to a very great apprehension, yet we know what a world of things he contains; and all who partake of his senses, are sharers of his importance. The passions and faculties which render us of consequence to one another, render the least thing that breathes of consequence in the eyes of the poet, who is the man that sees fair play among all the objects of the creation. A poetaster might be afraid to lower his little muse, by making her notice creatures hardly less than herself: the greater the poet, the more godlike his impartiality. Homer draws his similes, as Jupiter might have done, from some of the homeliest animals. The god made them, and therefore would have held them in due estimation: the poet (Ποιητής, the Maker) *re-makes* them, and therefore contemplates them in a like spirit. Old Kit Marlowe, who, as Drayton says—

“ Had in him those brave sublunary things
That the first poets had,”

ventures, in some play of his, upon as true and epic a simile as ever was written, taken from no mightier a sphere than one of his parlour windows:—

——“ Untameable as flies.”

Imagine the endeavour to *tame a fly*! It is obvious that there is no getting at him: he does not comprehend you: he knows nothing about you: it is doubtful, in spite of his large eyes, whether he even sees you; at least to any purpose of recognition. How capriciously and provokingly he glides hither and thither! What angles and diagrams he describes in his locomotion, seemingly without any purpose! He will peg away at your sugar, but stop him who can when he has done with it. Thumping (if you could get some fairy-stick that should do it without killing) would have no effect on a creature, who shall bump his head half the morning against a pane of glass, and never learn that there is no getting through it. Solitary imprisonment would be lost on the incomprehensible little wretch, who can stand still with as much pertinacity as he can bustle about, and will stick a whole day in one posture. The best thing to be said of him is, that he is as fond of cleaning himself as a cat, doing it much in the same manner; and that he often rubs his hands together with an appearance of great energy and satisfaction.

After all, Spenser's picture of the butterfly's enjoyments is not complete, entomologically. The luxury is perfect; but the reader is not sure that it is all proper butterfly luxury, and that the man does not mix with it. It is not the definite, exclusive, and characteristic thing desiderated by Goldsmith. The butterfly, perhaps, is no fonder of "bathing his feet," than we should be to stick in a tub of treacle. And

And we ought to hear more of his antennæ and his feathers (for his wings are full of them), and the way in which they modify, or become affected by his enjoyments.

But on the other hand, the inability, in these sympathies with our fellow-creatures, to divest ourselves of an overplus of one's human nature, gives them a charm by the very imperfection. We cannot leave our nature behind us, when we enter into their sensations. We must retain it, by the very reason of our sympathy; and hence arises a pleasant incongruity, allied to other mixtures of truth and fiction. One of the animals which a generous and sociable man would soonest become, is a dog. A dog can have a friend; he has affections and character, he can enjoy equally the field and the fireside; he dreams, he caresses, he propitiates; he offends, and is pardoned; he stands by you in adversity; he is a good fellow. We would sooner be a dog than many of his masters. And yet what lover of dogs, or contemner of his own species, or most trusting reader of Ovid, could think with comfort of suddenly falling on all fours, and scampering about with his nose to the ground! Who would like to *lap* when he was thirsty; or, as Marvell pretended his hungry poet did—

“With griesly tongue to dart the passing flies?”

Swift might have fancied, when he wrote his *Houh-nynms*, that he could fain have been a horse; yet

he was obliged to take human virtues along with him, even to adorn his rebukers of humanity; and in fancying ourself a horse after his fashion, who can contemplate with satisfaction the idea of trotting to an evening party in a paddock, inviting them to a dinner of oats, or rubbing one's meditative chin with a hoof? The real horse is a beautiful and spirited, but we fear not a very intelligent or sensitive animal, at least not in England. The Arabian, brought up with his master's family, is of another breeding, and seems to attain to higher faculties; but in Europe, the horse appears to be content with as few ideas as a domestic animal can well have. Who would like to stand winking, as he does for hours, at a man's door, moving neither to the right nor the left? There is some companionship in a coach-horse; and old "Indicator" readers know the respect we entertain on that account for the veriest hacks; but it would be no stretch of ambition in the greatest lover of animals to prefer being a horse to any other. One of its pleasantest occupations would be carrying a lady; but then, pleasant as it would be to us, humanly, we should be dull to it, inasmuch as we were a horse. A monkey is too like a man in some things, to be endurable as an identification with us. We shudder at the humiliation of the affinity. A monkey, in his feather and red jacket, as he is carried about the streets, eager-faced yet indifferent—looks like a melancholy, little, withered old man, cut down to that miniature size by some freak of the super-

natural. What say you, reader, to being a hog? Horrible! You could not think of it:—you are too great a lover of the graces and the green fields. True;—yet there are not a few respectable, perhaps even reverend personages, who, to judge from their tastes in ordinary, would have no such horror. Next to eating pork, they may surely think there would be a pleasure in pork, eating. Sheep, goats, cattle of all sorts, have their repulsive aspect in this question. Among all our four-footed acquaintances, the deer seem to carry it, next the dog; their shapes are so elegant, and places of resort so poetical; yet, like cattle, their lives seem but dull;—and there is the huntsman, who is the devil. Fancy the being compelled to scamper away from Tomkins, one of the greatest fools in existence, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, with the tears running down your face, and your heart bursting!

No, dear and grave, and at the same time most sprightly and miscellaneous reader, one would rather be a bird than a beast.* Birds neither offend us by any revolting similarity, nor repel us by a dissimilarity that is frightful; their songs, their nests, their courtship, their vivacity, give them a strong moral likeness to some of our most pleasing characteristics; and they have an advantage over us, which forms one of the desires of our most poetical dreams—they fly. To be sure, in spite of what is said of doves (who, by the way, are horribly jealous, and beat one another),

* Since writing this, I have a doubt in favour of the *squirrel*.

beaks and kissing do not go so well together as lips; neither would it be very agreeable to one's human head to be eternally jerking on this side and that, as if on guard against an enemy; but this, we suppose, only takes place out of the nest, and in the neighbourhood of known adversaries. The songs, the wings, the flight, the rising of the lark, the luxurious wakefulness of the nightingale, the beauty of a bird's movements, his infantine quickness of life, are all charming to the imagination. "O that I had the wings of a dove!" said the royal poet in his affliction; "then would I fly away, and be at rest!" He did not think only of the "wings" of the dove; he thought of its nest, its peacefulness, its solitude, its white freedom from the soil of care and cities, and wished to be the dove itself.

It has been thought, however, that of all animated creation, the bees present the greatest moral likeness to man; not only because they labour, and lay up stores, and live in communities, but because they have a form of government and a monarchy. Virgil immortalised them after a human fashion. A writer in the time of Elizabeth, probably out of compliment to the Virgin Queen, rendered them *dramatis personæ*, and gave them a whole play to themselves. Above all, they have been held up to us, not only as a likeness, but as "a great moral lesson;" and this, not merely with regard to the duties of occupation, but the form of their polity. A monarchical government,

it is said, is natural to man, because it is an instinct of nature: the very bees have it.

It may be worth while to inquire a moment into the value of this argument; not as affecting the right and title of our Sovereign Lord King William the Fourth (whom, with the greatest sincerity, we hope God will preserve!), but for its own sake, as well as for certain little collateral deductions. And, in the first place, we cannot but remark how unfairly the animal creation are treated, with reference to the purposes of moral example. We degrade or exalt them, as it suits the lesson we desire to inculcate. If we rebuke a drunkard or a sensualist, we think we can say nothing severer to him than to recommend him not to make "a beast of himself;" which is very unfair towards the beasts, who are no drunkards, and behave themselves as Nature intended. A horse has no habit of drinking; he does not get a red face with it. The stag does not go-reeling home to his wives. On the other hand, we are desired to be as faithful as a dog, as bold as a lion, as tender as a dove; as if the qualities denoted by these epithets were not to be found among ourselves. But above all, the bee is the argument. Is not the honey-bee, we are asked, a wise animal?—We grant it.—"Doth he not 'improve each passing hour?"—He is pretty busy, it must be owned—as much occupied at eleven, twelve, and one o'clock, as if his life depended on it.—Does he not lay up stores?—He does.—Is he

not social?—Does he not live in communities?—There can be no doubt of it.—Well, then, he has a monarchical government; and does not that clearly show that a monarchy is the instinct of nature? Does it not prove, by an unerring rule, that the only form of government in request among the obeyers of instinct, is the only one naturally fitted for man?

In answering the spirit of this question, we shall not stop to enquire how far it is right as to the letter, or how many different forms of polity are to be found among other animals, such as the crows, the beavers, the monkeys; neither shall we examine how far instinct is superior to reason, or why the example of man himself is to go for nothing. We will take for granted, that the bee is the wisest animal of all, and that it is a judicious thing to consider his manners and customs, with reference to their adoption by his inferiors, who keep him in hives. This naturally leads us to inquire, whether we could not frame all our systems of life after the same fashion. We are busy, like the bee; we are gregarious, like him; we make provision against a rainy day; we are fond of flowers and the country; we occasionally sting, like him; and we make a great noise about what we do. Now, if we resemble the bee in so many points, and his political instinct is so admirable, let us reflect what we ought to become in other respects, in order to attain to the full benefit of his example.

In the first place, having chosen our monarch (who

by the way, in order to complete the likeness, ought always to be a queen—which is a thing to which the Tories will have no objection), we must abolish our House of Lords and Commons; for the bees have, unquestionably, no such institutions. This would be a little awkward for many of the stoutest advocates of the monarchical principle, who, to say the truth, often behave as if they would much rather abolish the monarch than themselves. But so it must be; and the worst of it is, that although the House of Commons would have to be abolished, as well as the House of Lords, the Commons or Commonalty are nevertheless the only persons, besides the sovereign, who would exercise power; and these Commons would be the working classes!

We shall show this more particularly, and by some very curious examples, in a moment. Meantime we must dispose of the Aristocracy; for though there is no House of Lords in a bee-hive, there is a considerable Aristocracy, and a very odd body they are. We doubt whether the Dukes of Newcastle and Buccleugh would like to change places with them. There is, it is true, no little resemblance between the Aristocracy of the hive and that of human communities. They are called Drones, and appear to have nothing to do but to feed and sleep.

We have just been doubting whether the celebrated phrase, *fruges consumere nati*, born to consume the fruits of the earth, is in *Juvenal's Satires* or *Virgil's Georgics*, so like in this respect are the Aristocracy of

the bee-hive and certain consumers of tithes and taxes. At all events, they are a body who live on the labour of others,

“ Armento ignavo, e che non vuol fatica.”

But the likeness has been too often remarked to need dwelling upon. Not so two little exceptions to the likeness ; namely, the occasional selection of a patriarch from their body ; and the massacre of every man John of them once a-year ! Yet of these we must not lose sight, if we are to take example of bee-policy. A lover, then, or *ex-officio* husband, is occasionally taken out of their number, and becomes Prince of Denmark to the Queen Anne of the hive, but only for an incredibly short period, and for the sole purpose of keeping alive the nation ; for her Majesty is a princess of a very virtuous turn of mind, a pure Utilitarian, though on a throne ; and apparently has the greatest indifference, if not contempt, afterwards, and at all other times, for this singular court-officer and his peers. Nay, there is not only reason to believe, that like the fine lady in Congreve,

“ She stares upon the strange man’s face,
Like one she ne’er had known ;”

but some are of opinion, that the poor lord never recovers it ! He dies at the end of a few days, out of sheer insignificance, though perhaps the father of no less than twelve thousand children in the space of two months ! It is not safe for him to have known such

exaltation, as was sometimes the case with the lovers of goddesses. How the aristocracy in general feel, on occasion of their brother's death, we have no means of judging; but we fancy them not a little alarmed, and desirous of waiving the perilous honour. And yet they appear to exist and to be numerous, solely in order to eat and drink, and furnish this rare quota of utility; for which the community are so little grateful, that once a-year they hunt the whole body to death, and kill them with their stings. Drones, be it observed, have no stings; they do not carry swords, as the gentry once did in Europe, when it was a mark of their rank. Those, strange to tell! are the ornaments of the bee working-classes. It is thought, in Hivedom, that they only are entitled to have weapons, who create property.

But we have not yet got half through the wonders which are to modify human conduct by the example of this wise, industrious, and monarchy-loving people. Marvellous changes must be effected, before we have any general pretension to resemble them, always excepting in the aristocratic particular. For instance, the aristocrats of the hive, however unmasculine in their ordinary mode of life, are the only males. The working-classes, like the sovereign, are all females! How are we to manage this? We must convert, by one sudden metamorphosis, the whole body of our agricultural and manufacturing population into women! Mrs. Cobbett must displace her husband, and tell us all about Indian corn. There must be not a man

in Nottingham, except the Duke of Newcastle; and he trembling, lest the Queen should send for him. The tailors, bakers, carpenters, gardeners, &c. must all be Mrs. Tailors and Mrs. Bakers. The very name of John Smith must go out. The Directory must be Amazonian. This Commonalty of women must also be, at one and the same time, the operatives, the soldiers, the virgins, and the legislators of the country! They must make all we want, fight all our enemies, and even get up a Queen for us, when necessary; for the sovereigns of the hive are often of singular origin, being manufactured! literally "made to order," and that, too, by dint of their eating! They are fed and stuffed into royalty! The receipt is, to take any ordinary female bee in its infancy, put it into a royal cradle or cell, and feed it with a certain kind of jelly; upon which its shape alters into that of sovereignty, and her Majesty issues forth, royal by the grace of stomach. This is no fable, as the reader may see on consulting any good history of bees. In general, several Queen-bees are made at a time, in case of accidents; but each, on emerging from her apartment, seeks to destroy the other, and one only remains living in one hive. The others depart at the head of colonies, like Dido.

To sum up, then, the condition of human society, were it to be remodelled after the example of the bee, let us conclude with drawing a picture of the state of our beloved country, so modified. *Imprimis*, all our working people would be females, wearing swords,

never marrying, and occasionally making queens. They would grapple with their work in a prodigious manner, and make a great noise.

Secondly, our aristocracy would be all males, never working, never marrying (except when sent for), always eating or sleeping, and annually having their throats cut. The bee-massacre takes place in July, when accordingly all our nobility and gentry would be out of town, with a vengeance ! The women would draw their swords, and hunt and stab them all about the west end, till Brompton and Bayswater would be choked with slain.

Thirdly, her Majesty the Queen would either succeed to a quiet throne, or, if manufactured, would have to eat a prodigious quantity of jelly in her infancy ; and so, after growing into proper sovereign condition, would issue forth, and begin her reign either with killing her royal sisters, or leading forth a colony to America or New South Wales. She would then take to husband some noble lord for the space of one calendar hour, and dismissing him to his dullness, proceed to lie in of 12,000 little royal highnesses in the course of the eight following weeks, with others too numerous to mention ; all which princely generation, with little exception, would forthwith give up their title, and divide themselves into lords or working-women, as it happened ; and so the story would go round to the end of the chapter, bustling, working, and massacreing. And here ends the sage example of the Monarchy of the Bees.

We must observe, nevertheless, before we conclude, that however ill and tragical the example of the bees may look for human imitation, we are not to suppose that the fact is any thing like so melancholy to themselves. Perhaps it is no evil at all, or only so for the moment. The drones, it is true, seem to have no fancy for being massacred; but we have no reason to suppose that they, or any of the rest concerned in this extraordinary instinct, are aware of the matter beforehand; and the same is to be said of the combats between the Queen Bees—they seem to be the result of an irresistible impulse, brought about by the sudden pressure of a necessity. Bees appear to be very happy during far the greater portion of their existence. A modern writer, of whom it is to be lamented that a certain want of refinement stopped short his perceptions, and degraded his philosophy from the finally expedient into what was fugitively so, has a passage on this point, as agreeable as what he is speaking of. “A bee among the flowers in spring,” says Dr. Paley, “is one of the cheerfullest objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment, *so busy and so pleased.*”



THE
COMPANION.

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THE COMPANION.

I.—AN EARTH UPON HEAVEN.

SOMEBODY, a little while ago, wrote an excellent article in the New Monthly Magazine on "Persons one would wish to have known." He should write another on "Persons one could wish to have dined with." There is Rabelais, and Horace, and the Mermaid roysters, and Charles Cotton, and Andrew Marvell, and Sir Richard Steele, *cum multis aliis*: and for the colloquial, if not the festive part, Swift and Pope, and Dr. Johnson, and Burke, and Horne Tooke. What a pity one cannot dine with them all round! People are accused of having earthly notions of heaven. As it is difficult to have any other, we may be pardoned for thinking that we could spend a very pretty thousand years in dining and getting acquainted with all the good fellows on record; and having got used to them, we think we could go very well on, and be content to wait some other thousands for a higher beatitude. Oh, to wear out one of the celestial lives of a triple century's duration, and exquisitely to grow old, in reciprocating dinners and teas

with the immortals of old books! Will Fielding "leave his card" in the next world? Will Berkeley (an angel in a wig and lawn sleeves!) come to ask how Utopia gets on? Will Shakspeare (for the greater the man, the more the good-nature might be expected) know by intuition that one of his readers (knocked up with bliss) is dying to see him at the Angel and Turk's Head, and come lounging with his hands in his doublet-pockets accordingly?

It is a pity that none of the great geniuses, to whose lot it has fallen to describe a future state, has given us his own notions of heaven. Their accounts are all modified by the national theology; whereas the Apostle himself has told us, that we can have no conception of the blessings intended for us. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," &c. After this, Dante's shining lights are poor. Milton's heaven, with the armed youth exercising themselves in military games, is worse. His best Paradise was on earth, and a very pretty heaven he made of it. For our parts, admitting and venerating as we do the notion of a heaven surpassing all human conception, we trust that it is no presumption to hope, that the state mentioned by the Apostle is the *final* heaven; and that we may ascend and gradually accustom ourselves to the intensity of it, by others of a less superhuman nature. Familiar as we are both with joy and sorrow, and accustomed to surprises and strange sights of imagination, it is difficult to fancy even the delight of suddenly emerging into a new and boundless state of

existence, where everything is marvellous, and opposed to our experience. We could wish to take gently to it; to be loosed not entirely at once. Our song desires to be "a song of degrees." Earth and its capabilities—are these nothing? And are they to come to nothing? Is there no beautiful realization of the fleeting type that is shown us? No body to this shadow? No quenching to this taugth and continued thirst? No arrival at these natural homes and resting-places, which are so heavenly to our imaginations, even though they be built of clay, and are situate in the fields of our infancy? We are becoming graver than we intended; but to return to our proper style:—nothing shall persuade us, for the present, that Paradise Mount, in any pretty village in England, has not another Paradise Mount to correspond, in some less perishing region; that is to say, provided anybody has set his heart upon it:—and that we shall not all be dining, and drinking tea, and complaining of the weather (we mean, for its not being perfectly blissful) three hundred years hence, in some snug interlunar spot, or perhaps in the moon itself, seeing that it is our next visible neighbour, and shrewdly suspected of being hill and dale.

It appears to us, that for a certain term of centuries, Heaven *must* consist of something of this kind. In a word, we cannot but persuade ourselves, that to realise everything that we have justly desired on earth, will *be* heaven;—we mean, for that period; and that afterwards, if we behave ourselves in a

proper pre-angelical manner, we shall go to another heaven, still better, where we shall realise all that we desired in our first. Of this latter we can as yet have no conception; but of the former, we think some of the items may be as follow:—

Imprimis,—(not because friendship comes before love in point of degree, but because it precedes it, in point of time, as at school we have a male companion before we are old enough to have a female) —*Imprimis* then, a friend. He will have the same tastes and inclinations as ourselves, with just enough difference to furnish argument without sharpness; and he will be generous, just, entertaining, and no shirker of his nectar. In short, he will be the best friend we have had upon earth. We shall talk together “of afternoons;” and when the *Earth* begins to rise (a great big moon, looking as happy as we know its inhabitants *will* be), other friends will join us, not so emphatically our friend as he, but excellent fellows all; and we shall read the poets, and have some sphere-music (if we please), or renew one of our old earthly evenings, picked out of a dozen Christmases.

Item, a mistress. In heaven (not to speak it profanely) we know upon the best authority, that people are “neither married nor given in marriage;” so that there is nothing illegal in the term. (By the way, there can be no clergymen there, if there are no official duties for them. We do not say, there will be nobody who has been a clergyman. Berkeley

would refute that; and a hundred Welsh curates. But they would be no longer in orders. They would refuse to call themselves more Reverend than their neighbours.) *Item* then, a mistress; beautiful of course,—an angelical expression,—a Peri, or Hourri, or whatever shape of perfection you chuse to imagine her, and yet retaining the likeness of the woman you loved best on earth; in fact, she herself, but completed; all her good qualities made perfect, and all her defects taken away (with the exception of one or two charming little angelical peccadilloes, which she can only get rid of in a post-future state); good-tempered, laughing, serious, fond of everything about her without detriment to her special fondness for yourself, a great roamer in Elysian fields and forests, but not alone (they go in pairs there, as the jays and turtle-doves do with us); but above all things, true; oh, so true, that you take her word as you would a diamond, nothing being more transparent, or solid, or precious. Between writing some divine poem, and meeting our friends of an evening, we should walk with her, or fly (for we should have wings, of course) like a couple of human bees or doves, extracting delight from every flower, and with delight filling every shade. There is something too good in this to dwell upon; so we spare the fears and hopes of the prudish. We would lay her head upon our heart, and look more pleasure into her eyes, than the prudish or the profligate ever so much as fancied.

Item, books. Shakspeare and Spenser should

write us *new ones* ! Think of that. We would have another Decameron : and Walter Scott (for he will be there too ;—we mean to beg Hume to introduce us) shall write us forty more novels, all as good as the Scotch ones ; and Radical as well as Tory shall love him. It is true, we speak professionally, when we mention books.

We think, admitted to that equal sky,
The Arabian Nights must bear us company.

When Gainsborough died, he expired in a painter's enthusiasm, saying, " We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the party."—He had a proper foretaste. Virgil had the same light, when he represented the old heroes enjoying in Elysium their favourite earthly pursuits ; only one cannot help thinking, with the natural modesty of reformers, that the taste in this our interlunar heaven will be benefited from time to time by the knowledge of new comers. We cannot well fancy a celestial ancient Briton delighting himself with painting his skin, or a Chinese angel hobbling a mile up the Milky Way in order to shew herself to advantage.

For breakfast, we must have a tea beyond anything Chinese. Slaves will certainly not make the sugar ; but there will be cows for the milk. One's landscapes cannot do without cows.

For horses we shall ride a Pegasus, or Ariosto's Hippogriff, or Sinbad's Roc. We mean, for our parts, to ride them all, having a passion for fabulous

animals. Fable will be no fable then. We shall have just as much of it as we like; and the Utilitarians will be astonished to find how much of that sort of thing will be in request. They will look very odd by the bye,—those gentlemen, when they first arrive; but will soon get used to the delight, and find there was more of it in their own doctrine than they imagined.

The weather will be extremely fine, but not without such varieties as shall hinder it from being tiresome. April will dress the whole country in diamonds; and there will be enough cold in winter to make a fire pleasant of an evening. The fire will be made of sweet-smelling turf and sunbeams; but it will have a look of coal. If we chuse now and then, we shall even have inconveniences.

II.—BAD WEATHER.

AFTER longing these two months for some “real winter weather,” the public have had a good sharp specimen, a little too real. We mean to take our revenge by writing an article upon it after a good breakfast, with our feet at a good fire, and in a room quiet enough to let us hear the fire as well as feel it. Outside the casement (for we are writing this in a cottage) the east-wind is heard, cutting away like a

knife; snow is on the ground; there is frost and sleet at once; and the melancholy crow of poor chanticleer at a distance seems complaining that nobody will cherish him. One imagines that his toes must be cold; and that he is drawing comparisons between the present feeling of his sides, and the warmth they enjoy next his plump wife on a perch.

But in the country there is always something to enjoy. There is the silence, if nothing else; you feel that the air is healthy; and you can see to write. Think of a street in London, at once narrow, foggy, and noisy; the snow thawing, not because the frost has not returned, but because the union of mud and smoke prevails against it; and then the unnatural cold sound of the clank of milk-pails (if you are up early enough); or if you are not, the chill, damp, strawy, ricketty hackney-coaches going by, with fellows inside of them with cold feet, and the coachman a mere bundle of rags, blue nose, and jolting. (He'll quarrel with every fare, and the passenger knows it, and will resist. So they will stand with their feet in the mud, haggling. The old gentleman saw an extra charge of a shilling in his face.) To complete the misery, the pedestrians kick, as they go, those detestable flakes of united snow and mud;—at least they ought to do so, to complete our picture; and at night-time, people coming home hardly know whether or not they have chins.

But is there no comfort then in a London street in such weather? Infinite, if people will but have it,

and families are good-tempered. We trust we shall be read by hundreds of such this morning. Of some we are certain; and do hereby, agreeably to our ubiquitous privileges, take several breakfasts at once. How pleasant is this rug! How bright and generous the fire! How charming the fair makers of the tea! And how happy that they have not to make it themselves, the drinkers of it! Even the hackney-coachman means to get double as much as usual to day, either by cheating or being pathetic: and the old gentleman is resolved to make amends for the necessity of his morning drive, by another pint of wine at dinner, and crumpets with his tea. It is not by grumbling against the elements, that evil is to be done away; but by keeping one's-self in good heart with one's fellow-creatures, and remembering that they are all capable of partaking our pleasures. The contemplation of pain, acting upon a splenetic temperament, produces a stirring reformer here and there, who does good rather out of spite against wrong, than sympathy with pleasure, and becomes a sort of disagreeable angel. Far be it from us, in the present state of society, to wish that no such existed! But they will pardon us for labouring in the vocation, to which a livelier nature calls us, and drawing a distinction between the dissatisfaction that ends in good, and the mere common-place grumbling that in a thousand instances to one ends in nothing but plaguing everybody as well as the grumbler. In almost all cases,

those who are in a state of pain themselves, are in the fairest way for giving it ; whereas, pleasure is in its nature social. The very abuses of it (terrible as they sometimes are) cannot do as much harm, as the violations of the common sense of good-humour ; simply because it is its nature to go with, and not counter to humanity. The only point to take care of, is, that as many innocent sources of pleasure are kept open as possible, and affection and imagination brought in to shew us what they are, and how surely all may partake of them. We are not likely to forget that a human being is of importance, when we can discern the merits of so small a thing as a leaf, or a honey-bee, or the beauty of a flake of snow, or the fanciful scenery made by the glowing coals in a fire-place. Professors of sciences may do this. Writers the most enthusiastic in a good cause, may sometimes lose sight of their duties, by reason of the very absorption in their enthusiasm. Imagination itself cannot always be abroad and at home at the same time. But the many are not likely to think too deeply of anything ; and the more pleasures that are taught them by dint of an agreeable exercise of their reflection, the more they will learn to reflect on all round them, and to endeavour that their reflections may have a right to be agreeable. Any increase of the sum of our enjoyments almost invariably produces a wish to communicate them. An over-indulged human being is ruined by being taught to think of nobody but him-

self; but a human being, at once gratified and made to think of others, learns to add to his very pleasures in the act of diminishing them.

But how, it may be said, are we to enjoy ourselves with reflection, when our very reflection will teach us the quantity of suffering that exists? How are we to be happy with breakfasting and warming our hands, when so many of our fellow-creatures are, at that instant, cold and hungry?—It is no paradox to answer, that the fact of our remembering them, gives us a right to forget them:—we mean, that “there is a time for all things,” and that having done our duty at other times in sympathizing with pain, we have not only a right, but it becomes our duty, to shew the happy privileges of virtue by sympathizing with pleasure. The best person in a holiday-making party is bound to have the liveliest face; or if not that, a face too happy even to be lively. Suppose, in order to complete the beauty of it, that the face is a lady’s. She is bound, if any uneasy reflection crosses her mind, to say to herself, “To this happiness I have contributed;—pain I have helped to diminish; I am sincere and wish well to everybody; and I think everybody would be as good as I am, perhaps better, if society were wise. Now society, I trust, is getting wiser; perhaps will beat all our wisdom a hundred years hence: and meanwhile, I must not shew that goodness is of no use, but let it realize all it can; and be as merry as the youngest.” So saying, she gives her hand to a friend for a new dance, and really for-

gets what she has been thinking of, in the blithe spinning of her blood. A good-hearted woman, in the rosy beauty of her joy, is the loveliest object in—— But everybody knows that.

Adam Smith, in his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, has rebuked Thomson for his famous apostrophe in *Winter* to the “gay, licentious proud;” where he says, that amidst their dances and festivities they little think of the misery that is going on in the world:—because, observes the philosopher, upon this principle there never could be any enjoyment in the world, unless every corner of it were happy; which would be preposterous. We need not say how entirely we agree with the philosopher in the abstract: and certainly the poet would deserve the rebuke, had he addressed himself only to the “gay;” but then his gay are also “licentious,” and not only licentious but “proud.” Now we confess we would not be too squeamish even about the thoughtlessness of these gentry, for is not their very thoughtlessness their excuse? And are they not brought up in it, just as a boy in St. Giles’s is brought up in thievery, or a girl to callousness and prostitution? It is not the thoughtless in high life from whom we are to expect any good, lecture them as we may: and observe—Thomson himself does not say how cruel they are; or what a set of rascals to dance and be merry in spite of their better knowledge. He says,

“Ah little think the gay, licentious proud.”

and so they do. And so they will, till the diffusion of thought, among all classes, flows, of necessity, into their gay rooms and startled elevations; and forces them to look out upon the world, that they may not be lost by being under the level.

We had intended a very merry paper this week, to bespeak the favour of our new readers:—

“ A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking” paper,—

as Dryden has it. But the Christmas holidays are past; and it is their termination, we suppose, that has made us serious. Sitting up at night also is a great inducer of your moral remark; and if we are not so pleasant as we intended to be, it is because some friends of ours, the other night, were the pleasantest people in the world till five in the morning.

III.—FINE DAYS IN JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

WE speak of those days, unexpected, sunshiny, cheerful, even vernal, which come towards the end of January, and are too apt to come alone. They are often set in the midst of a series of rainy ones, like a patch of blue in the sky. Fine weather is much at any time, after or before the end of the year; but, in the latter case, the days are still winter days; whereas,

in the former, the year being turned, and March and April before us, we seem to feel the coming of spring. In the streets and squares, the ladies are abroad, with their colours and glowing cheeks. If you can hear any thing but noise, you hear the sparrows. People anticipate at breakfast the pleasure they shall have in "getting out." The solitary poplar in a corner looks green against the sky; and the brick wall has a warmth in it. Then in the noisier streets, what a multitude and a new life! What horseback! What promenading! What shopping, and giving good day! Bonnets encounter bonnets:—all the Miss Williamses meet all the Miss Joneses; and every body wonders, particularly at nothing. The shop-windows, putting forward their best, may be said to be in blossom. The yellow carriages flash in the sunshine; footmen rejoice in their white calves, not dabbled, as usual, with rain; the gossips look out of their three-pair-of-stairs windows; other windows are thrown open; fruiterers' shops look well, swelling with full baskets; pavements are found to be dry; lap-dogs frisk under their asthmas; and old gentlemen issue forth, peering up at the region of the north-east.

Then in the country, how emerald the green, how open-looking the prospect! Honeysuckles (a name alone with a garden in it) are detected in blossom; the hazel follows; the snowdrop hangs its white perfection, exquisite with green; we fancy the trees are already thicker; voices of winter birds are taken for

new ones; and in February new ones come—the thrush, the chaffinch, and the wood-lark. Then rooks begin to pair; and the wagtail dances in the lane. As we write this article, the sun is on our paper, and chanticleer (the same, we trust, that we heard the other day) seems to crow in a very different style, lord of the ascendant, and as willing to be with his wives abroad as at home. We think we see him, as in Chaucer's homestead:

He looketh, as it were, a grim leon ;
 And on his toes he roameth up and down ;
 Him deigneth not to set his foot to ground ;
 He clucketh when he hath a corn.yfound,
 And to him runnen then his wives all.

Will the reader have the rest of the picture, as Chaucer gave it? It is as bright and strong as the day itself, and as suited to it as a falcon to a knight's fist. Hear how the old poet throws forth his strenuous music; as fine, considered as mere music and versification, as the description is pleasant and noble.

His comb was redder than the fine coràll,
 Embattled as it were a castle wall ;
 His bill was black, and as the jet it shone ;
 Like azure was his leggès and his tone ;
 His nailès whiter than the lilly flower,
 And like the burnèd gold was his colouër.

Hardly one pause like the other throughout, and yet all flowing and sweet. The pause on the third syllable in the last line but one, and that on the sixth in the last, together with the deep variety of vowels,

make a beautiful concluding couplet ; and indeed the whole is a study for versification. So little were those old poets unaware of their task, as some are apt to suppose them ; and so little have others dreamt, that they surpassed them in their own pretensions. The accent, it is to be observed, in those concluding words, as *coral* and *colour*, is to be thrown on the last syllable, as it is in Italian. *Colòr*, *colòre*, and Chaucer's old Anglo-Gallican word, is a much nobler one than our modern one *còlour*. We have injured many such words by throwing back the accent.

We should beg pardon for this digression, if it had not been part of our understood agreement with the reader to be as desultory as we please, and as befits Companions. Our very enjoyment of the day we are describing would not let us be otherwise. It is also an old fancy of ours to associate the ideas of Chaucer with that of any early and vigorous manifestation of light and pleasure. He is not only the "morning-star" of our poetry, as Denham called him, but the morning itself, and a good bit of the noon ; and we could as soon help quoting him at the beginning of the year, as we could help wishing to hear the cry of primroses, and thinking of the sweet faces that buy them.

IV.—WALKS HOME BY NIGHT IN BAD WEATHER. WATCHMEN.

THE readers of these our lucubrations need not be informed that we keep no carriage. The consequence is, that being visitors of the theatre, and having some inconsiderate friends who grow pleasanter and pleasanter till one in the morning, we are great walkers home by night ; and this has made us great acquaintances of watchmen, moonlight, *mud*-light, and other accompaniments of that interesting hour. Luckily we are fond of a walk by night. It does not always do us good ; but that is not the fault of the hour, but our own, who ought to be stouter ; and therefore we extract what good we can out of our necessity, with becoming temper. It is a remarkable thing in nature, and one of the good-naturedest things we know of her, that the mere fact of looking about us, and being conscious of what is going on, is its own reward, if we do but notice it in good-humour. Nature is a great painter (and art and society are among her works), to whose minutest touches the mere fact of becoming alive is to enrich the stock of our enjoyments.

We confess there are points liable to cavil in a walk home by night in February. Old umbrellas have their weak sides ; and the quantity of mud and rain may surmount the picturesque. Mistaking a soft

piece of mud for hard, and so filling your shoe with it, especially at setting out, must be acknowledged to be "aggravating." But then you ought to have boots. There are sights, indeed, in the streets of London, which can be rendered pleasant by no philosophy ; things too grave to be talked about in our present paper ; but we must premise, that our walk leads us out of town, and through streets and suburbs of by no means the worst description. Even there we may be grieved if we will. The farther the walk into the country, the more tiresome we may choose to find it ; and when we take it purely to oblige others, we must allow, as in the case of a friend of ours, that generosity itself on two sick legs may find limits to the notion of virtue being its own reward, and reasonably "curse those comfortable people" who, by the lights in their windows, are getting into their warm beds, and saying to one another, "Bad thing to be out of doors to-night."

Supposing, then, that we are in a reasonable state of health and comfort in other respects, we say that a walk home at night has its merits, if you choose to meet with them. The worst part of it is the setting out ; the closing of the door upon the kind faces that part with you. But their words and looks, on the other hand, may set you well off. We have known a word hasten us all the way home, and a look make a dream of it. To a lover, for instance, no walk can be bad. He sees but one face in the rain and darkness ; the same that he saw by the light in the warm room. This

ever accompanies him, looking in his eyes ; and if the most pitiable and spoilt face in the world should come between them, startling him with the saddest mockery of love, he would treat it kindly for her sake. But this is a begging of the question. A lover does not walk. He is sensible neither to the pleasures nor pains of walking. He treads on air ; and in the thick of all that seems inclement, has an avenue of light and velvet spread for him, like a sovereign prince.

To resume, then, like men of this world. The advantage of a late hour is, that everything is silent and the people fast in their beds. This gives the whole world a tranquil appearance. Inanimate objects are no calmer than passions and cares now seem to be, all laid asleep. The human being is motionless as the house or the tree ; sorrow is suspended ; and you endeavour to think that love only is awake. Let not readers of true delicacy be alarmed, for we mean to touch profanely upon nothing that ought to be sacred ; and as we are for thinking the best on these occasions, it is of the best love we think ; love of no heartless order, and such only as ought to be awake with the stars.

As to cares, and curtain-lectures, and such like abuses of the tranquillity of night, we call to mind, for their sakes, all the sayings of the poets and others about " balmy sleep," and the soothing of hurt minds, and the weariness of sorrow, which drops into forgetfulness. The great majority are certainly " fast as a church" by the time we speak of ; and for the rest,

we are among the workers who have been sleepless for their advantage ; so we take out our license to forget them for the time being. The only thing that shall remind us of them is the red lamp, shining afar over the apothecary's door ; which, while it does so, reminds us also that there is help for them to be had. I see him now, the pale blinker, suppressing the conscious injustice of his anger at being roused by the apprentice, and fumbling himself out of the house, in hoarseness and great coat, resolved to make the sweetness of the Christmas bill indemnify him for the bitterness of the moment.

But we shall be getting too much into the interior of the houses. By this time the hackney-coaches have all left the stands—a good symptom of their having got their day's money. Crickets are heard, here and there, amidst the embers of some kitchen. A dog follows us. Will nothing make him “go along?” We dodge him in vain ; we run ; we stand and “hish !” at him, accompanying the prohibition with dehortatory gestures, and an imaginary picking up of a stone. We turn again, and there he is, vexing our skirts. He even forces us into an angry doubt whether he will not starve, if we do not let him go home with us. Now if we could but lame him without being cruel ; or if we were only an overseer, or a beadle, or a dealer in dog-skin ; or a political-economist, to think dogs unnecessary. Oh ! come, he has turned a corner, he is gone ; we think we see him trotting off at a distance, thin and muddy ; and our

heart misgives us. But it was not our fault; we were not "hishing" at the time. His departure was lucky, for he had got our enjoyments into a dilemma; our "article" would not have known what to do with him. These are the perplexities to which your sympathizers are liable. We resume our way, independent and alone; for we have no companion this time, except our never-to-be-forgotten and ethereal companion, the reader. A real arm within another's puts us out of the pale of walking that is to be made good. It is good already. A fellow-pedestrian is company; is the party you have left; you talk and laugh, and there is no longer anything to be contended with. But alone, and in bad weather, and with a long way to go, here is something for the temper and spirits to grapple with and turn to account; and accordingly we are booted and buttoned up, an umbrella over our heads, the rain pelting upon it, and the lamp-light shining in the gutters; "mud-shine," as an artist of our acquaintance used to call it, with a gusto of reprobation. Now, walk cannot well be worse; and yet it shall be nothing if you meet it heartily. There is a pleasure in overcoming obstacles; mere action is something; imagination is more; and the spinning of the blood, and vivacity of the mental endeavour, act well upon one another, and gradually put you in a state of robust consciousness and triumph. Every time you set down your leg, you have a respect for it. The umbrella is held in the hand like a roaring trophy.

We are now reaching the country: the fog and rain are over; and we meet our old friends the watchmen, staid, heavy, indifferent, more coat than man, pondering, yet not pondering, old but not reverend, immensely useless. No; useless they are not; for the inmates of the houses think them otherwise, and in that imagination they do good. We do not pity the watchmen as we used. Old age often cares little for regular sleep. They could not be sleeping perhaps, if they were in their beds; and certainly they would not be earning. What sleep they get, is perhaps sweeter in the watch-box,—a forbidden sweet; and they have a sense of importance, and a claim on the persons in-doors, which together with the amplitude of their coating and the possession of the box itself, make them feel themselves, not without reason, to be “somebody.” They are peculiar and official. Tomkins is a cobbler as well as they; but then he is no watchman. He cannot speak to “things of night;” nor bid “any man stand in the King’s name.” He does not get fees and gratitude from the old, the infirm, and the drunken; nor “let gentlemen go;” nor is he “a parish-man.” The churchwardens don’t speak to him. If he put himself ever so much in the way of “the great plumber,” he would not say, “How do you find yourself, Tomkins?”—“An ancient and quiet watchman.” Such he was in the time of Shakspeare, and such he is now. Ancient, because he cannot help it; and quiet, because he will not help it, if possible; his object being to pro-

cure quiet on all sides, his own included. For this reason, he does not make too much noise in crying the hour, nor is offensively particular in his articulation. No man shall sleep the worse for him, out of a horrid sense of the word "three." The sound shall be three, four, or one, as suits their mutual convenience.

Yet characters are to be found even among watchmen. They are not all mere coat, and lump, and indifference. By the way, what do they think of in general? How do they vary the monotony of their ruminations from one to two, and from two to three, and so on? Are they comparing themselves with the unofficial cobbler; thinking of what they shall have for dinner to-morrow; or what they were about, six years ago; or that their lot is the hardest in the world, as insipid old people are apt to think, for the pleasure of grumbling; or that it has some advantages nevertheless, besides fees; and that if they are not in bed, their wife is?

Of characters, or rather varieties among watchmen, we remember several. One was a Dandy Watchman, who used to ply at the top of Oxford-street, next the park. We called him the dandy, on account of his utterance. He had a mincing way with it, pronouncing the *a* in the word "past" as it is in *hat*, making a little preparatory hem before he spoke, and then bringing out his "păst ten" in a style of genteel indifference; as if, upon the whole, he was of that opinion.

Another was the Metallic Watchman, who paced the same street towards Hanover-square, and had a clang in his voice like a trumpet. He was a voice and nothing else ; but any difference is something in a watchman.

A third, who cried the hour in Bedford-square, was remarkable in his calling for being abrupt and loud. There was a fashion among his tribe just come up at that time, of omitting the words " past " and " o'clock," and crying only the number of the hour. I know not whether a recollection I have of his performance one night is entire matter of fact, or whether any subsequent fancies of what might have taken place, are mixed up with it ; but my impression is, that as I was turning the corner into the square with a friend, and was in the midst of a discussion in which numbers were concerned, we were suddenly startled, as if in solution of it, by a brief and tremendous outcry of— ONE. This paragraph ought to have been at the bottom of the page, and the word printed abruptly round the corner.

A fourth watchman was a very singular phenomenon, a *Reading* Watchman. He had a book, which he read by the light of his lantern ; and instead of a pleasant, gave you a very uncomfortable idea of him. It seemed cruel to pitch amidst so many discomforts and privations one who had imagination enough to wish to be relieved from them. Nothing but a sluggish vacuity befits a watchman.

But the oddest of all was the *Sliding* Watchman.

Think of walking up a street in the depth of a frosty winter, with long ice in the gutters, and sleet over head, and then figure to yourself a sort of bale of a man in white, coming sliding towards you with a lantern in one hand, and an umbrella over his head. It was the oddest mixture of luxury and hardship, of juvenility and old age ! But this looked agreeable. Animal spirits carry everything before them; and our invincible friend seemed a watchman for Rabelais. Time was run at and butted by him like a goat. The slide seemed to bear him half through the night at once ; he slipped from out of his box and his common-places at one rush of a merry thought, and seemed to say, " Everything's in imagination ;—here goes the whole weight of my office."

But we approach our home. How still the trees ! How deliciously asleep the country ! How beautifully grim and nocturnal this wooded avenue of ascent, against the cold white sky ! The watchmen and patrols, which the careful citizens have planted in abundance within a mile of their doors, salute us with their " good mornings ;"—not so welcome as we pretend ; for we ought not to be out so late ; and it is one of the assumptions of these fatherly old fellows to remind us of it. Some fowls, who have made a strange roost in a tree, flutter as we pass them ;—another pull up the hill, unyielding ; a few strides on a level ; and *there* is the light in the window, the eye of the warm soul of the house,—one's home. How particular, and yet how universal, is that word ;

and how surely does it deposit every one ~~for~~ himself in his own nest !

V.—SECRET OF SOME EXISTING FASHIONS.

FASHIONS have a short life or a long one, according as it suits the makers to startle us with a variety, or save themselves observation of a defect. Hence fashions set by young or handsome people are fugitive, and such are, for the most part, those that bring custom to the milliner. If we keep watch on an older one, we shall generally trace it, unless of general convenience, to some pertinacity on the part of the aged. Even fashions, otherwise convenient, as the trowsers that have so long taken place of smallclothes, often perhaps owe their continuance to some general defect, which they help to screen. The old are glad to retain them, and so be confounded with the young ; and among the latter, there are more limbs perhaps, to which loose clothing is acceptable, than tight. More legs and knees, we suspect, rejoice in those cloaks, than would be proud to acknowledge themselves in a shoe and stocking. The pertinacity of certain male fashions during the last twenty years, we think we can trace to a particular source. If it be objected, that the French partook of them, and that our modes have generally come from that coun-

try, we suspect that the old court in France had more to do with them, than Napoleon's, which was confessedly masculine and military. The old French in this country, and the old noblesse in the other, wore bibs and trowsers, when the Emperor went in a plain stock and delighted to shew his good leg. For this period, if for this only, we are of opinion, that whether the male fashions did or did not originate in France, other circumstances have conspired to *retain* them in both countries, for which the revolutionary government cannot account. Mr. Hazlitt informs us in his *Life of Napoleon*, that during the Consulate, all the courtiers were watching the head of the state to know whether mankind were to wear their own hair or powder; and that Bonaparte luckily settled the matter, by deciding in favour of nature and cleanliness. But here the revolutionary authority stopped: nor in this instance did it begin: for it is understood, that it was the plain head of Dr. Franklin, when he was ambassador at Paris, that first amused, and afterwards interested, the giddy polls of his new acquaintances; who went and did likewise. Luckily, this was a fashion that suited all ages, and on that account it has survived. But the bibs, and the trowsers, and the huge neckcloths, whence come they? How is it, at least, that they have been so long retained? Observe that polished old gentleman, who bows so well,* and is conversing with the most agreeable of

* The late King.

physicians.* He made a great impression in his youth, and was naturally loth to give it up. On a sudden, he finds his throat not so juvenile as he could wish it. Up goes his stock, and enlarges. He rests both his cheeks upon it, the chin settling comfortably upon a bend in the middle, as becomes its delicacy. By and bye, he thinks the cheeks themselves do not present as good an aspect, as with so young a heart might in reason be expected; and forth issue the points of his shirt-collar, and give them an investment at once cherishing and spirited. Thirdly, he suspects his waist to have played him a trick of good living, and surpassed the bounds of youth and elegance before he was well aware of it. Therefore, to keep it seemingly, if not actually within limits, forth he sends a frill in the first instance, and a padded set of lapels afterwards. He happens to look on the hand that does all this, and discerns with a sigh that it is not quite the same hand to look at, which the women have been transported to kiss; though for that matter they will kiss it still, and be transported too. The wrist-band looks forth, and says, "Shall I help to cover it?" and it is allowed to do so, being a gentlemanly finish, and impossible to the mechanical. But finally the legs: they were amongst the handsomest in the world; and how did they not dance! What conquests did they not achieve in the time of hoop-petticoats and toupees! And long afterwards, were

* Sir William K.

not Apollo and Hercules found in them together, to the delight of the dowagers? And shall the gods be treated with disrespect, when the heaviness of change comes upon them? No. Round comes the kindly trowserian veil (as Dyer of "*The Fleece*" would have had it); the legs retreat, like other conquerors, into retirement; and only the lustre of their glory remains, such as Bonaparte might have envied.

VI.—RAIN OUT OF A CLEAR SKY.

IN a work, *De Varia Historia*, written after the manner of *Ælian* by Leonico Tomeo, an elegant scholar of the fifteenth century, we meet with the following pretty story.—When Phalantus led his colony out of Sparta into the south of Italy, he consulted the oracle of Apollo, and was informed that he should know the region he was to inhabit, by the fall of a plentiful shower out of a clear sky. Full of doubt and anxiety at this answer, and unable to meet with any one who could interpret it for him, he took his departure, arrived in Italy, but could succeed in occupying no region,—in capturing no city. This made him fall to considering the oracle more particularly; upon which he came to the conclusion, that he had undertaken a foolish project, and that the gods meant to tell him so; for that a sky should be clear,

and yet the rain out of it plentiful, now seemed to him a manifest impossibility.

Tired out with the anxious thoughts arising from this conclusion, he laid his head on the lap of his wife, who had come with him, and took such a draught of sleep as the fatigue of sorrow is indulged with, like other toil. His wife loved him ; and as he lay thus tenderly in her lap, she kept looking upon his face ; till thinking of the disappointments he had met with, and the perils he had still to undergo, she began to weep bitterly, so that the tears fell plentifully upon him, and awoke him. He looked up, and seeing those showers out of her eyes, hailed at last the oracle with joy, for his wife's name was *Æthra*, which signifies " a clear sky ;" and thus he knew that he had arrived at the region where he was to settle. The next night he took Tarentum, which was the greatest city in those parts ; and he and his posterity reigned in that quarter of Italy, as you may see in Virgil.

VII.—THE MOUNTAIN OF THE TWO LOVERS.

WE forget in what book it was, many years ago, that we read the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her, and how they ended their days on the same spot.

We think the scene was in Switzerland; but the mountain, though high enough to tax his stout heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty hill in the summer-time. It was, at any rate, so high, that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man so burdened to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasantry assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a sight. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they communed with one another, and shook their heads; but all admired the young man; and some of his fellows, looking at their mistresses, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the shew of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson. The young man (the son of a small land-proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility) stood, respectful-looking, but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his mistress, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was that he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked her in the face. To clasp her person in that manner was a pleasure which he contemplated with such transport, as is known only to real lovers; for none others know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing

with formality, and how the dispensing with the formality ennobles and makes grateful the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, desirous, and dreading. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valour. Great fears came over her nevertheless. She knew not what might happen, in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task ; and dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes, now on the crowd (which nevertheless she beheld not) and now on her hand and her fingers' ends, which she doubled up towards her with a pretty pretence,—the only deception she had ever used. Once or twice a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding their fears of the lord baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, " Now, sir, to put an end to this mummerly ;" and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoice to see the manner in which he moves off, slow but secure, and as if encouraging his mistress. They mount the hill ; they proceed well ; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something ; then ascends at a quicker rate ; and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The baron, with an air

of indifference, bites the tip of his gauntlet, and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout the lover resumes his way. Slow but not feeble is his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again, and they think they see the lady kiss him on the forehead. The women begin to tremble, but the men say he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half-way between the middle and the top; he rushes, he stops, he staggers; but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain the lady kisses him on the forehead and on the eyes. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seeming to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms, as if to lighten him. See: he is almost at the top; he stops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now—he is all but on the top; he halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly, he turns full front towards the top; it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward:—Yes:—every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him:—see at last: he is *on* the top; and down he falls flat with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won: he has won. Now he has a right to

caress his mistress, and she is caressing him, for neither of them gets up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron put spurs to his horse, the crowd following him. Half-way he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the rest of the hill together, the crowd silent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top. The lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practised this feat before, on purpose to deceive me. Arise!" "You cannot expect it, sir," said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind: "Samson himself might take his rest after such a deed!"

"Part them!" said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate and keep them together. These people look close; they kneel down; they bend an ear; they bury their faces upon them. "God forbid they should ever be parted more," said a venerable man; "they never can be." He turned his old face streaming with tears, and looked up at the baron:—"Sir, they are dead!"

VIII.—THE TRUE STORY OF VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

WEAK and uninitiated are they who talk of things modern as opposed to the idea of antiquity ; who fancy that the Assyrian monarchy must have preceded tea-drinking ; and that no Sims or Gregson walked in a round hat and trowsers before the times of Inachus. Plato has informed us (and therefore everybody ought to know) that at stated periods of time, everything which has taken place on earth is acted over again. There have been a thousand or a million reigns, for instance, of Charles the Second, and there will be an infinite number more : the tooth-ache we had in the year 1811, is making ready for us some thousands of years hence ; again shall people be wise and in love, as surely as the May-blossoms re-appear ; and again will Alexander make a fool of himself at Babylon, and Bonaparte in Russia.

Among the heaps of modern stories, which are accounted ancient, and which have been deprived of their true appearance by the alteration of colouring and costume, there is none more decidedly belonging to modern times than that of Vertumnus and Pomona. Vertumnus was, and will be, a young fellow, remarkable for his accomplishments, in the several successive reigns of Charles the Second ; and, I find, practised his story over in the autumn of the year 1680.

He was the younger brother of a respectable family in Herefordshire; and from his genius at turning himself to a variety of shapes, came to be called, in after-ages, by his classical name. In like manner, Pomona, the heroine of the story, being the goddess of those parts, and singularly fond of their scenery and productions, the Latin poets, in after-ages, transformed her adventures according to their fashion, making her a goddess of mythology, and giving her a name after her beloved fruits. Her real name was Miss Appleton. I shall therefore waive that matter once for all; and retaining only the appellation which poetry has rendered so pleasant, proceed with the true story.

Pomona was a beauty like her name, all fruit and bloom. She was a ruddy brunette, luxuriant without grossness; and had a spring in her step, like apples dancing on a bough. (I'd put all this into verse, to which it has a natural tendency; but I have'nt time.) It was no poetical figure to say of her, that her lips were cherries, and her cheeks a peach. Her locks, in clusters about her face, trembled heavily as she walked. The colour called Pomona-green was named after her favourite dress. Sometimes in her clothes she imitated one kind of fruit and sometimes another, philosophizing in a pretty poetical manner on the common nature of things, and saying there was more in the similes of her lovers than they suspected. Her dress now resembled a burst of white blossoms, and now of red; but her favourite one was green, both

coat and boddice, from which her beautiful face looked forth like a bud. To see her tending her trees in her orchard (for she would work herself, and sing all the while like a milk-maid)—to see her, I say, tending the fruit-trees, never caring for letting her boddice slip a little off her shoulders, and turning away now and then to look up at a bird, when her lips would glance in the sunshine like cherries bedewed,—such a sight, you may imagine, was not to be had everywhere. The young clowns would get up in the trees for a glimpse of her, over the garden-wall; and swear she was like an angel in Paradise.

Everybody was in love with her. The squire was in love with her; the attorney was in love; the parson was particularly in love. The peasantry in their smock-frocks, old and young, were all in love. You never saw such a loving place in your life; yet somehow or other the women were not jealous, nor fared the worse. The people only seemed to have grown the kinder. Their hearts overflowed to all about them. Such toasts at the great house! The Squire's name was Payne, which afterwards came to be called Pan. Pan, Payne, (Paynim), Pagan, a villager. The race was so numerous, that country-gentlemen obtained the name of Paynim in general, as distinguished from the nobility; a circumstance which has not escaped the learning of Milton:

“ Both Paynim and the Peers.”

Silenus was Cy or Cymon Lenox, the host of the

Tun, a fat merry old fellow, renowned in the song as Old Sir Cymon the King. He was in love too. All the Satyrs, or rude wits of the neighbourhood, and all the Fauns, or softer-spoken fellows,—none of them escaped. There was also a Quaker gentleman, I forget his name, who made himself conspicuous. Pomona confessed to herself that he had merit; but it was so unaccompanied with anything of the ornamental or intellectual, that she could not put up with him. Indeed, though she was of a loving nature, and had every other reason to wish herself settled (for she was an heiress and an orphan), she could not find it in her heart to respond to any of the rude multitude around her; which at last occasioned such impatience in them, and uneasiness to herself, that she was fain to keep close at home, and avoid the lanes and country assemblies, for fear of being carried off. It was then that the clowns used to mount the trees outside her garden-wall to get a sight of her.

Pomona wrote to a cousin she had in town, of the name of Cerintha.—“Oh, my dear Cerintha, what am I to do! I could laugh while I say it, though the tears positively come into my eyes; but it is a sad thing to be an heiress with ten thousand a-year, and one's guardian just dead. Nobody will let me alone. And the worst of it is, that while the rich animals that pester me, disgust one with talking about their rent-tolls, the younger brothers force me to be suspicious of their views upon mine. I could throw all my money into the Wye for vexation. God knows

I do not care twopence for it. Oh Cerintha ! I wish you were unmarried, and could change yourself into a man, and come and deliver me ; for you are disinterested and sincere, and that is all I require. At all events, I will run for it, and be with you before winter ; for here I cannot stay. Your friend the Quaker has just rode by. He says, ‘ verily,’ that I am cold ! I say verily he is no wiser than his horse ; and that I could pitch him after my money.”

Cerintha sympathized heartily with her cousin, but she was perplexed to know what to do. There were plenty of wits and young fellows of her acquaintance, both rich and poor ; but only one whom she thought fit for her charming cousin, and he was a younger brother, as poor as a rat. Besides, he was not only liable to suspicion on that account, but full of delicacies of his own, and the last man in the world to hazard a generous woman’s dislike. This was no other than our friend Vertumnus. His real name was Vernon. He lived about five miles from Pomona, and was almost the only young fellow of any vivacity, who had not been curious enough to get a sight of her. He had got a notion that she was proud. “ She may be handsome,” thought he ; “ but a handsome proud face is but a handsome ugly one to my thinking, and I’ll not venture my poverty to her ill-humour.” Cerintha had half made up her mind to undeceive him through the medium of his sister, who was an acquaintance of hers ; but an accident did it for her. Vertumnus was riding one day with some friends, who

had been rejected, when passing by Pomona's orchard, he saw one of her clownish admirers up in the trees, peeping at her over the wall. The gaping, unsophisticated admiration of the lad made them stop. "Devil take me," said one of our hero's companions, "if they are not at it still. Why, you booby, did you never see a proud woman before, that you stand gaping there, as if your soul had gone out of ye?" "Proud," said the lad, looking down:—"a woudn't say nay to a fly, if gentlefolks woudn't teaze 'un so." "Come," said our hero, "I'll take this opportunity, and see for myself." He was up in the tree in an instant, and almost as speedily exclaimed, "God! What a face."

"He has it, by the lord!" cried the others, laughing:—"fairly struck through the ribs, by Jove. Look, if looby and he arn't sworn friends on the thought of it."

It looked very like it certainly. Our hero had scarcely gazed at her, when, without turning away his eyes, he clapped his hand upon that of the peasant with a hearty shake, and said, "You're right, my friend. If there is pride in that face, truth itself is a lie. What a face! What eyes! What a figure."

Pomona was observing her old gardener fill a basket. From time to time he looked up at her, smiling and talking. She was eating a plum; and as she said something that made them laugh, her rosy mouth sparkled with all its pearls in the sun.

"Pride!" thought Vertumnus:—"there's no more pride in that charming mouth, than there is folly enough to relish my fine companions here."

Our hero returned home more thoughtful than he came, replying but at intervals to the raillery of those with him, and then giving them pretty savage cuts. He was more out of humour with his poverty than he had ever felt, and not at all satisfied with the accomplishments which might have emboldened him to forget it. However, in spite of his delicacies, he felt it would be impossible not to hazard rejection like the rest. He only made up his mind to set about paying his addresses in a different manner;—though how it was to be done, he could not very well see. His first impulse was to go to her and state the plain case at once; to say how charming she was, and how poor her lover, and that nevertheless he did not care twopence for her riches, if she would but believe him. The only delight of riches would be to share them with her. "But then," said he, "how is she to take my word for that?"

On arriving at home he found his sister prepared to tell him what he had found out for himself,—that Pomona was not proud. Unfortunately she added, that the beautiful heiress had acquired a horror of younger brothers. "Aye," thought he, "there it is. I shall not get her, precisely because I have at once the greatest need of her money and the greatest contempt for it. Alas, yet not so! I have not contempt for anything that belongs to her, even her

money. How heartily could I accept it from her, if she knew me, and if she is as generous as I take her to be! How delightful would it be to plant, to build, to indulge a thousand expenses in her company! O those rascals of rich men, without sense or taste, that are now going about, spending their money as they please, and buying *my* jewels and *my* cabinets, that I ought to be making her presents of. I could tear my hair to think of it."

It happened, luckily or unluckily for our hero, that he was the best amateur actor that had ever appeared. Betterton could not perform Hamlet better, nor Lacy a friar.

He disguised himself, and contrived to get hired in his lady's household as a footman. It was a difficult matter, all the other servants having been there since she was a child, and just grown old enough to escape the passion common to all who saw her. They loved her like a daughter of their own, and were indignant at the trouble her lovers gave her. Vertumnus, however, made out his case so well, that they admitted him. For a time all went on smoothly. Yes: for three or four weeks he performed admirably, confining himself to the real footman. Nothing could exceed the air of indifferent zeal with which he waited at table. He was respectful, he was attentive, even officious; but still as to a footman's mistress, not as to a lover's. He looked in her face, as if he did not wish to kiss her; said "yes ma'am" and "no ma'am," like any other servant; and consented, not

without many pangs to his vanity, to wear proper footman's clothes: namely, such as did not fit him. He even contrived, by a violent effort, to suppress all appearance of emotion, when he doubled up the steps of her chariot, after seeing the finest foot and ankle in the world. In his haste to subdue this emotion, he was one day nigh betraying himself. He forgot his part so far, as to clap the door too with more vehemence than usual. His mistress started, and gave a cry. He thought he had shut her hand in, and opening the door again with more vehemence, and as pale as death, exclaimed, "God of Heaven! What have I done to her!"

"Nothing, James,"—said his mistress, smiling: "only another time you need not be in quite such a hurry." She was surprised at the turn of his words, and at a certain air which she observed for the first time; but the same experience which might have enabled her to detect him, led her, by a reasonable vanity, to think that love had exalted her footman's manners. This made her observe him with some interest afterwards, and notice how good-looking he was, and that his shape was better than his clothes: but he continued to act his part so well, that she suspected nothing further. She only resolved, if he gave any more evidences of being in love, to dispatch him after his betters.

By degrees, our hero's nature became too much for his art. He behaved so well among his fellow-servants, that they all took a liking to him. Now,

when we please others, and they shew it, we wish to please them more: and it turned out, that James could play on the *viol di gamba*. He played so well, that his mistress must needs enquire "what musician they had in the house." "James, Madam."—A week or two after, somebody was reading a play, and making them all die with laughter.—"Who is that reading so well there, and making you all a parcel of mad-caps?"—"It's only James, Madam."—"I have a prodigious footman!" thought Pomona. Another day, my lady's-maid came up all in tears to do something for her mistress, and could scarcely speak. "What's the matter, Lucy?" "Oh James, Madam!" Her lady blushed a little, and was going to be angry.

"I hope he has not been uncivil."

"Oh no, Ma'am: only I could not bear his being turned out o'doors!"

"Turned out of doors!"

"Yes, Ma'am; and their being so cruel as to singe his white head."

"Singe his white head! Surely the girl's head is turned. What is it, poor soul!"

"Oh, nothing, Ma'am. Only the old king in the play, as your ladyship knows. They turn him out o'doors, and singe his white head; and Mr. James did it so natural like, that he has made us all of a drown of tears. T'other day he called me his Ophelia, and was so angry with me, I could have died."—"This man is no footman," said the lady. She sent

for him up stairs, and the butler with him." "Pray, Sir, may I beg the favour of knowing who you are?" The abruptness of this question totally confounded our hero.

"For God's sake, Madam, do not think it worth your while to be angry with me, and I will tell you all."

"Worth my while, Sir! I know not what you mean by its being worth my while," cried our heroine, who really felt more angry than she wished to be: "but when an impostor comes into the house, it is natural to wish to be on one's guard against him."

"Impostor, Madam!" said he, reddening in his turn, and rising with an air of dignity. "It is true," he added, in an humbler tone, "I am not exactly what I seem to be; but I am a younger brother of a good family, and"—

"A younger brother!" exclaimed Pomona, turning away with a look of despair.

"Oh, those d—d words!" thought Vertumnus; "they have undone me. I must go;—and yet it is hard."

"I go, Madam," said he in a hurry:—"believe me in only this, that I shall give you no unbecoming disturbance; and I must vindicate myself so far as to say, that I did not come into this house for what you suppose." Then giving her a look of inexpressible tenderness and respect, and retiring as he said it, with a low bow, he added, "May neither imposture nor unhappiness ever come near you."

Pomona could not help thinking of the strange footman she had had. "He did not come into the house for what I supposed." She did not know whether to be pleased or not at this phrase. What did he mean by it? What did he think she supposed? Upon the whole, she found her mind occupied with the man a little too much, and proceeded to busy herself with her orchard.

There was now more caution observed in admitting new servants into the house; yet a new gardener's assistant came, who behaved like a reasonable man for two months. He then passionately exclaimed one morning, as Pomona was rewarding him for some roses, "I cannot bear it!"—and turned out to be our hero, who was obliged to decamp. My lady became more cautious than ever, and would speak to all the new servants herself. One day a very remarkable thing occurred. A whole side of the green-house was smashed to pieces. The glazier was sent for, not without suspicion of being the perpetrator; and the man's way of behaving strengthened it, for he stood looking about him, and handling the glass to no purpose. His assistant did all the work, and yet somehow did not seem to get on with it. The truth was, the fellow was innocent, and yet not so, for he had brought our hero with him as his journeyman. Pomona, watching narrowly, discovered the secret, but for reasons best known to herself, pretended otherwise, and the men were to come again next day.

That same evening my lady's maid's cousin's hus-

land's aunt came to see her,—a free, jolly, maternal old dame, who took the liberty of kissing the mistress of the house, and thanking her for all favours. Pomona had never received such a long kiss. "Excuse," cried the housewife, "an old body who has had daughters and grand-daughters, aye, and three husbands to boot, God rest their souls! but dinner always makes me bold—old and bold, as we say in Gloucestershire—old and bold; and her ladyship's sweet face is like an angel's in heaven." All this was said in a voice at once loud and trembling, as if the natural jollity of the old lady was counteracted by her years.

Pomona felt a little confused at this liberty of speech; but her good-nature was always uppermost, and she respected the privileges of age. So, with a blushing face, not well knowing what to say, she mentioned something about the old lady's three husbands, and said she hardly knew whether to pity her most for losing so many friends, or to congratulate the gentlemen on so cheerful a companion. The old lady's breath seemed to be taken away by the elegance of this compliment, for she stood looking and saying not a word. At last she made signs of being a little deaf, and Betty repeated as well as she could what her mistress had said. "She is an angel, for certain," cried the gossip, and kissed her again. Then perceiving that Pomona was prepared to avoid a repetition of this freedom, she said, "But lord! why doesn't her sweet ladyship marry herself, and make somebody's

life a heaven upon earth? They tell me she's frightened at the cavaliers and the money-hunters, and all that; but God-a-mercy, must there be no honest man that's poor; and mayn't the dear sweet soul be the jewel of some one's eye, because she has money in her pocket?"

Pomona, who had entertained some such reflections as these herself, hardly knew what to answer; but she laughed, and made some pretty speech.

"Aye, aye," resumed the old woman. "Well, there's no knowing." (Here she heaved a great sigh.) "And so my lady is mighty curious in plants and apples, they tell me, and quite a gardenér, lord love her! and rears me cart-loads of peaches. Why, her face is a peach, or I should like to know what is. But it didn't come of itself neither. No, no; for that matter, there were peaches before it; and Eve didn't live alone, I warrant me, or we should have had no peaches now, for all her gardening. Well, well, my sweet young lady, don't blush and be angry, for I am but a poor, foolish, old body, you know, old enough to be your grandmother; but I can't help thinking it a pity, that's the truth on't. Oh dear! Well, gentle-folks will have their fegaries, but it was very different in my time, you know; and, lord! now to speak the plain *scripter* truth; what would the world come to, and where would her sweet ladyship be herself, I should like to know, if her own mother, that's now an angel in heaven, had refused to keep company with her

ladyship's father, because she brought him a good estate, and made him the happiest man on God's yearth?"

The real love that existed between Pomona's father and mother being thus brought to her recollection, touched our heroine's feelings; and looking at the old dame, with tears in her eyes, she begged her to stay and take some tea, and she would see her again before she went away. "Aye, and that I will, and a thousand thanks into the bargain from one who has been a mother herself, and can't help crying to see my lady in tears. I could kiss 'em off, if I warn't afraid of being troublesome; and so God bless her, and I'll make bold to make her my curtsey again before I go."

The old body seemed really affected, and left the room with more quietness than Pomona had looked for, Betty meanwhile shewing an eagerness to get her away, which was a little remarkable. In less than half an hour there was a knock at the parlour-door, and Pomona saying, "Come in," the door was held again by somebody for a few seconds, during which there was a loud and apparently angry whisper of voices. Our heroine, not without agitation, heard the words, "No, no!" and "Yes," repeated with vehemence, and then "I tell you I must and will; she will forgive you, be assured, and me too, for she'll never see me again." And at these words the door was opened by a gallant-looking young man, who

closed it behind him, and advancing with a low bow, spoke as follows :—

“ If you are alarmed, Madam, which I confess you reasonably may be at this intrusion, I beseech you to be perfectly certain that you will never be so alarmed again, nor indeed ever again set eyes on me, if it so please you. You see before you, Madam, that unfortunate younger brother (for I will not omit even that title to your suspicion), who, seized with an invincible passion as he one day beheld you from your garden wall, has since run the chance of your displeasure, by coming into the house under a variety of pretences, and inasmuch as he has violated the truth has deserved it. But one truth he has not violated, which is, that never man entertained a passion sincerer; and God is my witness, Madam, how foreign to my heart is that accursed love of money. (I beg your pardon, but I confess it agitates me in my turn to speak of it), which other people’s advances and your own modesty have naturally induced you to suspect in every person situated as I am. Forgive me, Madam, for every alarm I have caused you, this last one above all. I could not deny to my love and my repentance the mingled bliss and torture of this moment; but as I am really and passionately a lover of truth as well as of yourself, this is the last trouble I shall give you, unless you are pleased to admit what I confess I have very little hopes of, which is, a respectful pressure of my suit in future. Pardon me even these words,

if they displease you. You have nothing to do but to bid me—leave you; and when he quits this apartment, Harry Vernon troubles you no more.”

A silence ensued for the space of a few seconds. The gentleman was very pale; so was the lady. At length she said, in a very under tone, “This surprise, Sir—I was not insensible—I mean, I perceived—sure, Sir, it is not Mr. Vernon, the brother of my cousin’s friend, to whom I am speaking?”

“The same, Madam.”

“And why not at once, Sir—I mean—that is to say—Forgive me, Sir, if circumstances conspire to agitate me a little, and to throw me in doubt what I ought to say. I wish to say what is becoming, and to retain your respect;” and the lady trembled as she said it.

“My respect, Madam, was never profounder than it is at this moment, even though I dare begin to hope that you will not think it disrespectful on my part to adore you. If I might but hope, that months or years of service—”

“Be seated, Sir, I beg; I am very forgetful. I am an orphan, Mr. Vernon, and you must make allowances as a gentleman” (here her voice became a little louder) “for any thing in which I may seem to forget, either what is due to you or to myself.”

The gentleman had not taken a chair, but at the end of this speech he approached the lady, and led her to her own seat with an air full of reverence.

“Ah, Madam,” said he, “if you could but fancy

you had known me these five years, you would at least give me credit for enough truth, and I hope enough tenderness and respectfulness of heart (for they all go together) to be certain of the feelings I entertain towards your sex in general; much more towards one whose nature strikes me with such a gravity of admiration at this moment, that praise even falters on my tongue. Could I dare hope that you meant to say anything more kind to me than a common expression of good wishes, I would dare to say, that the sweet truth of your nature not only warrants your doing so, but makes it a part of its humanity."

"Will you tell me, Mr. Vernon, what induced you to say so decidedly to my servant (for I heard it at the door) that you were sure I should never see you again."

"Yes, Madam, I will; and nevertheless I feel all the force of your enquiry. It was the last little instinctive stratagem that love induced me to play, even when I was going to put on the whole force of my character and my love of truth! for I did indeed believe that you would discard me, though I was not so sure of it as I pretended."

"There, Sir," said Pomona, colouring in all the beauty of joy and love, "there is my hand. I give it to the lover of truth; but truth no less forces me to acknowledge, that my heart had not been unshaken by some former occurrences."

"Charming and adorable creature!" cried our hero, after he had recovered from the kiss which he

gave her. But here we leave them to themselves. Our heroine confessed, that from what she now knew of her feelings, she must have been inclined to look with compassion on him before; but added, that she never could have been sure she loved him, much less had the courage to tell him so, till she had known him in his own candid shape.

And this, and no other, is the true story of Ver-tumnus and Pomona.

IX.—ON THE GRACES AND ANXIETIES OF FIG-DRIVING.

FROM the perusal of this article we beg leave to warn off vulgar readers of all denominations, whether of the “great vulgar or the small.” Warn, did we say? We drive them off; for Horace tells us that they, as well as pigs, are to be so treated. *Odi profanum vulgus*, says he, *et arceo*. But do thou lend thine ear, gentle shade of Goldsmith, who didst make thy bear-leader denounce “every thing as is low;” and thou, Steele, who didst humanize upon public-houses and puppet-shows; and Fielding, thou, whom the great Richardson, less in that matter (and some others) than thyself, did accuse of vulgarity, because thou didst discern natural gentility in a footman, and yet wast not to be taken in by the airs of Pamela and my Lady G.

The title is a little startling; but "style and sentiment," as a lady said, "can do anything." Remember, then, gentle reader, that talents are not to be despised in the humblest walks of life; we will add, nor in the muddiest. The other day we happened to be among a set of spectators, who could not help stopping to admire the patience and address with which a pig-driver huddled and cherished onward his drove of unaccommodating *élèves*, down a street in the suburbs. He was a born genius for a manœuvre. Had he originated in a higher sphere, he would have been a general, or a stage-manager, or, at least, the head of a set of monks. Conflicting interests were his forte; pig-headed wills, and proceedings hopeless. To see the *hand* with which he did it! How hovering, yet firm; how encouraging, yet compelling; how indicative of the space on each side of him, and yet of the line before him; how general, how particular, how perfect! No barber's could quiver about a head with more lightness of apprehension; no cook's pat up and proportion the side of a pasty with a more final eye. The whales, quoth old Chapman, speaking of Neptune,

The whales exulted under him, and knew their mighty king.

The pigs did not exult, but they knew their king. Unwilling was their subjection, but "more in sorrow than in anger." They were too far gone for rage. Their case was hopeless. They did not see why they should proceed, but they felt themselves bound to do

so ; forced, conglomerated, crowded onwards, irresistibly impelled by fate and Jenkins. Often would they have bolted under any other master. They squeaked and grunted as in ordinary ; they sidled, they shuffled, they half stopped ; they turned an eye to all the little outlets of escape ; but in vain. There they stuck (for their very progress was a sort of sticking), charmed into the centre of his sphere of action, laying their heads together, but to no purpose ; looking all as if they were shrugging their shoulders, and eschewing the tip-end of the whip of office. Much eye had they to their left leg ; shrewd backward glances ; not a little anticipative squeak, and sudden rush of avoidance. It was a superfluous clutter, and they felt it ; but a pig finds it more difficult than any other animal to accommodate himself to circumstances. Being out of his pale, he is in the highest state of wonderment and inaptitude. He is sluggish, obstinate, opinionate, not very social ; has no desire of seeing foreign parts. Think of him in a multitude, forced to travel, and wondering what the devil it is that drives him ! Judge by this of the talents of his driver.

We beheld a man once, an inferior genius, inducting a pig into the other end of Long-lane, Smithfield. He had got him thus far towards the market. It was much. His air announced success in nine parts out of ten, and hope for the remainder. It had been a happy morning's work ; he had only to look for the termination of it ; and he looked (as a critic of an

exalted turn of mind would say) in brightness and in joy. Then would he go to the public-house, and indulge in porter and a pleasing security. Perhaps he would not say much at first, being oppressed with the greatness of his success; but by degrees, especially if interrogated, he would open, like Æneas, into all the circumstances of his journey and the perils that beset him. Profound would be his set out; full of tremor his middle course; high and skilful his progress; glorious, though with a quickened pulse, his triumphant entry. Delicate had been his situation in Ducking-pond row; masterly his turn at Bell-alley. We saw him with the radiance of some such thought on his countenance. He was just entering Long-lane. A gravity came upon him, as he steered his touchy convoy into this his last thoroughfare. A dog moved him into a little agitation, darting along; but he resumed his course, not without a happy trepidation, hovering as he was on the borders of triumph. The pig still required care. It was evidently a pig with all the peculiar turn of mind of his species; a fellow that would not move faster than he could help; irritable; retrospective; picking objections, and prone to boggle; a chap with a tendency to take every path but the proper one, and with a sidelong tact for the alleys.

He bolts!

He's off!—*Evasit! erupit!*

“Oh, Ch—st!” exclaimed the man, dashing his hand against his head, lifting his knee in an agony,

and screaming with all the weight of a prophecy which the spectators felt to be too true—" *he'll go up all manner of streets !*"

Poor fellow ! we think of him now sometimes, driving up Duke-street, and not to be comforted in Barbican.

X.—PANTOMIMES.

HE that says he does not like a Pantomime, either says what he does not think, or is not so wise as he fancies himself. He should grow young again, and get wiser. "The child," as the poet says, "is father to the man ;" and in this instance, he has a very degenerate offspring. Yes : John Tomkins, aged 35, and not liking pantomimes, is a very unpromising little boy. Consider, Tomkins, you have still a serious regard for pudding, and are ambitious of being thought clever. Well, there is the Clown who will sympathize with you in dumplings ; and not to see into the cleverness of Harlequin's quips and metamorphoses, is to want a perception, which other little boys have by nature. Not to like pantomimes, is not to like animal spirits ; it is not to like motion ; not to like love ; not to like a jest upon dulness and formality ; not to smoke one's uncle ; not to like to see a thump in the face ; not to laugh ; not to fancy ; not to like a holiday ; not to know the pleasure of

sitting up at Christmas ; not to sympathize with one's children ; not to remember that we have been children ourselves ; nor that we shall grow old, and be as gouty as Pantaloon, if we are not as wise and as active as they.

Not wishing to be dry on so pleasant a subject, we shall waive the learning that is in us on the origin of these popular entertainments. It will be sufficient to observe, that among the Italians, from whom we borrowed them, they consisted of a run of jokes upon the provincial peculiarities of their countrymen. Harlequin, with his giddy vivacity, was the representative of the inhabitant of one state ; Pantaloon, of the imbecile carefulness of another ; the clown, of the sensual, macaroni-eating Neapolitan, with his instinct for eschewing danger ; and Columbine, Harlequin's mistress, was the type, not indeed of the outward woman (for the young ladies were too restrained in that matter), but of the inner girl of all the lasses in Italy,—the tender, fluttering heart,—the little dove (*colombina*), ready to take flight with the first lover, and to pay off old scores with the gout and the jealousy, that had hitherto kept her in durance.

The reader has only to transfer the characters to those of his own countrymen, to have a lively sense of the effect which these national pictures must have had in Italy. Imagine Harlequin, a gallant adventurer from some particular part of the land, full of life and fancy, sticking at no obstacles, leaping

gates and windows, hitting off a satire at every turn, and converting the very scrapes he gets in, to matters of jest and triumph. The old gentleman that pursues him, is a miser from some manufacturing town, whose ward he has run away with. The Clown is a London cockney, with a prodigious eye to his own comfort and muffins,—a Lord Mayor's fool, who loved "everything that was good ;" and Columbine is the boarding-school girl, ripe for running away with, and making a dance of it all the way from Chelsea to Gretna Green.

Pantomime is the only upholder of comedy, when there is nothing else to shew for it. It is the satirist, or caricaturist of the times, ridiculing the rise and fall of hats and funds, the growth of aldermen or of bonnets, the pretences of quackery ; and watching innovations of all sorts, lest change be too hasty. But this view of it is for the older boys. For us, who, upon the strength of our sympathy, boast of being among the young ones, its life, its motion, its animal spirits, are the thing. We sit among the shining faces on all sides of us, and fancy ourselves at this moment enjoying it. What whim ! what fancy ! what eternal movement ! The performers are like the blood in one's veins, never still ; and the music runs with equal vivacity through the whole spectacle, like the pattern of a watered ribbon.

In comes Harlequin, demi-masked, party-coloured, nimble-toed, lithe, agile ; bending himself now this way, now that ; bridling up like a pigeon ; tipping

out his toe like a dancer ; then taking a fantastic skip ; then standing ready at all points, and at right angles with his omnipotent lath-sword, the emblem of the converting power of fancy and light-heartedness. Giddy as we think him, he is resolved to shew us that his head can bear more giddiness than we fancy ; and lo ! beginning with it by degrees, he whirls it round into a very spin, with no more remorse than if it were a button. Then he draws his sword ; slaps his enemy, who has just come upon him, into a settee ; and springing upon him, dashes through the window like a swallow. Let us hope that Columbine and the high road are on the other side, and that he is already a mile on the road to Gretna : for

Here comes Pantaloon, with his stupid servant ; not the Clown, but a proper grave blockhead, to keep him in heart with himself. What a hobbling old rascal it is ! How void of any handsome infirmity ! His very gout is owing to his having lived upon twopence farthing. Not finding Harlequin and Columbine, he sends his servant to look in the further part of the house, while he hobbles back to see what has become of that lazy fellow the Clown.

He, the cunning rogue, who has been watching mid-way, and now sees the coast clear, enters in front,—round-faced, goggle-eyed, knock-kneed, but agile to a degree of the dislocated, with a great smear for his mouth, and a cap on his head, half fool's and half cook's. Commend him to the dinner that he sees on table, and that was laid for Harlequin and his

mistress. Merry be their hearts: there is a time for all things; and while they dance through a dozen inns to their hearts' content, he will eat a Sussex dumpling or so. Down he sits, contriving a luxurious seat, and inviting himself with as many ceremonies as if he had the whole day before him: but when he once begins, he seems as if he had not a moment to lose. The dumpling vanishes at a cram:—the sausages are abolished:—down go a dozen yards of macaroni: and he is in the act of paying his duties to a gallon of rum, when in come Pantaloon and his servant at opposite doors, both in search of the glutton, both furious, and both resolved to pounce on the rascal headlong. They rush forward accordingly; he slips from between them with a "Hallo, I say;" and the two poor devils dash their heads against one another, like rams. They rebound fainting asunder to the stage-doors: while the Clown, laughing with all his shoulders, nods a health to each, and finishes his draught. He then holds a great cask of a snuff-box to each of their noses, to bring them to; and while they are sneezing and tearing their souls out, jogs off at his leisure.

Ah—here he is again on his road, Harlequin with his lass, fifty miles advanced in an hour, and caring nothing for his pursuers, though they have taken the steam-coach. Now the lovers dine indeed; and having had no motion to signify, join in a dance. Here Columbine shines as she ought to do. The little slender, but plump rogue! How she winds it

hither and thither with her trim waist, and her waxen arms ! now with a hand against her side, tripping it with no immodest insolence in a hornpipe ; now undulating it in a waltz ; or “ caracoling ” it, as Sir Thomas Urquhart would say, in the saltatory style of the opera ;—but always Columbine ; always the little dove who is to be protected ; something less than the opera-dancer, and greater ; more unconscious, yet not so ; and ready to stretch her gauze wings for a flight, the moment Riches would tear her from Love.

But these introductions of the characters by themselves do not give a sufficient idea of the great pervading spirit of the pantomime, which is motion ; motion for ever, and motion all at once. Mr. Jacob Bryant, who saw everything in anything, and needed nothing but the taking a word to pieces to prove that his boots and the constellation Boötes were the same thing, would have recognized in the word Pantomime the Anglo-antediluvian compound, a *Pant-o'-mimes* ; that is to say, a set of Mimes or Mimics, all panting together. Or he would have detected the obvious Anglo-Greek meaning of a set of Mimes, expressing *Pan*, or Every-thing, by means of the *Toe*,—*Pan-Toe-Mime*. Be this as it may, Pantomime is certainly a representation of the vital principle of all things, from the dance of the planets down to that of Damon and Phillis. Everything in it keeps moving ; there is no more cessation than there is in nature ; and though we may endeavour to fix our attention upon one mover or set of movers at a time, we are conscious

that all are going on. The Clown, though we do not see him, is jogging somewhere ;—Pantaloon and his servant, like Saturn and his ring, are still careering it behind their Mercury and Venus ; and when Harlequin and Columbine come in, do we fancy they have been resting behind the scenes ? The notion ! Look at them : they are evidently in full career ; they have been, as well as are, dancing ; and the music, which never ceases whether they are visible or not, tells us as much.

Let readers, of a solemn turn of mistake, disagree with us if they please, provided they are ill-humoured. The erroneous, of a better nature, we are interested in ; having known what it is to err like them. These are apt to be mistaken out of modesty (sometimes out of a pardonable vanity in wishing to be esteemed) ; and in the case before us, they will sin against the natural candour of their hearts by condemning an entertainment which they enjoy, because they think it a mark of sense to do so. Let them know themselves to be wiser than those who are really of that opinion. There is nothing wiser than a cheerful pulse, and all innocent things which tend to keep it so. The crabbedest philosopher that ever lived (if he was a philosopher, and crabbed against his will) would have given thousands to feel as they do ; and he would have known, that it redounded to his honour and not to his disgrace, to own it.

XI.—CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

READERS of newspapers are constantly being shocked with the unnatural conduct of parents towards their children. Some are detected in locking them up and half-starving them: others tax them beyond their strength, and scourge them dreadfully for not bearing it: others take horrible dislikes to their children, and vex and torture them in every way they can think of, short of subjecting themselves to the galls. In most cases the tyranny is of long duration before it is exposed. A whole neighbourhood are saddened by the cries of the poor victim, till they are obliged to rise up in self-defence and bring the criminal to justice. By this we may judge how many miseries are taking place, of which people have no suspicion; how many wretches have crimes of this sort, to account for the evil in their looks; and how many others, more criminal because more lying, go about in decent repute, while some oppressed and feeble relative, awfully patient, is awaiting in solitude the horror of the returning knock at the door.

It is alleged by offenders of this description, that the children are vicious and provoking; that their conduct is very "aggravating," as the phrase is; and that "nothing can mend them but blows,"—which never do. But whence come the faults of children? And how were they suffered to grow to such a height? Really,—setting aside these monsters of unpaternity,—parents are apt to demand a great

many virtues in their children, which they do not themselves possess. The child, on the mere strength of their will, and without any of their experience, is expected to have good sense, good temper, and heaven knows how many other good qualities; while the parents perhaps, notwithstanding all the lessons they have received from time and trouble, have little or nothing of any of them. Above all, they forget that, in originating the bodies of their children, they originate their minds and temperaments; that a child is but a continuation of his father and mother, or their fathers and mothers, and kindred; that it is further modified and made what it is, by education and bringing up; and that on all these accounts the parents have no excuse for abusing and tormenting it; unless with equal wisdom and a glorious impartiality they should abuse and torment *themselves* in like manner,—scourge their own flesh, and condemn themselves to a crust and a black hole. If a father were to give his own sore legs a good flogging for inheriting ill-humours from his ancestors, he might with some shew of reason, proceed to punish the continuation of them in those of his child. If a cruel mother got into a handsome tub of cold water, of a winter morning, and edified the neighbours with the just and retributive shrieks which she thence poured forth for a couple of hours, crying out to her deceased “mammy” that she would be a good elderly woman in future, and not a scold and a reprobate, then she might, like a proper mad woman (for she is but an improper one

now) put her child into the tub after her, and make it shriek out "mammy" in its turn.

But let us do justice to all one's fellow-creatures, not forgetting these very "aggravating" parents. To regard them as something infernal, and forget that they, as well as their children, have become what they are from circumstances over which they had no control, is to fall into their own error, and forget our common humanity. We believe that the very worst of these domestic tyrants (and it is an awful lesson for the best of them) would have been shocked in early life, if they could have been shewn, in a magic glass, what sort of beings they would become. Suppose one of them a young man, blooming with health, and not ill-natured, but subject to fits of sulkiness or passion, and not very wise; and suppose that in this glass he sees an old ill-looking fellow, scowling, violent, outrageous, tormenting with a bloody scourge his own child; who is meagre, squalid, and half-starved:—"Good God!" he would cry, "can that be myself? Can that be my arm, and my face? And that my own poor little child? There *are* devils then, and I am doomed to be one of them." And the tears would pour into his eyes. No: not so, poor wretch: thou art no devil,—there is no such thing as devilishness or pure malice for its own sake; the very cruellest actions are committed to relieve the cravings of the perpetrator's want of excitement, more than to hurt another. But though no devil, you are very ignorant, and are not aware of your ignorance. The

energies of the universe, being on a great scale, are liable, in their progress from worse to better, to great roughness in the working, and appalling sounds of discord. The wiser you become, the more you diminish this jarring, and tend to produce that amelioration. Learn this, and be neither appalled nor appalling; or if your reflections do not travel so far, and you are in no danger of continuing your evil course by the subtle desperation of superstition, be content to know, that nobody ill-treats another, who is satisfied with his own conduct. If the case were otherwise, it would be worse; for you would not have the excuse, even of a necessity for relieving your own sensations. But it never *is* so, sophisticate about it as you may. The very pains you take to reconcile yourself to yourself, may shew you how much need you have of doing so. It is nothing else which makes the silliest little child sulky; and the same folly makes the grown man a tyrant. When you begin to ill-treat your child, you begin to punish in him your own faults; and you most likely do nothing but beat them in upon him with every stroke of the scourge: for why should he be wiser than you? Why should he be able to throw off the ill-humours, of which your greater energies cannot get rid?

These thoughts we address to those who are worthy of them; and who, not being tyrants, may yet become such, for want of reflection. Vulgar offenders can be mended only with the whole progress of society, and the advancement of education. There is one thing

we must not omit to say, which is, that the best parents are apt to expect too much of their children, and to forget how much error they may have committed in the course of bringing them up. Nobody is in fault, in a criminal sense. Children have their excuses, and parents have their excuses; but the wiser any of us become, the less we exact from others, and the more we do to deserve their regard. The great art of being a good parent consists in setting a good example, and in maintaining that union of dispassionate firmness with habitual good-humour, which a child never *thinks* of treating with disrespect.

We have here been speaking principally of the behaviour of parents to *little children*. When violent disputes take place between parents and children grown up,—young men and women,—there are generally great faults on both sides; though, for an obvious reason, the parent, who has had the training and formation of the other, is likely to be most in the wrong. But unhappily, very excellent people may sometimes find themselves hampered in a calamity of this nature; and out of that sort of weakness, which is so often confounded with strength, turn their very sense of being in the right, to the same hostile and implacable purpose, as if it were the reverse. We can only say, that from all we have seen in the world, and indeed from the whole experience of mankind, they who are conscious of being right, are the first to make a movement towards reconciliation, let the cause of quarrel be what it may; and that there is no surer

method, in the eyes of any who know what human nature is, both to sustain the real dignity of the right side, and to amend the wrong one. To kind-hearted fathers in general, who have the misfortune to get into a dilemma of this sort, we would recommend the pathetic story of a French general, who was observed, after the death of his son in battle, never to hold up his head. He said to a friend, "My boy was used to think me severe; and he had too much reason to do so. He did not know how I loved him at the bottom of my heart; *and it is now too late.*"

XII.—HOUSES ON FIRE.

It is astonishing how little imagination there is in the world, in matters not affecting men's immediate wants and importance. People seem to require a million thumps on the head, before they can learn to guard against a head-ache. This would be little; but the greater the calamity, the less they seem to provide against it. All the fires in this great metropolis, and the frightful catastrophes which are often the result, do not shew the inhabitants that they ought to take measures to guard against them, and that these measures are among the easiest things in the world. Every man who has a family, and whose house is too high to allow of jumping out of the windows, ought to consider

himself *bound* to have a fire-escape. What signifies all the care he has taken to be a good husband or father, and all the provision he has made for the well-being of his children in after-life, if in one frightful moment, in the dead of night, with horror glaring in their faces, and tender and despairing words swallowed up in burning and suffocation,—amidst cracking beams and rafters, sinking floors, and a whole yielding gulf of agony,—they are all to *cease* to be!—to perish like so many vermin in a wall! Fire-escapes, even if they are not made so already (as we believe they are) can evidently be constructed in a most easy, cheap, and commodious manner. A basket and a double rope are sufficient; or two or three would be better. It is the sudden sense of the height at which people sleep, and the despair of escape which consequently seizes them, for want of some such provision, that disables them from thinking of any other resources. Houses, it is true, generally have trap-doors to the roof; but these are not kept in readiness for use; a ladder is wanting; or the door is hard to be got up; the passage to it is difficult, or involved in the fire; and the roof may not be a safe one to walk over; children cannot act for themselves; terror affects the older people; and, therefore, on all these accounts, nothing is more desirable than that the means of escape should be at hand, should be facile, and capable of being used in concert with the multitude below. People out of doors are ever ready and anxious to assist. Those brave fellows, the firemen,

would complete the task, if time allowed, and circumstances had hitherto prevented it; and handle the basket, and the little riders in it, with confidence, like so many chickens. A time perhaps will come, when every window in a high bed-chamber will have an escape to it, as a matter of course; but it is a terrible pity, meanwhile, that for want of a little imagination out of the common pale of their Mondays and Wednesdays, a whole metropolis, piquing themselves on their love of their families, should subject themselves and the dearest objects of their affection to these infernal accidents.

In an honest state of society, houses would all communicate with one another, by common doors; and families destroyed by fire would be among the monstrosities of history.

XIII.—A BATTLE OF ANTS.—DESIRABLENESS OF DRAWING A DISTINCTION BETWEEN POWERS COMMON TO OTHER ANIMALS, AND THOSE PECULIAR TO MAN.

TAKING up, the other day, a number of the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, we met with the following account of a battle of ants. It is contained in the notice of a memoir by M. Hanhart, who describes the battle as having taken place between two species of these insects, “one the *formica rufa*, and

the other a little black ant, which he does not name, (probably the *fusca*).” In other respects, as the reviewer observes, the subject is not new, the celebrated Huber having described a battle of this kind before; but as natural history lies out of the way of many readers (though calculated to please them all, if they are genuine readers of anything), and as it has suggested to us a few remarks, which may further the objects we have in writing, the account shall be here repeated.

“M. Hanhart saw these insects approach in armies composed of their respective swarms, and advancing towards each other in the greatest order. The *Formica rufa* marched with one in front, on a line from nine to twelve feet in length, flanked by several corps in square masses, composed of from twenty to sixty individuals.

“The second species (little blacks), forming an army much more numerous, marched to meet the enemy on a very extended line, and from one to three individuals abreast. They left a detachment at the foot of their hillock to defend it against any unlooked-for attack. The rest of the army marched to battle, with its right wing supported by a solid corps of several hundred individuals, and the left wing supported by a similar body of more than a thousand. These groups advanced in the greatest order, and without changing their positions. The two lateral corps took no part in the present action. That of the right wing made a halt and formed an army of reserve; whilst

the corps which marched in column on the left wing, manœuvred so as to turn the hostile army, and advanced with a hurried march to the hillock of the *Formica rufa*, and took it by assault.

“The two armies attacked each other, and fought for a long time, without breaking their lines. At length disorder appeared in various points, and the combat was maintained in detached groups; and after a bloody battle, which continued from three to four hours, the *Formica rufa* were put to flight, and forced to abandon their two hillocks and go off to establish themselves at some other point with the remains of their army.

“The most interesting part of this exhibition, says M. Hanhart, was to see these insects reciprocally making prisoners, and transporting their own wounded to their hillocks. Their devotedness to the wounded was carried so far, that the *Formica rufa*, in conveying them to their nests, allowed themselves to be killed by the little blacks without any resistance, rather than abandon their precious charge.

“From the observations of M. Huber, it is known that when an ant hillock is taken by the enemy, the vanquished are reduced to slavery, and employed in the interior labours of their habitation.”—*Bull. Univ. Mai* 1826.

There is no sort of reason, observe, to mistrust these accounts. The “lords of creation” may be slow in admitting the approaches of other animals to a common property in what they consider eminently human

and skilful; but ants, in some of their habits, have a great resemblance to bees; and after what is now universally known respecting the polity and behaviour of the bees, the doubt will rather be, whether a share in the arts of war and government is not possessed by a far greater number of beings than we have yet discovered.

Here then, among a set of little creatures not bigger than grains of rice, is war in its regular human shape; war, not only in its violence, but its patriotism or fellow-feeling; and not only in its patriotism (which in our summary mode of settling all creatures' affections but our own, might be referred to instinct), but war in its *science and battle array!* The red ants make their advance in a line from nine to twelve feet in length, flanked by several corps in square masses; the "little blacks," more numerous, come up three abreast, leaving a detachment at the foot of their hillock, to defend it against unlooked-for attack. There are wings, right and left; they halt; they form an army of reserve; one side manœuvres so as to turn the other; the hillock is taken by assault; the lines are broken; and in fine, after a "bloody battle" of three or four hours, the red ants are put to flight.

What is there different in all this from a battle of Waterloo or Malplaquet? We look down upon these little energetic and skilful creatures, as beings of a similar disproportion might look upon us; and do we not laugh? We may for an instant,—thinking of the little Wellingtons and Napoleons that may

have led them; but such laughter is found to be wrong on reflection, and is left to those who do not reflect at all, and who would be the first to resent laughter against themselves.

What then do we do? Are we to go into a corner, and effeminately weep over the miseries of the *formican*, as well as the human, race? saying how short is the life of ant! and that *Fourmis* cometh up, and is cut down like a Frenchman? By no means. But we may contribute, by our reflections, an atom to the sum of human advancement; and if men advance, all the creatures of this world, for aught we know, may advance with them, or the places in which evil is found be diminished.

A little before we read this account of the battle of the ants, we saw pass by our window, a troop of horse; a set of gallant fellows, on animals almost as noble; the band playing, and colours flying; a strenuous sight; a progress of human hearts and thick-coming, trampling hoofs; a crowd of wills, composed into order and beauty by the will of another; ready death in the most gallant shape of life; self-sacrifice, taking out its holiday of admiration in the eyes of the feeble and the heroical, and moving through the sunshine to sounds of music, as if one moment of the very shew of sympathy were worth any price, even to its own confusion.

Was it all this? or was it nothing but a set of more imposing animals, led by others about half as thoughtless? Was it an imposition on *themselves* as well as

the public, enticing the poor souls to be dressed up for the slaughter? a mass of superfluous human beings, cheated to come together, in order, as Mr. Malthus thinks, that the superfluity may be got rid of, and the great have elbow-room at their feasts? or was it simply, as other philosophers think, because human experience is still in its boyhood, and men, in some respects, *are not yet beyond the ants?*

The sight of one of these military shows is, to us, the most elevating and the most humiliating thing in the world. It seems at once to raise us to the gods, and to sink us to the brutes. We feel of what noble things men are capable, and into what half-witted things they may be deluded. At one moment we seem to ride in company with them to some glorious achievement, and rejoice in constituting a part of all that strength and warm blood which is to be let out for some great cause. At the next, they appear to us a parcel of poor fools, tricked, and tricked out; and we, because we are poorer ones, who see without being able to help it, must fain have the feeble tears come in our eyes. Oh! in that sorry little looking-glass of a tear, how many great human shows have been reflected, and made less!

But these weaknesses belong to the physical part of us. Philosophy sees farther, and hopes all. That war is an unmixed evil, we do not believe. We are sure it is otherwise. It sets in motion many noble qualities, and (in default of a better instrument) often does a great deal of good. That it is not, at the

same time, a great and monstrous evil, we believe as little. One field, after a battle, with the cries of the wounded and the dying, the dislocations, the tortures, the defeatures, and the dismemberings, the dreadful lingering (perhaps on a winter's night), the shrieks for help, and the agonies of mortal thirst, is sufficient to do away all shallow and blustering attempts to make us take the shew of it for the substance. Even if we had no hope that the world could ever get rid of war, we should not blind ourselves to this its ghastly side; for its evils would then accumulate for want of being considered; and it is better at all times to look a truth manfully in the face, than trust for security ourselves, or credulity from others, to an effeminate hiding of our eyes. But the same love of truth that disguises nothing, may hope everything; and it is this that shall carry the world forward to benefits unthought of, if men of genius once come to set it up as their guide and standard.

What we intended by our present article was this: to suggest, whether we ought to value ourselves on any custom or skill which we possess in common with the lower animals; or whether we ought not rather to consider the participation as an argument, that, in that respect, we have not yet got beyond the commonest instinct. If the military conduct of the ants be not instinct (or whatsoever human pride pleases to understand by that term), then are they in possession, so far, of human reason, and so far we do not see beyond them. If it be instinct, then war, and the

conduct of it, are not the great things we suppose them ; and a Wellington and a Washington may but follow the impulse of some mechanical energy, just as some insects are supposed to construct their dwellings in a particular shape, because they partake of it in their own conformation. In either case, we conceive, we ought to remind ourselves, that the greatest distinction hitherto discovered between men and other creatures, is, that the human being is capable of improvement, and of seeing beyond the instincts common to all. Therefore, war is not a thing we arrive at after great improvement ; it is a thing we begin with, before any ; and what we take for improvements in the mode of conducting it, are only the result of such circumstances as can be turned to account by creatures no higher in the scale of being than insects.

We make very disingenuous use of the lower animals, in our reasonings and analogies. If we wish to degrade a man, we say he acts like a brute ;—if, on the other hand, we would vindicate any part of our conduct, as especially natural and proper, we say the very brutes do it. Now, in one sense of the word every thing is natural which takes place within the whole circle of nature ; and being animals ourselves, we partake of much that is common to all animals. But if we are to pique ourselves on our superiority, it is evident that we are superior in proportion as we are rationally and deliberately different from the animals beneath us ; while they, on the other hand, have

a right to share our "glory," or to pull it down, according to the degrees in which they resemble us.

The conclusion is, that we ought attentively to consider in what points the resemblance is to be found, and in what we leave them manifestly behind. Creatures, who differ from ourselves, may, it is true, have perceptions of which we are incapable, perhaps nobler ones; but this is a mere assumption: we can only reason from what we know; and it is to be presumed, that they are as inferior to us in all which we reckon intellectual and capable of advancement, as they are known to be so in general by their subjection to our uses, by the helps which we can afford them, by the mistakes they make, the points at which they stop short, and the manner in which we can put to flight their faculties, and whole myriads of them.

What faculties then have beasts and insects in common with us? What can they do, that we do also?—Let us see. Beavers can build houses, and insects of various sorts can build cells. Birds also construct themselves dwelling-places suitable to their nature. The orang-outang can be taught to put on clothes; he can sit up and take his wine at dinner; and the squirrel can play his part in a dessert, as far as the cracking of nuts. Animals, in general, love personal cleanliness, and eat no more than is fit for them; but can be encouraged into great sensuality. Bees have a monarchical government: foxes understand trick and stratagem; so do hundreds of other animals, from the dog down to the dunghill-beetle; many are capa-

ble of pride and emulation, more of attachment, and all of fear, of anger, of hostility, or other impulses for self-defence; and all perhaps are susceptible of improvement *from without*; that is to say, by the help of man. Seals will look on while their young ones fight, and pat and caress the conqueror; and now it is discovered that ants can conduct armies to battle, can make and rescue prisoners, and turn them to account. Huber in addition to these discoveries, found out that they possessed a sort of cattle in a species of *aphides*, and that they made them yield a secretion for food, as we obtain milk from the cows. It appears to be almost equally proved, that animals have modes of communicating with one another, analogous to speech. Insects are supposed to interchange a kind of dumb language,—to talk, as it were, with fingers,—by means of their *antennæ*; and it is difficult to believe, that in the songs of birds there is not both speech and inflection, communications in the gross, and expressions modified by the occasion.

Let the reader, however, as becomes his philosophy, take from all this whatever is superfluous or conjectural, and enough will remain to shew, that the least and lowest animals, as well as man, can furnish themselves with dwellings; can procure food; can trick and deceive; are naturally clean and temperate, but can be taught to indulge their senses; have the ordinary round of passions; encourage the qualities necessary to vigour and self-defence; have polity and kingly government; can make other animals of use to them;

and finally, can make war, and conduct armies to battle in the most striking modes of human strategy.

Animals in general, therefore, include among themselves

Masons, or house-builders ;
Getters of bread ;
Common followers of the senses ;
Common-place imitators ;
Pursuers of their own interest, in cunning as
well as in simplicity ;
Possessors of the natural affections ;
Encouragers of valour and self-exertion ;
Monarchs and subjects ;
Warriors, and leaders to battle.

Whatever, among men, is reducible to any of these classes, is to be found among beasts, birds, and insects. We are not to be ashamed of anything we have in common with them, merely because we so have it. On the contrary, we are to be glad that any quality, useful or noble, is so universal in the creation. But whatever we discern among them, of sordid or selfish, there, without condemning them, we may see the line drawn, beyond which we can alone congratulate ourselves on our humanity ; and whatever skill they possess in common with us, there we are to begin to doubt whether we have any reason to pique ourselves on our display of it, and from that limit we are to begin to consider what they do *not* possess.

We have often had a suspicion, that military talent

is greatly overrated by the world, and for an obvious reason : because the means by which it shews itself are connected with brute force and the most terrible results ; and men's faculties are dazzled and beaten down by a thunder and lightening so formidable to their very existence. If playing a game at chess involved the blowing up of gunpowder, and the hazard of laying waste a city, men would have the same grand idea of a game of chess ; and yet we now give it no more glory than it deserves. Now it is doubtful, whether the greatest military conqueror, considered purely as such, and not with reference to his accidental possession of other talents, such as those of Cæsar and Xenophon, is not a mere chess-player of this description, with the addition of greater self-possession. His main faculty is of the geometrical or proportion-giving order ; of which it is remarkable, that it is the only one, ranking high among those of humanity, which is partaken by the lowest ignorance and what is called pure instinct ; by arithmetical idiots, and architectural bees. Idiots have been known to solve difficult arithmetical questions, by taking a thought which they could do for no other purpose ; that is to say, by reference to some undiscovered faculty within them, that looks very like an instinct, and the result of the presence or absence of something, which is not common to higher organization. In *Jameson's Philosophical Journal* for April,*

* See the *Magazine of Natural History* for July, a work lately set up. We beg leave to recommend this, and all similar

is a conjecture, that the hexagonal plan of the cells of a hornet is derived from the structure of its fore-legs. It has often struck us, that the architecture of the cells of bees might be owing to a similar guidance of conformation ; and by the like analogy, extraordinary powers of arithmetic might be traceable to some physical peculiarity, or a tendency to it ; such as the indication of a sixth finger on the hands of one of the calculating boys that were lately so much talked of. We have sometimes thought, that even the illustrious Newton had a face and a set of features, singularly accordant with mathematical uniformity and precision. And there is a professional cast of countenance attributed, not perhaps without reason, to warriors of the more mechanical order. Washington's face was as cut and dry as a diagram.

It may be argued, that whatever proofs may exist of the acquaintance of insects with the art of war, or at least with their power of joining battle under the ordinary appearances of skill and science, it does not follow that they conduct the matter with the real science of human beings, or that they are acquainted with our variety of tactics, or have made improvements in them from time to time. We concede, that in all probability there is a distinction between the exercise of the most rational-looking instincts on the

works, to the lovers of truth and enquiry in general ; physical discovery having greater alliance with moral, than is suspected ; and the habit of sincere investigation on all points being greatly encouraged by its existence on any one.

part of a lower animal, and the most instinctive-looking reason on the side of man ; but where the two classes have so much in common in any one particular, what we mean to shew is, that in that particular it is more difficult than in others to pronounce where the limit between conscious and unconscious skill is to be drawn ; and that so far, we have no pretension which other animals may not dispute with us. It has been often wondered, that a great general is not in other respects a man above the vulgar ; that he is not a better speaker than others ; a better writer, or thinker, or possessed of greater address ; in short, that he has no qualities but such as are essential to him in his military capacity. This again looks like a proof of the mechanical nature of a general's ability. We believe it may be said exclusively of military talents, and of one or two others connected with the mathematics, that they are the only ones capable of attaining to greatness and celebrity in their respective departments, with a destitution of taste or knowledge in every other. Every other great talent partakes more or less of a sympathy with greatness in other shapes. The fine arts have their harmonies in common : wit implies a stock of ideas : the legislator—(we do not mean the ordinary conductors of government, for they, as one of them said, require much less wisdom than the world supposes ; and it may be added, impose upon the world, somewhat in the same manner as military leaders, by dint of the size and potency of their operations)—the legislator makes a profound study

of all the wants of mankind ; and poetry and philosophy show the height at which they live, by " looking abroad into universality."

Far be it from us to undervalue the *use* of any science, especially in the hands of those who are capable of so looking abroad, and seeing where it can advance the good of the community. The commonest genuine soldier has a merit in his way, which we are far from disesteeming. Without a portion of his fortitude, no man has a power to be useful. But we are speaking of intellects capable of leading society onwards, and not of instruments however respectable : and unfortunately (generally speaking) the greatest soldiers are fit only to be instruments, not leaders. Once in a way it happens luckily that they suit the times they live in. Washington is an instance : and yet if ever great man looked like " a tool in the hands of Providence," it was he. He appears to have been always the same man, from first to last, employed or unemployed, known or unknown ;—the same steady, dry-looking, determined person, cut and carved like a piece of ebony, for the genius of the times to rule with. Before the work was begun, there he was, a sort of born patriarchal staff, governing herds and slaves ; and when the work was over, he was found in his old place, with the same carved countenance, and the same stiff inflexibility, governing still. And his *slaves* were found with him. This is what a soldier ought to be. Not indeed if the world were to advance by their means, and theirs only ; but that is

impossible. Washington was only the sword with which Franklin and the spirit of revolution worked out their purposes; and a sword should be nothing but a sword. The moment soldiers come to direct the intellect of their age, they make a sorry business of it. Napoleon himself did. Frederick did. Even Cæsar failed. As to Alfred the Great, he was not so much a general fighting with generals, as a universal genius warring with barbarism and adversity; and it took a load of sorrow to make even him the demigod he was.

“Stand upon the ancient ways,” says Bacon, “and see what steps may be taken for progression.” Look, for the same purpose (it may be said) upon the rest of the animal creation, and consider the qualities in which they have *no share* with you. Of the others, you may well doubt the greatness, considered as movers, and not instruments, towards progression. It is among the remainder you must seek for the advancement of your species. An insect can be a provider of the necessaries of life, and he can exercise power, and organize violence. He can be a builder; he can be a soldier; he can be a king. But to all appearance, he is the same as he was ever, and his works perish with him. If insects have such and such an establishment among them, we conceive they will have it always, unless men can alter it for them. If they have no such establishment, they appear of themselves incapable of admitting it. It is men only that add and improve. Men only can bequeath their souls for the benefit

of posterity, in the shape of arts and books. Men only can philosophize, and reform, and cast off old customs, and take steps for laying the whole globe nearer to the sun of wisdom and happiness : and in proportion as you find them capable of so hoping and so working, you recognize their superiority to the brutes that perish.

XIV.—A WALK FROM DULWICH TO BROCKHAM.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

With an original Circumstance or two respecting Dr. Johnson.

DEAR SIR,

As other calls upon my pilgrimage in this world have interrupted those weekly voyages of discovery into green lanes and rustic houses of entertainment, which you and I had so agreeably commenced, I thought I could not do better than make you partaker of my new journey, as far as pen and paper could do it. You are therefore to look upon yourself as having resolved to take a walk of twenty or thirty miles into Surrey, without knowing anything of the matter. You will have set out with us a fortnight ago, and will be kind enough to take your busts for chambermaids, and your music (which is not so easy) for the voices of stage-coachmen.

Illness, you know, does not hinder me from walking; neither does anxiety. On the contrary, the more I walk, the better and stouter I become; and I believe if everybody were to regard the restlessness which anxiety creates, as a signal from nature to get up and contend with it in that manner, people would find the benefit of it. This is more particularly the case if they are lovers of nature, as well as pupils of her, and have an eye for the beauties in which her visible world abounds; and as I may claim the merit of loving her heartily, and even of tracing my sufferings (when I have them) to her cause, the latter are never so great but she repays me with some sense of sweetness, and leaves me a certain property in the delight of others, when I have little of my own.

“ Oh that I had the wings of a dove !” said the royal poet; “ then would I fly away and be at rest.” I believe there are few persons, who having felt sorrow, and anticipating a journey not exactly towards it, have not partaken of this sense of the desirability of remoteness. A great deal of what we love in poetry is founded upon it; nor do any feel it with more passion, than those whose sense of duty to their fellow-creatures will not allow them to regard retirement as anything but a refreshment between their tasks, and as a wealth of which all ought to partake.

But David sighed for remoteness, and not for solitude. At least, if he did, the cares of the moment must have greatly overbalanced the habits of the poet. Neither doves nor poets can very well do without a

companion. Be that as it may, the writer of this epistle, who is a still greater lover of companionship than poetry (and he cannot express his liking more strongly) had not the misfortune, on the present occasion, of being compelled to do without it; and as to remoteness, though his pilgrimage was to extend little beyond twenty miles, he had not the less sense of it on that account. Remoteness is not how far you go in point of ground, but how far you feel yourself from your common places. Literal distance is indeed necessary in some degree; but the quantity of it depends on imagination and the nature of circumstances. The poet who can take to his wings like a dove, and plunge into the wood nearest him, is farther off, millions of miles, in the retreat of his thoughts, than the literalist, who must get to Johnny Groat's, in order to convince himself that he is not in Edinburgh.

Almost any companion would do, if we could not make our choice, provided it loved us and was sincere. A horse is good company, if you have no other; a dog still better. I have often thought, that I could take a child by the hand, and walk with it day after day towards the north or the east, a straight road, feeling as if it would lead into another world.

“ And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.”

But I should have to go back, to fetch some grown friends.

There were three of us on the present occasion, grown and young. We began by taking the Dulwich

stage from a house in Fleet street, where a drunken man came into the tap, and was very pious. He recited hymns; asked the landlady to shake hands with him; was for making a sofa of the counter, which she prevented by thrusting his leg off with some indignation; and being hindered in this piece of jollity, he sank on his knees to pray. He was too good-natured for a Methodist; so had taken to stiff glasses of brandy and water,

“ To help him to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle.”

He said he had been “ twice through the gates of hell;” and by his drinking, poor fellow, he seemed to be setting out on his third adventure. We called him *Sin-bad*. By the way, when you were a boy, did you not think that the name of Sindbad was allegorical, and meant a man who had sinned very badly? Does not every little boy think so? One does not indeed, at that time of life, know very well what to make of the porter *Hindbad*, who rhymes to him; and I remember I was not pleased when I came to find out that Hind and Sind were component words, and meant Eastern and Western.

The stage took us to the Greyhound at Dulwich, where though we had come from another village almost as far off from London on the Northern side, we felt as if we had newly got into the country, and eat a hearty supper accordingly. This was a thing not usual with us; but then everybody eats “ in the

country ;"—there is " the air ;" and besides, we had eaten little dinner, and were merrier, and " remote." On looking out of our chamber window in the morning, we remarked that the situation of the inn was beautiful, even towards the road, the place is so rich with trees ; and returning to the room in which we had supped, we found with pleasure that we had a window there, presenting us with a peep into rich meadows, where the haymakers were at work in their white shirts. A sunny room, quiet, our remote five miles, and a pleasant subject (the Poetry of British Ladies) enabled the editorial part of us to go comfortably to our morning's task ; after which we left the inn to proceed on our journey. We had not seen Dulwich for many years, and were surprised to find it still so full of trees. It continues, at least in the quarter through which we passed, to deserve the recommendation given it by Armstrong, of

———" Dulwich, yet unspoil'd by art."

He would have added, had he lived now, that art had come, even to make it better. It was with real pain, that two lovers of painting were obliged to coast the walls of the college, without seeing the Gallery ; but we have vowed a pilgrimage very shortly to those remoter places, there to be found ; to wit, the landscapes of Claude and Cuyp, and the houses of Rembrandt ; and we shall make report of it, to save our character. We know not whether it was the sultriness of the day, with occasional heavy clouds, but we

thought the air of Dulwich too warm, and pronounced it a place of sleepy luxuriance. So it appeared to us that morning; beautiful however, and "remote;" and the thought of old Allen, Shakspeare's playmate, made it still more so.

I remember in my boyhood, seeing Sir Francis Bourgeois (the bequeather of the Dulwich pictures) in company with Mr. West, in the latter's gallery in Newman-street. He was in buckskins and boots, dandy dress of that time, and appeared a lively, good-natured man, with a pleasing countenance, probably because he said something pleasant of myself; he confirmed it with an oath, which startled, but did not alter this opinion. Ever afterwards I had an inclination to like his pictures, which I believe were not very good; and unfortunately with whatever gravity he might paint, his oath and his buckskins would never allow me to consider him a serious person; so that it somewhat surprised me to hear that M. Desenfans had bequeathed him his gallery out of pure regard; and still more, that Sir Francis, when he died, had ordered his own remains to be gathered to those of his benefactor and Madame Desenfans, and all three buried in the society of the pictures they loved. For the first time, I began to think that his pictures must have contained more than was found in them, and that I had done wrong (as it is customary to do) to the gaiety of his manners. If there was vanity in the bequest, as some have thought, it was at least a vanity accompanied with touching circum-

stances and an appearance of a very social taste; and as most people have their vanities, it might be as well for them to think what sort of accompaniments exalt or degrade theirs, or render them purely dull and selfish. As to the Gallery's being "out of the way," especially for students, I am of a different opinion, and for two reasons; first, that no gallery, whether in or out of the way, can ever produce great artists, nature, and perhaps the very want of a gallery, always settling that matter before galleries are thought of; and, second, because in going to see the pictures in a beautiful country village, people get out of their town common-places, and are better prepared for the perception of other beauties, and of the nature that makes them all. Besides, there is probably something to pay on a jaunt of this kind, and yet of a different sort from payments at a door. There is no illiberal demand at Dulwich for a liberal pleasure; but then "the inn" is inviting; people eat and drink, and get social; and the warmth which dinner and a glass diffuses, helps them to rejoice doubly in the warmth of the sunshine and the pictures, and in the fame of the great and generous.

Leaving Dulwich for Norwood (where we rejoiced to hear that some of our old friends the Gipsies were still extant), we found the air very refreshing as we ascended towards the church of the latter village. It is one of the dandy modern churches (for they deserve no better name) standing on an open hill, as if to be admired. It is pleasant to see churches instead of

Methodist chapels, because any moderate religion has more of real Christianity in it, than contumelious opinions of God and the next world; but there is a want of taste, of every sort, in these new churches. They are not picturesque, like the old ones; they are not humble; they are not, what they are so often mis-called, classical. A barn is a more classical building than a church with a fantastic steeple to it. In fact, a barn is of the genuine classical shape, and only wants a stone covering, and pillars about it, to become a temple of Theseus. The classical shape is the shape of simple utility and beauty. Sometimes we see it in the body of the modern church; but then a steeple must be put on it; the artist must have something of his own; and having, in fact, *nothing* of his own, he first puts a bit of a steeple, which he thinks will not be enough, then another bit, and then another; adds another fantastic ornament here and there to his building, by way of rim or "border, like;" and so, having put his pepper-box over his pillars, and his pillars over his pepper-box, he pretends he has done a grand thing, while he knows very well that he has only been perplexed, and a bricklayer.

For a village, the old picturesque church is the proper thing, with its tower and its trees, as at Hendon and Finchley; or its spire, as at Beckenham. Classical beauty is one thing, Gothic or Saxon beauty is another; quite as genuine in its way, and in this instance more suitable. It has been well observed, that what is called classical architecture, though of older

date than the Gothic, really does not look so old—does not so well convey the sentiment of antiquity; that is to say, the ideal associations of this world, however ancient, are far surpassed in the reach of ages by those of religion, and the patriarchs, and another world; not to mention, that we have been used to identify them with the visible old age of our parents and kindred; and that Greek and Roman architecture, in its smoothness and polish, has an unfading look of youth. It might be thought, that the erection of new churches on the classical principle (taking it for granted that they remind us more of Greek and Roman temples, than of their own absurdity) would be favourable to the growth of liberality; that at least, liberality would not be opposed by it; whereas the preservation of the old style might tend to keep up old notions. We do not think so, except inasmuch as the old notions would not be unfavourable to the new. New opinions ought to be made to grow as kindly as possible out of old ones, and should preserve all that they contain of the affectionate and truly venerable. We could fancy the most liberal doctrines preached five hundred years hence in churches precisely like those of our ancestors, and their old dust ready to blossom into delight at the arrival of true Christianity. But these new, fine, heartless-looking, showy churches, neither one thing nor the other, have, to our eyes, an appearance of nothing but worldliness and a job.

We descended into Streatham by the lane leading

to the White Lion ; the which noble beast, regardant, looked at us up the narrow passage, as if intending to dispute rather than invite our approach to the castle of his hospitable proprietor. On going nearer, we found that the grimness of his aspect was purely in our imaginations, the said lordly animal having, in fact, a countenance singularly humane, and very like a gentleman we knew once of the name of Collins.

It not being within our plan to accept Collins's invitation, we turned to the left, and proceeded down the village, thinking of Dr. Johnson. Seeing, however, an aged landlord at the door, we stepped back to ask him if he remembered the Doctor. He knew nothing of him, nor even of Mr. Thrale, having come late, he said, to those parts. Resuming our way, we saw, at the end of the village, a decent-looking old man, with a sharp eye, and a hale countenance, who, with an easy, self-satisfied air, as if he had worked enough in his time, and was no longer under the necessity of over-troubling himself, sat indolently cracking stones in the road. We asked him if he knew Dr. Johnson ; and he said, with a jerk-up of his eye, "*Oh* yes ;—*I* knew him well enough." Seating myself on one side of his trench of stones, I proceeded to have that matter out with Master Whatman (for such was the name of my informant). His information did not amount to much, but it contained one or two points which I do not remember to have met with, and every addition to our knowledge of such a man is valuable. Nobody will think it more so than

yourself, who will certainly *yearn* over this part of my letter, and make much of it. The following is the sum total of what was related. Johnson, he said, wore a silk waistcoat embroidered with silver, and all over snuff. The snuff he carried loose in his waistcoat pocket, and would take a handful of it out with one hand, and help himself to it with the other. He would sometimes have his dinner brought out to him in the park, and set on the ground; and while he was waiting for it, would lie idly, and cut the grass with a knife. His manners were very good-natured, and sometimes so childish, that people would have taken him for "an idiot, like." His voice was "low."—"Do you mean low in a gruff sense?"—"No; it was rather feminine."—"Then perhaps, in one sense of the word, it was high."—"Yes, it was."—"And gentle?"—"Yes, very gentle?"—(This, of course, was to people in general, and to the villagers. When he dogmatized, it became what Lord Pembroke called a "bow-wow." The late Mr. Fuseli told us the same thing of Johnson's voice; we mean, that it was 'high,' in contradistinction to a bass voice.) To proceed with our village historian. Our informant recurred several times to the childish manners of Johnson, saying, that he often appeared "quite simple,"—"just like a child,"—"almost foolish, like." When he walked, he always seemed in a hurry. His walk was "between a run and a shuffle." Master Whatman was here painting a good portrait. I have often suspected that the best likeness of Johnson was a whole length.

engraving of him, walking in Scotland, with that joke of his underneath, about the stick that he lost in the isle of Mull. Boswell told him the stick would be returned. "No, Sir," replied he; "consider the value of *such a piece of timber here.*" The manner of his walk in the picture is precisely that described by the villager. Whatman concluded, by giving his opinion of Mrs. Thrale, which he did in exactly the following words:—"She gathered a good deal of knowledge from him, but does not seem to have turned it to much account." Wherever you now go about the country, you recognize the effects of that "Two-penny Trash," which the illiberal affect to hold in such contempt, and are really so afraid of. They have reason; for people now canvas their pretensions in good set terms, who would have said nothing but "*Anan!*" to a question, thirty years back. Not that Mr. Whatman discussed politics with us. Let no magnanimous Quarterly Reviewer try to get him turned out of a place on that score. We are speaking of the peasantry at large, and then, not merely of politics, but of questions of all sorts interesting to humanity; which the very clowns now discuss by the road-side, to an extent at which their former leaders would not dare to discuss them. This is one reason, among others, why knowledge must go on victoriously. A real zeal for the truth can discuss anything: slavery can only go the length of its chain.

In quitting Streatham, we met a lady on horseback, accompanied by three curs and a footman, which a

milkman facetiously termed a footman and "three outriders." Entering Mitcham by the green where they play at cricket, we noticed a pretty, moderate-sized house, with the largest geraniums growing on each side the door that we ever beheld in that situation. Mitcham reminded me of its neighbour, Merton, and of the days of my childhood; but we could not go out of our way to see it. There was the little river Wandle, however, turning a mill, and flowing between flowery meadows. The mill was that of a copper manufactory, at which the people work night as well as day, one half taking the duties alternately. The reason given for this is, that by night, the river not being interrupted by other demands upon it, works to better advantage. The epithet of "flowery," applied to the district, is no poetical license. In the fields about Mitcham they cultivate herbs for the apothecaries; so that, in the height of the season, you walk as in the Elysian fields,

" In yellow meads of asphodel,
And amaranthine bowers."

Apothecaries' Hall, I understand, is entirely supplied with this poetical part of medicine, from some acres of ground belonging to Major Moor. A beautiful bed of poppies, as we entered Morden, glowed in the setting sun, like the dreams of Titian. It looked like a bed for Proserpina—a glow of melancholy beauty, containing a joy perhaps beyond joy. Poppies, with their dark ruby cups, and crowned heads, the more than wine colour of their sleepy silk, and

the funereal look of their anthers, seem to have a meaning about them beyond other flowers. They look as if they held a mystery at their hearts, like sleeping kings of Lethe.

The church of Mitcham has been rebuilt, if I recollect rightly, but in the proper old style. Mor-den has a good old church, which tempted us to look into the church-yard ; but a rich man who lives near it, and who did not choose his house to be approached on that side, had locked up the gate, so that there was no path through it, except on Sundays. Can this be a lawful exercise of power ? If people have a right to call any path their own, I should think it must be that which leads to the graves of their fathers and mothers ; and next to their right, such a path is the right of the traveller. The traveller may be in some measure regarded as a representative of wandering humanity. He claims relationship with all whom he finds attached to a place in idea. He and the dead are at once in a place, and apart from it. Setting aside this remoter sentiment, it is surely an inconsiderate thing in any man to shut up a church-yard from the villagers ; and should these pages meet the eye of the person in question, he is recommended to think better of it. Possibly I may not know the whole of the case, and on that account, though not that only, I mention no names ; for the inhabitant with whom I talked on the subject, and who regarded it in the same light, added, with a candour becoming his objections, that " the gentleman was a very good-natured

gentleman, too, and kind to the poor." How his act of power squares with his kindness, I do not know. Very good-natured people are sometimes very fond of having their own way ; but this is a mode of indulging it, which a truly generous person, I should think, will, on reflection, be glad to give up. Such a man, I am sure, can afford to concede a point, where others, who do not deserve the character, will try hard to retain every little proof of their importance.

On the steps of the George Inn, at Morden, the rustic inn of a hamlet, stood a personage much grimmer than the White Lion of Streatham ; looking, in fact, with his fiery eyes, his beak, and his old mouth and chin, very like the cock, or "grim leoun," of Chaucer. He was tall and thin, with a flapped hat over his eyes, and appeared as sulky and dissatisfied as if he had quarrelled with the whole world, the exciseman in particular. We asked him if he could let us have some tea. He said, "Yes, he believed so ;" and pointed with an indifferent, or rather hostile air, to a room at the side, which we entered. A buxom good-natured girl, with a squint that was bewitching after the moral deformity of our friend's visage, served us up tea ; and "tea, Sir," as Johnson might have said, "inspires placidity." The room was adorned with some engravings after Smirke, the subjects out of Shakspeare, which never look so well, I think, as when thus encountered on a journey. Shakspeare is in the highway of life, with exquisite side touches of

the remoteness of the poet; and nobody links all kindly together as he does.

We afterwards found, in conversing with the villager above mentioned, that our host of the George had got rich, and was preparing to quit for a new house he had built, in which he meant to turn gentleman farmer. Habit made him dislike to go; pride and his wife (who vowed she would go whether he did or not) rendered him unable to stay; and so, between his grudging the new comer and the old rib, he was in as pretty a state of irritability as any successful non-succeeder need be. People had been galling him all day, I suppose, with shewing how many pots of ale would be drunk under the new tenant; and our arrival crowned the measure of his receipts and his wretchedness, by intimating that "gentlefolks" intended to come to tea.—Adieu, till next week.

We left Morden after tea, and proceeded on our road for Epsom. The landscape continued flat, but luxuriant. You are sure, I believe, of trees in Surrey, except on the downs; and they are surrounded with wood, and often have beautiful clumps of it. The sun began to set a little after we had got beyond the Post-house; and was the largest I remember to have seen. It looked through hedges of elms and wild roses; the mowers were going home; and by degrees the landscape was bathed in a balmy twilight. Patient and placid thought succeeded. It was an hour, and a scene, in which one would suppose

that the weariest-laden pilgrim must feel his burden easier.

About a mile from Ewell a post-chaise overtook and past us, the driver of which was seated, and had taken up an eleemosinary girl to sit with him. Postillions run along a road, conscious of a pretty power in that way, and able to select some fair one, to whom they gallantly make a present of a ride. Not having a fare of one sort, they make it up to themselves by taking another. You may be pretty sure on these occasions, that there is nobody "hid in their vacant interlunar" chaise. So taking pity on my companions (for after I am once tired, I seem as if I could go on, tired for ever), I started, and ran after the charioteer. Some good-natured peasants (they all appear such in this county) aided the shouts which I sent after him. He stopped; and the gallantry on both sides was rewarded by the addition of two females to his vehicle. We were soon through Ewell, a pretty neat-looking place with a proper old church, and a handsome house opposite, new, but in the old style. The church has trees by it, and there was a moon over them.—At Ewell was born the facetious Bishop Corbet, who when a bald man was brought before him to be confirmed, said to his assistant, "Some dust, Lushington:—" (to keep his hand from slipping.)

The night air struck cold on passing Ewell; and for the first time there was an appearance of a bleak and barren country to the left. This was Epsom Downs. They are the same as the Banstead and

Leatherhead downs, the name varying with the neighbourhood. You remember Banstead mutton?

"To Hounslow-heath I point, and Banstead down;

"Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own."

Pope seems to have lifted up his delicate nose at Twickenham, and scented his dinner a dozen miles off.

At Epsom we supped and slept; and finding the inn comfortable, and having some work to do, we stopped there a day or two. Do you not like those solid, wainscotted rooms in old houses, with seats in the windows, and no pretension but to comfort? They please me exceedingly. Their merits are complete, if the houses are wide and low, and situate in a spot at once woody and dry. Wood is not to be expected in a high street; but the house (the King's Head) was of this description; and Epsom itself is in a nest of trees. Next morning, on looking out of window, we found ourselves in a proper country town, remarkably neat, the houses not old enough to be ruinous, nor yet to have been exchanged for new ones of a London character. Opposite us was the watch-house with the market clock, and a pond which is said to contain gold and silver fish. How those delicate little creatures came to inhabit a pond in the middle of a town, I cannot say. One fancies they must have been put in by the fantastic hand of some fine lady in the days of Charles the Second; for this part of the country is eminent in the annals of gaiety. Charles

used to come to the races here ; the palace of Nonsuch which he gave to Lady Castlemain is a few miles off ; and here he visited the gentry in the neighbourhood. At Ashted Park, close by, and still in possession of inheritors of the name of Howard by marriage, he visited Sir Robert Howard, the brother-in-law of Dryden, who probably used to come there also. They preserved there till not long ago the table at which the king dined.

This Ashted is a lovely spot,—both park and village. The village, or rather hamlet, is on the road to Leatherhead ; so indeed is the park ; but the mansion is out of sight ; and near the mansion, and in the very thick of the park and the trees, with the deer running about it, is the village church, small, old, and picturesque,—a little stone tower ; and the churchyard, of proportionate dimensions, is beside it. When I first saw it, looking with its pointed windows through the trees, the surprise was beautiful. The inside disappoints you, not because it is so small, but because the accommodations, and the look of them, are so homely. The wood of the pews resembles that of an old kitchen dresser in colour ; the lord of the manor's being not a whit better than the rest. This is in good taste, considering the rest ; and Col. Howard, who has the reputation of being a liberal man, probably keeps the church just as he found it, without thinking about the matter. At any rate, he does not exalt himself, in a Christian assembly, at the expense of his neighbours. But loving old churches as I do,

and looking forward to a time, when a Christianity still more worthy of the name shall be preached in them, I could not help wishing that the inside were more worthy of the out. A coating of shining walnut, a painting at one end, and a small organ with its dark wood and its golden-looking pipes at the other, would make, at no great expense to a wealthy man, a jewel of an interior, worthy of the lovely spot in which the church is situate. One cannot help desiring something of this kind the more, on account of what has been done for other village-churches in the neighbourhood, which I shall presently notice. Epsom church, I believe, is among them; the outside unquestionably (I have not seen the interior); and a spire has been added, which makes a pretty addition to the scenery. The only ornaments of Ashted church, besides two or three monuments of the Howards, are the family 'scutcheon, and that of his Sacred Majesty Charles the Second; which I suppose was put up at the time of his restoration or his visit, and has remained ever since, the lion still looking lively and threatening. One imagines the court coming to church, and the whole place filled with perukes and courtiers, with love-locks and rustling silks. Sir Robert is in a state of exaltation. Dryden stands near him, observant. Charles composes his face to the sermon, upon which Buckingham and Sedley are cracking almost unbearable jokes behind their gloves; and the poor village maidens, gaping alternately at his Majesty's sacred visage and the profane beauty of the

Countess of Castlemain, and then losing their eyes among "a power" of cavaliers, "the handsomest men as ever was," are in a way to bring the hearts, thumping in their boddices, to a fine market. I wonder how many descendants there are of Earls and Marquises living this minute at Epsom! How much noble blood ignobly occupied with dairies and ploughs, and looking *gules* in the cheeks of bumpkins.

Ashted Park has some fine walnut trees (Surrey is the great garden of walnuts) and one of the noblest limes I ever saw. The park is well kept, has a pretty lodge and game-keeper's house with roses at the doors; and a farm cottage, where the "gentlefolks" may play at rustics. A lady of quality, in a boddice, gives one some how a pretty notion; especially if she has a heart high enough really to sympathize with humility. A late Earl of Exeter lived unknown for some time in a village, under the name of Jones (was not that a good name to select?) and married a country-girl, whom he took to Burleigh House, and then for the first time told her she was the mistress of it and a Countess! This is a romance of real life, which has been deservedly envied. If I, instead of being a shattered student, an old intellectual soldier, "not worth a lady's eye," and forced to compose his frame to abide the biddings of his resolution, were a young fellow in the bloom of life, and equally clever and pennyless, I cannot imagine a fortune of which I should be *prouder*, and which would give me a right to take a manlier aspect in the eyes of love, than to owe every-

thing I had in the world, down to my very shoe-strings, to a woman who should have played over the same story with me, the sexes being reversed ; who should say, “ you took me for a cottager, and I am a Countess ; and this is the only deception you will ever have to forgive me.” What a pleasure to strive after daily excellence, in order to shew one’s gratitude to such a woman ; to fight for her ; to suffer for her ; to wear her name, like a priceless jewel ; to hold her hand in long sickness, and look in her face when it had lost its beauty ; to say, questioning, “ You know how I love you ?” and for her to answer with such a face of truth ; that nothing but exceeding health could hinder one from being faint with adoring her. Alas ! why are not all hearts that are capable of love, rich in the knowledge how to shew it ; which would supersede the necessity of other riches ? Or indeed, are not all hearts which are truly so capable, gifted with the riches by the capacity ?

Forgive me this dream under the walnut-trees of Ashted Park ; and let us return to the colder loves of the age of Charles the Second. I thought to give you a good picture of Epsom, by turning to Shadwell’s comedy of *Epsom Wells* ; but it contains nothing of any sort except a sketch of a wittol or two, though Sedley is said to have helped him in it, and though (probably on that account) it was very successful.

Pepys, however, will supply us with a scene or two :—

“ 26th, Lord’s-day.—Up and to the Wells, where

a great store of citizens, which was the greatest part of the company, though there were some others of better quality. Thence I walked to Mr. Minnes's house, and thence to Durdan's, and walked within the courtyard, &c. to the bowling-green, where I have seen so much mirth in my time ; but now no family in it (my Lord Barkeley, whose it is, being with his family at London). Then rode through Epsom, the whole town over, seeing the various companies that were there walking ; which is very pleasant, seeing how they are there without knowing what to do, but only in the morning to drink waters. *But Lord!* to see how many I met there of citizens, that I could not have thought to have seen there ; that they had ever had it in their heads or purses to go down there. We went through Nonesuch Park to the house, and there viewed as much as we could of the outside, and looked through the great gates, and found a noble court, and altogether believe it to have been a very noble house, and a delicate parke about it, where just now there was a doe killed for the King, to carry up to court."—Vol. i. p. 241.

If the sign of the King's Head at Epsom is still where it used to be, it appears from another passage, that we had merry ghosts next door to us.

14th.—To Epsom, by eight o'clock, to the Well, where much company. And to the town, to the King's Head ; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nell are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them ; and keep a merry house. Poor

girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the king's house. Here Tom Wilson came to me, and sat and talked an hour; and I perceive he hath been much acquainted with Dr. Fuller (Tom), and Dr. Pierson, and several of the great cavalier persons during the late troubles; and I was glad to hear him talk of them, which he did very ingenuously, and very much of Dr. Fuller's art of memory, which he did tell me several instances of. By and bye he parted, and I talked with two women that farmed the well at £12. per annum, of the lord of the manor. Mr. Evelyn, with his lady, and also my Lord George Barkeley's lady, and their fine daughter, that the king of France liked so well, and did dance so rich in jewels before the king, at the ball I was at at our court last winter, and also their son, a knight of the Bath, were at church this morning. I walked upon the Downs, where a flock of sheep was; the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. We found a shepherd, and his little boy reading, free from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him; and *we took notice* of his knit woollen stockings, of two colours mixed."—Vol. ii. p. 92.

This place was still in high condition at the beginning of the next century, as appears from Toland's account of it, quoted in the *History of Epsom, by an Inhabitant*. After a "flowery," as the writer justly calls it, but perhaps not undeserved account of the pleasures of the place, outside as well as in, he says—

"The two rival bowling-greens are not to be for-

gotten, on which all the company, after diverting themselves in the morning, according to their fancies, make a gallant appearance every evening, especially on the Saturday and Monday. Here are also raffling tables, with music playing most of the day; and the nights are generally crowned with dancing. All new comers are awakened out of their sleep the first morning, by the same music, which goes to welcome them to Epsom.

“ You would think yourself in some enchanted camp, to see the peasants ride to every house, with choicest fruits, herbs, and flowers; with all sorts of tame and wild fowl, the rarest fish and venison; and with every kind of butchers’ meat, among which the Banstead Down mutton is the most relishing dainty.

“ Thus to see the fresh and artless damsels of the plain, either accompanied by their amorous swains or aged parents, striking their bargains with the nice court and city ladies, who, like queens in a tragedy, display all their finery on benches before their doors (where they hourly censure and are censured); and to observe how the handsomest of each degree equally admire, envy, and cozen one another, is to me one of the chief amusements of the place.

“ The ladies who are too lazy or stately, but especially those who sit up late at cards, have their provisions brought to their bedside, where they conclude the bargain with the higler; and then (perhaps after

a dish of chocolate) take another nap until what they have thus purchased is prepared for dinner.

“ Within a mile and a half of Epsom, is the place, and only the place, where the splendid mansion of Nonesuch lately stood. A great part of it, however, stood in my own time, and I have spoken with those who saw it entire.

“ But not to quit our Downs for any court, the great number of gentlemen and ladies that take the air every morning and evening on horseback, and that range either singly, or in separate companies, over every hill and dale, is a most entertaining object.

“ But whether you gently wander over my favourite meadows, planted on all sides quite to Woodcote Seat (in whose long grove I oftenest converse with myself) ; or walk further on to Ashted house and park ; or ride still farther to Box-hill, that enchanting temple of nature ; or whether you lose yourself in the aged yew groves of Mickleham, or try your patience in angling for trout about Letherhead ; whether you go to some cricket match, and other sports of contending villagers, or choose to breathe your horse at a race, and to follow a pack of hounds at the proper season : whether, I say, you delight in any one or every of these, Epsom is the place you must like before all others.”

Congreave has a letter addressed “ to Mrs. Hunt at Epsom.” This was Arabella Hunt, the lady to whom

he addressed an ode on her singing, and with whom he appears to have been in love.

Epsom has still its races; but the Wells (not far from Ashted Park) though retaining their property, and giving a name to a medicine, have long been out of fashion. Individuals however, I believe, still resort to them. Their site is occupied by a farm-house, in which lodgings are to be had. Close to Ashted Park is that of Woodcote, formerly the residence of the notorious Lord Baltimore, the last man of quality in England who had a taste for abduction. Of late our aspirants after figure and fortune, seem to have been ambitious of restoring the practice from Ireland. It is their mode of conducting the business of life. Abduction, they think, "must be attended to."

From Woodcote Green, a pretty sequestered spot, between this park and the town, rooks are said to have been first taken to the Temple Gardens, by Sir William Northey, secretary to Queen Anne. How heightened is the pleasure given you by the contemplation of a beautiful spot, when you think it has been the means of conferring a good elsewhere! I would rather live near a rookery, which had sent out a dozen colonies, than have the solitary idea of them complete. In solitude you crave after human good; and here a piece of it, however cheap in the eyes of the scornful, has been conferred; for Sir William's colony flourish, it seems, in the smoke of London. Rooks always appeared to me the clergymen among birds; grave, black-coated, sententious; with an eye

- . to a snug sylvan abode, and plenty of tithes. Their clerkly character is now mixed up in my imagination with something of the lawyer. They and the lawyers' "studious bowers," as Spenser calls the Temple, appear to suit one another. Did you ever notice, by the way, what a soft and pleasant sound there is in the voices of the *young* rooks—a sort of kindly chuckle, like that of an infant being fed?

At Woodcote Green is Durdans, the seat mentioned in Pepys as belonging to Lord Berkeley, now the residence of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, and said to have been built (with several other mansions) of the materials of Nonsuch, when that palace was pulled down. It is one of those solid country houses, wider than tall, and of shining brick-work, that retain at once a look of age and newness; promise well for domestic comfort; and suit a good substantial garden. In coming upon it suddenly, and looking at it through the great iron gates and across a round plat of grass and flowers, it seems a personification of the solid country squire himself, not without elegance, sitting under his trees. When I looked at it, and thought of the times of Charles II., I could not help fancying that it must have belonged to the "Dame Durden" of the old glee, who had such a loving household.

There is a beautiful walk from Woodcote Green to Ashted, through the park, and then (crossing the road) through fields and woody lanes to Leatherhead; but in going, we went by the road. As we were leaving Epsom, a girl was calling the bees to swarm, with

a brass pan. Larks accompanied us all the way. The fields were full of clover; there was an air on our faces, the days being at once fine and gently clouded; and in passing through a lovely country, we were conscious of going to a lovelier.

At Leatherhead begin the first local evidences of hill and valley, with which the country is now enriched. The modern way of spelling the name of this town renders it a misnomer and a dishonour, and has been justly resented by the antiquarian taste of Mr. Dallaway the vicar, who makes it a point, they say, to restore the old spelling, Lethered. I believe he supposes it to come anagrammatically from the Saxon name Ethelred; a thing not at all improbable, transformations of that sort having been common in old times. (See the annotations on Chaucer and Redi.) An Ethelred perhaps had a seat at this place. Epsom, formerly written Ebsham and Ebbesham (Fuller so writes it), is said to have been named from Ebba, a Saxon princess, who had a palace there. Ebba, I suppose, is the same as Emma, *cum gratiâ Mathews*.

Leatherhead, like all the towns that let lodgings during the races, is kept very neat and nice; and though not quite so woody as Epsom, is in a beautiful country, and has to boast of the river Mole. It has also a more venerable church. Mr. Dallaway, like a proper antiquary, has refreshed the interior, without spoiling it. Over the main pew is preserved, together with his *helmet*, an inscription in old English letters, to the memory of "frendly Robert Gardner," chief

Serjeant of "the *Seller*," in the year 1571. This was in the time of Elizabeth. A jovial successor of his is also recorded, to wit, "Richard Dalton, Esq., Serjeant of the Wine Cellar to King Charles II." But it is on the memory of the other sex that Leatherhead church ought to pride itself. Here are buried three sister Beauclercs, daughters of Lord Henry Beauclerc, who appear to have been three quiet, benevolent old maids, who followed one another quietly to the grave, and had lived, doubtless, the admiration rather than the envy of the village damsels. Here also lies Miss Cholmondeley, another old maid, but merry withal, and the delight of all that knew her, who, by one of those frightful accidents that suddenly knock people's souls out, and seem more frightful when they cut short the career of the good-natured, was killed on the spot, at the entrance of this village, by the overturning of the Princess Charlotte's coach, whom she was accompanying on a visit to Norbury Park. A most affectionate epitaph, honourable to all parties, and recording her special attachment to her married sister, is inscribed to her memory by her brother-in-law, Sir William Bellingham, I think. But above all, "Here lies all that is mortal" (to use the words of the tombstone) "of Mrs. Elizabeth Rolfe," of Dover, in Kent, who departed this life in the sixty-seventh year of her age, and was "interred by her own desire at the side of her beloved Cousin, Benefactress, and Friend, Lady Catharine Thompson, with whom she buried all worldly happiness. This temporary separation," con-

tinues the epitaph, "no engagements, no pursuits, could render less bitter to the disconsolate Mrs. Rolfe, who from the hour she lost her other self knew no pleasures but in the hopes she cherished (on which point her eyes were ever fixed) of joining her friend in the region of unfading Felicity. Blessed with the Power and Will to succour the distressed, she exercised both ; and in these exercises only found a Ray of Happiness. Let the Ridiculers of Female Friendship read this honest Inscription, which disdains to Flatter."—A record in another part informs us, that Mrs. Rolfe gave the parish the interest of £400 annually *in memory of the above*, so long as the parish preserves the marble that announces the gift, and the stone that covers her grave. Talking with the parish-clerk, who was otherwise a right and seemly parish-clerk, elderly and withered, with a proper brown wig, he affected, like a man of this world, to speak in disparagement of the phrase "her other self," which somebody had taught him to consider romantic, and an exaggeration. This was being a little too much of "the earth, earthy." The famous parish-clerk of St. Andrews, one of the great professors of humanity in the times of the Dec-kars and Shakspeares, would have talked in a different strain. There is some more of the epitaph, recommencing in a style somewhat "to seek," and after the meditative Burleigh fashion, in the Critic ; but this does not hinder the rest from being true, or Mrs. Rolfe and my lady Thompson from being two genuine human beings, and among the salt of the earth.

There is more friendship and virtue in the world than the world has yet got wisdom enough to know and be proud of; and few things would please me better than to travel all over England, and fetch out the records of it.

I must not omit to mention that Elinor Rummyn, illustrious in the tap-room pages of "Skelton, Laureate," kept a house in this village; and that Mr. Dallaway has emblazoned the fact, for the benefit of antiquarian travellers, in the shape of her portrait, with an inscription upon it. The house is the Running Horse, near the bridge.

The luxuriance of the country now increases at every step towards Dorking, which is five miles from Leatherhead. You walk through a valley with hills on one side and wood all about; and on your right hand is the Mole, running through fields and flowery hedges. These hills are the turfy downs of Norbury Park, the gate of which you soon arrive at. It is modern, but in good retrospective taste, and stands out into the road with one of those round over-hanging turrets, which seem held forth by the old hand of hospitality. A little beyond, you arrive at the lovely village of Mickleham, small, sylvan, and embowered, with a little *fat* church (for the epithet comes involuntarily at the sight of it), as short and plump as the fattest of its vicars may have been, with a disproportionate bit of a spire on the top, as if he had put on an extinguisher instead of a hat. The inside has been renewed in the proper taste, as though Mr. Dallaway had

had a hand in it ; and there is an organ, which is more than Leatherhead can boast. The organist is the son of the parish-clerk ; and when I asked his sister, a modest, agreeable-looking girl, who shewed us the church, whether he could not favour us with a voluntary, she told me he was *making hay* ! What do you say to that ? I think this is a piece of *Germanism* for you. Her father was a day-labourer, like the son, and had become organist before him, out of a natural love of music. I had fetched the girl from her tea. A decent-looking young man was in the room with her ; the door was open, exhibiting the homely comforts inside ; a cat slept before it, on the cover of the garden well ; and there was plenty of herbs and flowers, presenting altogether the appearance of a cottage nest. I will be bound that their musical refinements are a great help to the enjoyment of all this ; and that a general lift in their tastes, instead of serving to dissatisfy the poor, would have a reverse effect, by increasing the sum of their resources. It would, indeed, not help to blind them to whatever they might have reason to ask or to complain of. Why should it ? But it would refine them there also, and enable them to obtain it more happily, through the means of the diffusion of knowledge on all sides.

The mansion of Norbury Park, formerly the seat of Mr. Locke, who appears to have had a deserved reputation for taste in the fine arts (his daughter married an Angerstein), is situate on a noble elevation upon the right of the village of Mickleham.

Between the grounds and the road, are glorious slopes and meadows, superabundant in wood, and pierced by the river Mole. In coming back we turned up a path into them, to look at a farm that was to be let. It belongs to a gentleman, celebrated in the neighbourhood, and we believe elsewhere, for his powers of "conversation;" but this we did not know at the time. He was absent, and had left his farm in the hands of his steward, to be let for a certain time. The house was a cottage, and furnished as becomes a cottage; but one room we thought would make a delicious study. Probably it is one; for there were books and an easy chair in it. The window looked upon a close bit of lawn, shut in with trees; and round the walls hung a set of prints from Raphael. This looked as if the possessor had something to say for himself.

We were now in the bosom of the scenery for which this part of the country is celebrated. Between Mickleham and Dorking, on the left, is the famous Box Hill, so called from the trees that grow on it. Part of it presents great bald pieces of chalk; but on the side of Mickleham it has one truly noble aspect, a "verdurous wall," which looks the higher for its being precipitous, and from its having somebody's house at the foot of it—a white little mansion in a world of green. Otherwise, the size of this hill disappointed us. The river Mole runs at the foot of it. This river, so called from taking part of its course under ground, does not plunge into the earth at

once, as most people suppose. So at least Dr. Aikin informs us, for I did not look into the matter myself. He says it loses itself in the ground at various points about the neighbourhood, and rises again on the road to Leatherhead. I protest against its being called "sullen," in spite of what the poets have been pleased to call it for hiding itself. It is a good and gentle stream, flowing through luxuriant banks, and clear enough where the soil is gravelly. It hides, just as the nymph might hide; and Drayton gives it a good character, if I remember. Unfortunately I have him not by me.

The *town* of Dorking disappointed us, especially one of us, who was a good deal there when a child, and who found new London-looking houses started up in the place of old friends. The people also appeared not so pleasant as their countrymen in general, nor so healthy. There are more *King's* and *Duke's Heads* in the neighbourhood; signs, which doubtless came in with the Restoration. The *Leg of Mutton* is the favourite hieroglyphic about the Downs. Dorking is famous for a breed of fowls with six toes. I do not know whether they have any faculty at counting their grain. We did not see Leith Hill, which is the great station for a prospect hereabouts, and upon which Dennis the critic made a lumbering attempt to be lively. You may see it in the two volumes of letters belonging to N. He "blunders round about a meaning," and endeavours to act the part of an inspired Cicerone, with oratorical "flashes

in the pan." One or two of his attempts to convey a particular impression are very ludicrous. Just as you think you are going to catch an idea, they slide off into hopeless generality. Such at least is my impression from what I remember. I regret that I could not meet at Epsom or Leatherhead with a Dorking Guide, which has been lately published, and which, I believe, is a work of merit. In the town itself I had not time to think of it; otherwise I might have had some better information to give you regarding spots in the neighbourhood, and persons who have added to their interest.

One of these, however, I know. Turning off to the left for Brockham, we had to go through Betchworth Park, formerly the seat of Abraham Tucker, one of the most amiable and truth-loving of philosophers. Mr. Hazlitt made an abridgment of his principal work: but original and abridgment are both out of print. The latter, I should think, would sell now, when the public begin to be tired of the eternal jangling and insincerity of criticism, and would fain hear what an honest observer has to say. It would only require to be well advertised; not puffed; for puffing, thank God, besides being a very unfit announcer of truth, has well nigh cracked its cheeks.

Betchworth Castle is now in the possession of Mr. Barclay the brewer, a descendant, if I mistake not, of the famous Barclay of Urie, the apologist of the Quakers. If this gentleman is the same as the one mentioned in Boswell's Life of Johnson, he is by

nature as well as descent worthy of occupying the abode of a wise man. Or if he is not, why shouldn't he be worthy after his fashion? You remember the urbane old bookworm, who conversing with a young gentleman, more remarkable for gentility than beauty, and understanding for the first time that he had sisters, said, in a transport of the gratuitous, "Doubtless very charming young ladies, sir." I will not take it for granted, that all the Barclays are philosophers; but something of a superiority to the vulgar, either in talents or the love of them, may be more reasonably expected in this kind of hereditary rank than the common one.

With Mr. Tucker and his chesnut groves I will conclude, having in fact nothing to say of Brockham, except that it was the boundary of our walk. Yes; I have one thing, and a pleasant one; which is, that I met there by chance, with the younger brother of a family whom I had known in my childhood, and who are eminent to this day for a certain mixture of religion and joviality, equally uncommon and good-hearted. May old and young continue not to know which shall live the longest. I do not mean religion or joviality! but both in their shape.

Believe me, dear sir, very truly yours.—Mine is not so novel or luxurious a journey as the one you treated us with the other day;* which I mention, be-

* See "A Ramble among the Musicians in Germany," a work full of gusto.

cause one journey always makes me long for another ;
and I hope not many years will pass over your head,
before you give us a second Ramble, in which I may
see Italy once again, and hear with more accomplished
ears the sound of her music.

THE END.

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